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VOLUME R

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

P Jun 1886.514

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WIDE AWAKE

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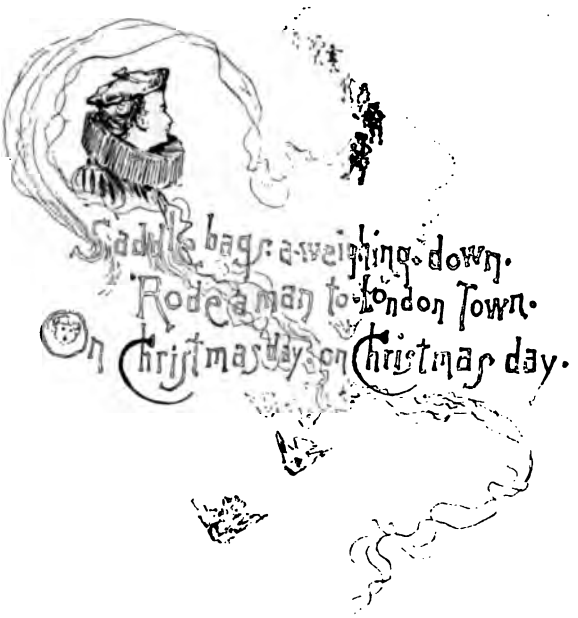
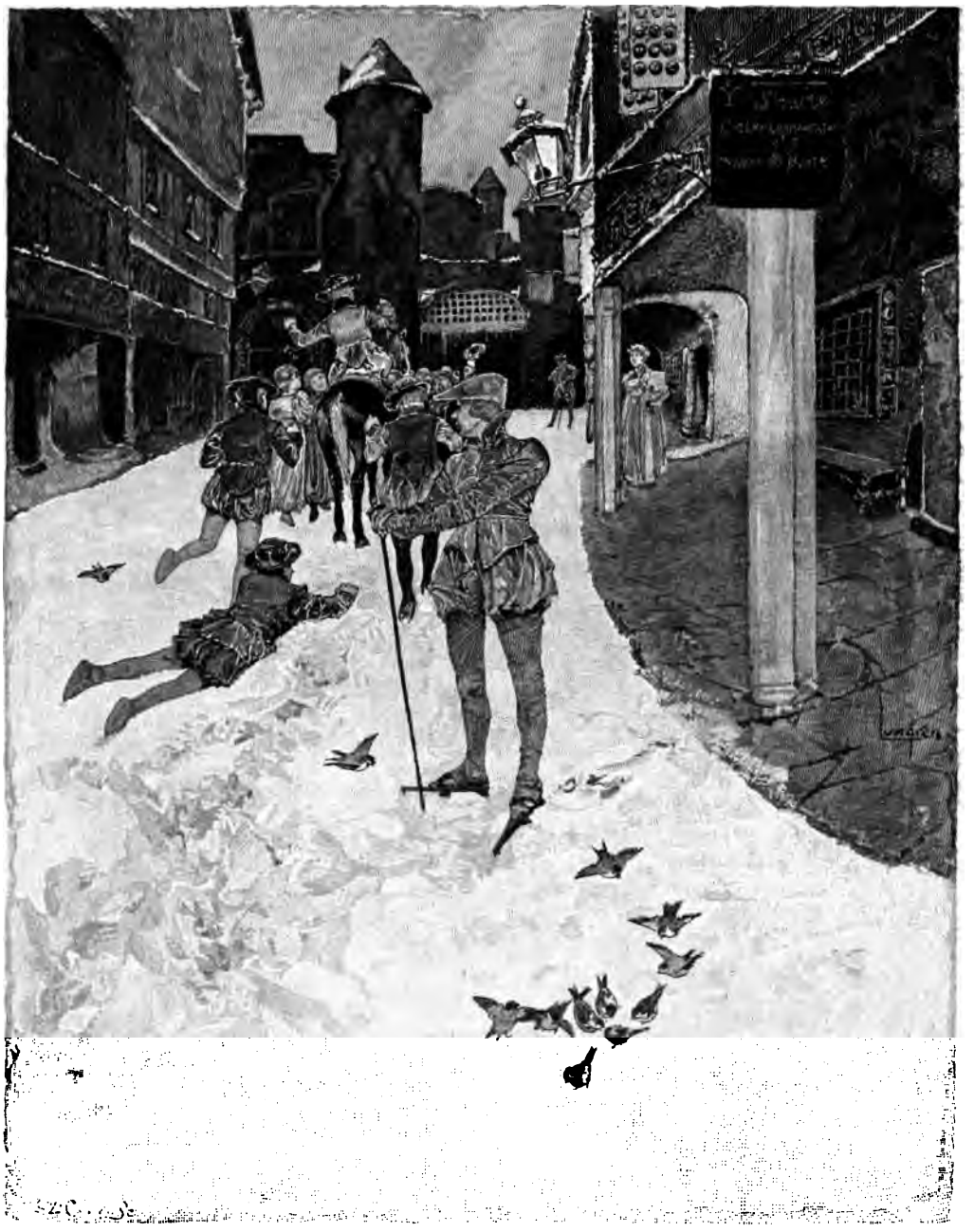

Saddle bags a-weighing down.
Rode a man to London Town.
On Christmas day, on Christmas day.



FOR THE RED-CHEEKED HORSEMAN GAY
SCATTERED TOYS AND CRUMBS, THEY SAY.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 18. DECEMBER, 1883. NO. 1.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

DOWN the road to London Town,
Came a flock of birdies brown,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Sweetly singing all the way,
Under clouds of silver gray,
A merry flock of birdies brown was it flew to London Town,
On Christmas Day.

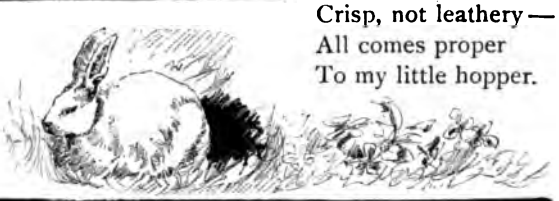
Saddle-bags a-weighing down,
Rode a man to London Town,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Floating locks so golden-gay,
Cheeks as pink as flowers in May,
Had the horseman riding down, singing, into London Town,
On Christmas Day.

Merrily to London Town,
Danced a troop of children down,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Singing sweetly all the way,
Under clouds of silver gray,
Horseman, children, birdies brown, sped away to London Town,
On Christmas Day.

In the streets of London Town,
Children sang, and birdies brown,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
For the red-cheeked horseman gay
Scattered toys and crumbs, they say,
For the birds and children down, in the streets of London Town,
On Christmas Day.

I WILL think as thinks the rabbit:
The delight in the night!
When the moon
Sets the tune
To the woods,
And the broods
All run out,
Frisk about,
Go and come,
Beat the drum —
Here in groups,
There in troops!
Now one!
And now none!
They are dancing like chaff!
I look, and I laugh;
But I sit by my door, and keep to my habit —
A wise, respectable, clean-furred old rabbit.

Till I come where there is plenty
For a varied meal and dainty.
The cabbage I grab it;
The parsley I nab it;
The turnip I turn up,
And hollow and swallow;
A lettuce? Let us eat it!
A beetroot? Let's beat it!
For all kinds of corn-crop
I have a born crop.
Sucking and feazing,
Crushing and squeezing,
All that is feathery,
Crisp, not leathery —
All comes proper
To my little hopper.



Now I'm going;
Business calls me out;
Going, going,
Very knowing,
Slow, long-heeled, and stout;
Leaping, loundering,
Like a ship that's foundering,
Head on this side and on that,
Along the footed pathway flat;
Thro' the meadow and the heather,
In the rich dusky weather —
Big stars and little moon.
Drops are gathering in crowds;
Ghosts flit by in scented clouds;
Night has all her chords in tune;
The very night for us, God's rabbits!
Suiting all our little habits;
Wind not loud, but playful with our fur,
And all about not one stray bur!

Always on the dance,
Driven by hunger and drought,
All is welcome to my crunching,
Finding, grinding,
Milling, munching,
Gobbling, lunching,
Four-toothed, three-lipped mouth! —
Eating round way, eating flat way,
Eating side way, this way, that way,
Every way at once!

Hark to the rain!
Pattering, clattering,
The cabbages battering!
Down it comes amain!

[illegible] the king the rest call Mappy,
[illegible] on, quite cool and happy,

In we scurry, hop and hurry,
Out of the airy land
Into the heart of the dry warm sand!
Hear to it pouring!
And the thunder roaring,
Far and high,
While we lie
Warm and dry
In the mellow dark,

Where never a spark,
White or rosy or blue,
Of the sheeting,
Of the fleeting,
Forking, frightening,
Lashing lightning
Ever can come through!

Let the wind chafe
In the trees overhead,
We are quite safe in our sandy bed!
Let the rain pour,
It never can bore
A hole in our roof,
It is waterproof!
So is the cloak
We always carry,
We furry folk,
In sand-hole or quarry.
It is perfect bliss
To lie in a nest
So soft as this,
All so warmly drest!
No one to hurry you!
No one to scurry you!
Holes plenty to creep in!
All day to sleep in!
All night to roam in!
Gray dawn to run home in!
And all the days and nights to come after,
All the to-morrows for munching and laughter!

Now, now the rain is over, and we are out again!
Every merry, leaping rover floundering about amain,
With right leg or wrong leg,
And doubled-up long leg —
Oh, it is merry!
Jolly? Yes, very!

Ah, my poor brother!
He's caught in the trap
That goes off with a snap!
There was never such another,
Such a funny, furry, whisking, frisking little brother!
He's screeching! he's beseeching!
They're going to — going to —

Ah, my poor foot!
It is caught in a root!
No, no! 'tis a trap
That goes to with a snap!
Ah me, I'm forsaken! ah me, I am taken!
I am screeching! I am beseeching!
They are going to —

No more! no more! I must stop this play!
Be a boy, and get on my knees and pray
To the Father of rabbits and Father of men,
Who never lets either out of his ken,
— It must be so though it is bewildering —
To save his weak from his cruel children!

FACING THE WORLD.

(A Story for Boys.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

GLAD I am, mother, the holidays are over. It's quite different going back to school again when one goes to be captain — as I'm sure to be. Isn't it jolly?"

Mrs. Boyd's face as she smiled back at Donald, was not exactly "jolly." Still, she did smile; and then there came out the strong likeness often seen between mother and son, even when, as in this case, the features were very dissimilar. Mrs. Boyd was a pretty, delicate little English woman: and Donald took after his father, a big, brawny Scotsman, certainly not pretty, and not always sweet. Poor man! he had of late years had only too much to make him sour.

Though she tried to smile and succeeded, the tears were in Mrs. Boyd's eyes, and her mouth was quivering. But she set it tightly together, and then she looked more than ever like her son, or rather, her son looked like her.

He was too eager in his delight to notice her much. "It is jolly, isn't it, mother? I never thought I'd get to the top of the school at all, for I'm not near so clever as some of the fellows. But now I've got my place; and I like it, and I mean to keep it; you'll be pleased at that, mother?"

"I should have been if — if —" Mrs. Boyd tried to get the words out and failed, closed her eyes as tight as her mouth for a minute, then opened them and looked her boy in the face gravely and sadly.

"It goes to my heart to tell you — I have been waiting to say it all morning, but Donald, my dear, you will never go back to school at all."

"Not go back; when I'm captain! why, you and father both said that if I got to be that, I should stop till I was seventeen — and now I'm only fifteen and a half. O, mother, you don't mean it! Father couldn't break his word! I may go back!"

Mrs. Boyd shook her head sadly, and then explained as briefly and calmly as she could, the heavy blow which had fallen upon the father, and, indeed, upon the whole family. Mr. Boyd had long been troubled with his eyes, about as serious a trouble as could have befallen a man in his profession — an accountant — as they call it in Scotland. Lately he had made some serious blunders in his arithmetic, and his eyesight was so weak that his wife persuaded him to consult a first-rate Edinburgh oculist, whose opinion, given only yesterday, after many days of anxious suspense, was that in a few months he would become incurably blind.

"Blind, poor father blind!" Donald put his hand before his own eyes. He was too big a boy to cry, or at any rate, to be seen crying, but it was with a choking voice that he spoke next: "I'll be his eyes; I'm old enough."

"Yes; in many ways you are, my son," said Mrs. Boyd, who had had a day and a night to face her sorrow, and knew she must do so calmly. "But you are not old enough to manage the business; your father will require to take a partner immediately, which will reduce our income one half. Therefore we cannot possibly afford to send you to school again. The little ones must go, they are not nearly educated yet, but you are. You will have to face the world and earn your own living, as soon as ever you can. My poor boy!"

"Don't call me poor, mother. I've got you and father and the rest. And, as you say, I've had a good education so far. And I'm fifteen and a half, no, fifteen and three quarters — almost a man. I'm not afraid."

"Nor I," said his mother, who had waited a full minute before Donald could find voice to say all this, and it was at last stammered out awkwardly and at random. "No; I am not afraid because my boy has to earn his bread; I had earned mine for years as a governess when father married me.

I began work before I was sixteen. My son will have to do the same, that is all."

That day the mother and son spoke no more together. It was as much as they could do to bear their trouble, without talking about it, and besides, Donald was not a boy to "make a fuss" over things. He could meet sorrow when it came, that is, the little of it he had ever known, but he disliked speaking of it, and perhaps he was right.

So he just "made himself scarce" till bedtime, and never said a word to anybody until his mother came into the boys' room to bid them good night. There were three of them, but all were asleep except Donald. As his mother bent down to kiss him, he put both arms round her neck.

"Mother, I'm going to begin to-morrow."

"Begin what, my son?"

"Facing the world, as you said I must. I can't go to school again, so I mean to try and earn my own living."

"How?"

"I don't quite know, but I'll try. There are several things I could be, a clerk — or even a message-boy. I shouldn't like it, but I'd do anything rather than do nothing."

Mrs. Boyd sat down on the side of the bed. If she felt inclined to cry she had too much sense to show it. She only took firm hold of her boy's hand, and waited for him to speak on.

"I've been thinking, mother, I was to have a new suit at Christmas, will you give it now? And let it be a coat, not a jacket. I'm tall enough — five feet seven last month, and growing still; I should look almost a man. Then I would go round to every office in Edinburgh and ask if they wanted a clerk. I wouldn't mind taking anything to begin with. And I can write a decent hand, and I'm not bad at figures; as for my Latin and Greek" —

Here Donald gulped down a sigh, for he was a capital classic, and it had been suggested that he should go to Glasgow University and try for "the Snell" which has sent so many clever young Scotsmen to Balliol College, Oxford, and thence on to fame and prosperity. But alas! no college career was now possible to Donald Boyd. The best he could hope for was to earn a few shillings a week as a common clerk. He knew this, and so did his mother. But they never complained. It was no fault of theirs, nor of anybody's. It was just as they devoutly called it, "The will of God."

"Your Latin and Greek may come in some day, my boy," said Mrs. Boyd cheerfully. "Good work is never lost. In the meantime, your plan is a good one, and you shall have your new clothes at once. Then, do as you think best."

"All right; good-night, mother," said Donald, and in five minutes more was fast asleep.

But, though he was much given to sleeping of nights — indeed, he never remembered lying awake for a single hour in his life — during daytime there never was a more "wide awake" boy than Donald Boyd. He kept his eyes open to everything, and never let the "golden minute" slip by him. He never idled about — play he didn't consider idling (nor do I). And I am bound to confess that every day until the new clothes came home was scrupulously spent in cricket, football, and all the other amusements which he was as good at as he was at his lessons. He wanted "to make the best of his holidays," he said, knowing well that for him holiday time as well as school time was now done, and the work of the world had begun in earnest.

The clothes came home on Saturday night, and he went to church in them on Sunday, to his little sister's great admiration. Still greater was their wonder when, on Monday morning, he appeared in the same suit, looking "quite a man," as they unanimously agreed, and almost before breakfast was done, started off, not saying a word of where he was going.

He did not come back till the younger ones were all away to bed, so there was no one to question him, which was fortunate, for they might not have got very smooth answers. His mother saw this, and she also forbore. She was not surprised that the bright, brave face of the morning looked dull and tired, and that evidently Donald had no good news of the day to tell her.

DONALD BOYD.

"I think I'll go to bed," was all he said. "Mother, will you give me a 'piece' in my pocket to-morrow? One can walk better when one isn't so desperately hungry.

"Yes, my boy." She kissed him, saw that he

was warmed and fed — he had evidently been on his legs the whole day — then sent him off to his bed, where she soon heard him delightfully snoring, oblivious of all his cares.

The same thing went on day after day, for seven days. Sometimes he told his mother what had happened to him and where he had been, sometimes not; what was the good of telling? it was always the same story. Nobody wanted a boy or a man, for Donald, trusting to his inches and his coat, had applied for man's work also, but in vain. Mrs. Boyd was not astonished. She knew how hard it is to get one's foot into ever so small a corner in this busy world, where ten are always struggling for the place of one. Still, she also knew that it never does to give in; that one must leave no stone unturned if one wishes to get work at all. Also she believed firmly in an axiom of her youth — "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor." But it must be real hard "labor," and it must also be "well directed." So, though her heart ached sorely, as only a mother's can, she never betrayed it, but each morning sent her boy away with a cheerful face, and each evening received him with one, which, if less cheerful, was not less sympathetic, but she never said a word.

MRS. BOYD.

At the week's end, in fact, on Sunday morning, as they were walking to church, Donald said to her: "Mother, my new clothes haven't been of the slightest good. I've been all over Edinburgh, to every place I could think of — writers' offices, merchants' offices, wharves, railway-stations — but it's no use. Everybody wants to know where I've been before, and I've been nowhere except to school. I said I was willing to learn, but nobody will teach me; they say they can't afford it. It is like keeping a dog, and barking yourself. Which is only too true," added Donald, with a heavy sigh.

"May be," said Mrs. Boyd. Yet as she looked up at her son — she really did look up at him, he was so tall — she felt that if his honest, intelligent face and manly bearing did not win something at last, what was the world coming to? "My boy," she said, "things are very hard for you, but not harder than for others. I remember once, when I was only a few years older than you, finding myself with only half a crown in my pocket. To be sure it was a whole half-crown, for I had paid every half-penny I owed that morning, but I had no idea where the next half-crown would come from. However, it did come. I earned two pounds ten, the very day after that day."

"Did you really, mother?" said Donald, his eyes brightening. "Then I'll go on. I'll not 'gang awa back to my mither,' as that old gentleman advised me, who objected to bark himself; a queer, crabbed old fellow he was too, but he was the only one who asked my name and address. The rest of them — well, mother, I've stood a good deal these seven days," Donald added, gulping down something between a "fuff" of wrath and a sob.

"I am sure you have, my boy."

"But I'll hold on; only you'll have to get my boots mended, and meantime, I should like to try a new dodge. My bicycle, it lies in the washing-house; you remember I broke it and you didn't wish it mended, lest I should break something worse than a wheel, perhaps. It wasn't worth while risking my life for mere pleasure, but I want my bicycle now for use. If you let me have it mended, I can go up and down the country for fifty miles in search of work — to Falkirk, Linlithgow, or even Glasgow, and I'll cost you nothing for travelling expenses. Isn't that a bright idea, mother?"

She had not the heart to say no, or to suggest that a boy on a bicycle applying for work, was a thing too novel to be eminently successful. But to get work was at once so essential and so hopeless, that she would not throw any cold water on Donald's eagerness and pluck. She hoped too, that, spite of the eccentricity of the notion, some shrewd, kind-hearted gentleman might have sense enough to see the honest purpose of the poor lad who had only himself to depend upon. For his father had now fallen into a state of depression which made all application to him for either advice or help worse than useless. And as both he and Mrs. Boyd had been solitary orphans when they were married, there were no near relatives of any kind to come to the rescue. Donald knew, and his mother knew too, that he must shift for himself, to sink or swim.

So, after two days' rest which he much needed, the boy went off again "on his own hook," and his bicycle, which was a degree better than his legs, he said, as it saves shoe-leather. Also, he was able to come home pretty regularly at the same hour, which was a great relief to his mother. But he came home nearly as tired as ever, and with a despondent look which deepened every day. Evidently it was just the same story; no work to be had; or if there was work, it was struggled for by a score of fellows, with age, character, and experience to back them, and Donald had none of the three. But he had one quality, the root of all success in the end, dogged perseverance.

There is a saying, that we British gain our victories, not because we are never beaten, but because we never will see that we are beaten, and so go on fighting till we win. "Never say die," was Donald's word to his mother night after night. But she knew that those who never *say* die, sometimes *do* die, quite quietly, and she watched with a sore heart, her boy growing thinner and more worn, even though brown as a berry with constant exposure all day long to wind and weather, for it was now less autumn than winter.

After a fortnight, Mrs. Boyd made up her mind that this could not go on any longer, and said so. "Very well," Donald answered, accepting her decision as he had been in the habit of doing all his life. — Mrs. Boyd's children knew very well that whatever her will was, it was sure to be a just and wise will, herself being the last person she ever thought of. — "Yes, I'll give in, if you think I ought, for it's only wearing out myself and my clothes to no good. Only let me have one day more and I'll go as far as ever I can, perhaps to Dunfermline, or even Glasgow."

She would not forbid, and once more she started him off with a cheerful face in the twilight of the wet October morning, and sat all day long in the empty house — for the younger ones were now all going to school again — thinking sorrowfully of her eldest, whose merry school days were done forever.

In the dusk of the afternoon a card was brought up to her, with the message that an old gentleman was waiting below, wishing to see her.

A shudder ran through the poor mother, who, like many another mother, hated bicycles, and never had an easy mind when Donald was away on his. The stranger's first word was anything but reassuring.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but is your name Boyd, and have you a son called Donald, who went out on a bicycle this morning?"

"Yes, yes! Has anything happened? Tell me quick!"

"I'm not aware, ma'am, that anything has happened," said the old gentleman. "I saw the lad at light this morning. He seemed to be managing his machine uncommonly well. I met him at the foot of a hill near Edinburgh Castle. He had got off and was walking; so he saw me, and took off his cap. I like respect, especially in a young fellow towards an old one."

"Did he know you, for I have not that pleasure?" said Mrs. Boyd, polite, though puzzled. For the old man did not look quite like a gentleman, and spoke with the strong accent of an uneducated person, yet he had a kindly expression, and seemed honest and well-meaning, though decidedly "canny."

"I cannot say he knew me, but he remembered me, which was civil of him. And then I minded the lad as the one that had come to me for work a week or two ago, and I took his name and address. That's your son's writing?" he jumbled

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

out and showed a scrap of paper. "It's *bona fide*, isn't it?

"And he really is in search of work? He hasn't run away from home, or been turned out by his father for misconduct, or anything of that sort? He isn't a scamp, or a ne'er-do-weel?"

"I hope he doesn't look like it," said Mrs. Boyd, proudly.

"No, ma'am; you're right, he doesn't. He carries his character in his face which, maybe, is better than in his pocket. It was that which made me ask his name and address, though I could do nothing for him."

"Then you were the gentleman who told him you couldn't keep a dog and bark yourself?" said Mrs. Boyd, amused, and just a shade hopeful.

MR. BETHUNE.

"Precisely. Nor can I. It would have been cool impudence in a lad to come and ask to be taught his work first and then paid for it, if he hadn't been so very much in earnest that I was rather sorry for him. I'm inclined to believe, from the talk I had with him at the foot of the brae to-day, that he is a young dog that would bark with uncommon little teaching. Material, ma'am, is what we want. I don't care for its being raw material, if it's only of the right sort. I've made up my mind to try your boy."

"Thank God!"

"What did you say, ma'am? But — I beg your pardon."

For he saw Mrs. Boyd had quite broken down. In truth, the strain had been so long and so great that this sudden relief was quite too much for her. She sobbed heartily.

"I ought to beg your pardon," she said at last, "for being so foolish, but we have had hard times of late."

And then, in a few simple words, she told Donald's whole story.

The old man listened to it in silence. Sometimes he nodded his head, or beat his chin on his stout stick as he sat; but he made no comment whatever, except a brief "Thank you, ma'am."

"Now to business," continued he, taking out his watch; "for I'm due at dinner; and I always keep my appointments, even with myself. I hope your Donald is a punctual lad?"

"Yes. He promised to be back by dark, and I am sure he will be. Could you not wait?"

"No. I never wait for anybody; but I keep nobody waiting for me. I'm Bethune & Co., Leith Merchants — practically, old John Bethune, who began life as a message-boy, and has done pretty well, considering."

He had, as Mrs. Boyd was well aware. Bethune & Co. was a name so well known that she could hardly believe in her boy's good luck in getting into that house in any capacity whatever.

"So all is settled," said Mr. Bethune, rising. "Let him come to me on Monday morning, and I'll see what he is fit for. He'll have to start at the very bottom — sweep the office, perhaps — I did it myself once — and I'll give him — let me see — ten shillings a week to begin with."

"'To begin with,'" repeated Mrs. Boyd, gently but firmly; "but he will soon be worth more. I am sure of that."

"Very well. When I see what stuff he is made of, he shall have a rise. But I never do things at haphazard; and it's easier going up than coming down. I'm not a benevolent man, Mrs. Boyd, and you need not think it. But I've fought the world pretty hard myself, and I like to help those that are fighting it. Good evening. Isn't that your son coming round the corner? Well, he's back exact to his time, at any rate. Tell him I hope he will be as punctual on Monday morning. Good evening, ma'am."

Now, if this were an imaginary story, I might wind it up by a delightful *denoument* of Mr. Bethune's turning out an old friend of the family, or developing into a new one, and taking such a fancy to Donald that he immediately gave him a clerkship with a large salary, and the promise of a partnership on coming of age, or this worthy gentleman should be an eccentric old bachelor who immediately adopted that wonderful boy and befriended the whole Boyd family.

But neither of these things, nor anything else remarkable, happened in the real story, which, as it is literally true, though told with certain necessary disguises, I prefer to keep to as closely as I can. Such astonishing bits of "luck" do not happen in real life, or happen so rarely that one inclines, at last, to believe very little in either good or ill fortune, as a matter of chance. There is always something at the back of it which furnishes a key to the whole. Practically, a man's lot is of his own making. He may fail, for a while undeservedly, or he may succeed undeservedly, but, in the

long run, time brings its revenges and its rewards.

As it did to Donald Boyd. He has not been taken into the house of Bethune & Co., as a partner; and it was long before he became even a clerk — at least with anything like a high salary. For Mr. Bethune, so far from being an old bachelor, had a large family to provide for, and was bringing up several of his sons to his own business, so there was little room for a stranger. But a young man who deserves to find room generally does find it, or make it. And though Donald started at the lowest rung of the ladder, he may climb to the top yet.

He had "a fair field, and no favor." Indeed, he neither wished nor asked favor. He determined to stand on his own feet from the first. He had hard work and few holidays, made mistakes, found them out and corrected them, got sharp words and bore them, learnt his own weak points and — not so easily — his strong ones. Still he did learn them; for, unless you can trust yourself, be sure nobody else will trust you.

This was Donald's great point. *He was trusted.* People soon found out that they might trust him; that he always told the truth, and never pretended to do more than he could do; but that what he could do, they might depend upon his doing, punctually, accurately, carefully, and never leaving off till it was done. Therefore, though others might be quicker, sharper, more "up to things" than he, there was no one so reliable, and it soon got to be a proverb in the office of Bethune & Co. — and other offices, too — "If you wish a thing done, go to Boyd."

I am bound to say this, for I am painting no imaginary portrait, but describing an individual who really exists, and who may be met any day walking about Edinburgh, though his name is not Donald Boyd, and there is no such firm as Bethune & Co. But the house he does belong to values the young fellow so highly that there is little doubt he will rise in it, and rise in every way, probably to the very top of the tree, and tell his children and grandchildren the story which, in its main features, I have recorded here, of how he first began facing the world.

SOME CURIOUS CAT MUSIC.

By Elizabeth Abercrombie.

A CAT lived, once upon a time, who had a very grand name of her own — Micheeki Scarlatti — but then you must know that she was a very grand cat, requiring a grand name.

She was a black cat. At least she was black all except the tip of her left ear and the end of her tail. These were of a dazzling white. Her eyes were of a beautiful shade of green. Her fur was long and thick, her demeanor stately and dignified. Altogether, she was one of the most magnificent creatures that ever walked this pleasant earth.

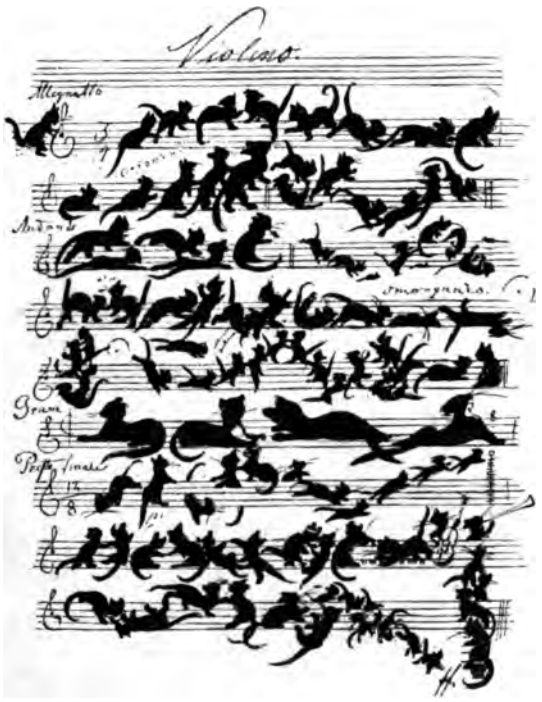
It is many, many years now since her eventful nine lives came to a lamented end, but, as I said before, she was no ordinary cat, and her tenth is not yet done. Like other great musical geniuses, she is living on still — through her works.

From her earliest kittenhood she is said to have evidenced the greatest fondness for music, and as she shared the home of an eminent musical composer — Alessandro Scarlatti — of course she was able to cultivate her talents and indulge her musical tastes to an eminent degree.

She always began the day with practising exercises on the harp. As regularly as the morning came round she went through with them, sweeping her magnificent tail across the strings and bringing out the most feeling tones with her paws. In the evenings she was content to play the part of listener, and as soon as the darkness

began to draw near, retired into a corner, where she sat gravely while the great Scarlatti himself poured out his soul through his finger tips.

Taking it for all and all, Micheeki's life was a wonderfully happy one. She loved her master and her master loved her. They were rarely separated from each other day or night. While Scarlatti was working at his compositions, she used to sit



THE BLACK CAT. GRAND CONCERT VARIATION.

By Moritz Von Schwind. Dedicated to Joseph Joachim.

perched upon his shoulder, curling her tail softly round his snowy head now and then by way of giving him a hug, and although he sometimes fell into a tremendous rage if his ideas refused to come fast enough to suit him, or his ink would not flow, and would then give his shoulders such a powerful shrug that poor pussy was sent flying into the middle of the room, still she was ready to pocket the affront, knowing, wise cat! that with geniuses much must be forgiven, much patiently endured.

Sunday, however, was a black day in Micheeki's blissful week. Maestro Scarlatti was apt to have company in on a Sunday, and the company had a dog!

Mr. Joseph Hasse was a fine-looking young German studying for a time in Naples, under the most famous Italian musician of his day. He too made something of a name for himself in the musical world as the years went on, but in his youth he was a terrible tease, and Micheeki hated him. It seemed, indeed, as though he never *could* let her alone. He was forever tying a bell round her tail, or making her walk about in some baby's shoes, or crowning her with a wreath of roses, or burying her under a shower of orange-blossoms, when she couldn't abide the smell of orange-blossoms, he knew, and they always made her sneeze her head nearly off.

And yet he was a thousand times better than his dog. Micheeki thought that that detestable young poodle ought not to be suffered to live. She would have annihilated him with a look if she could.

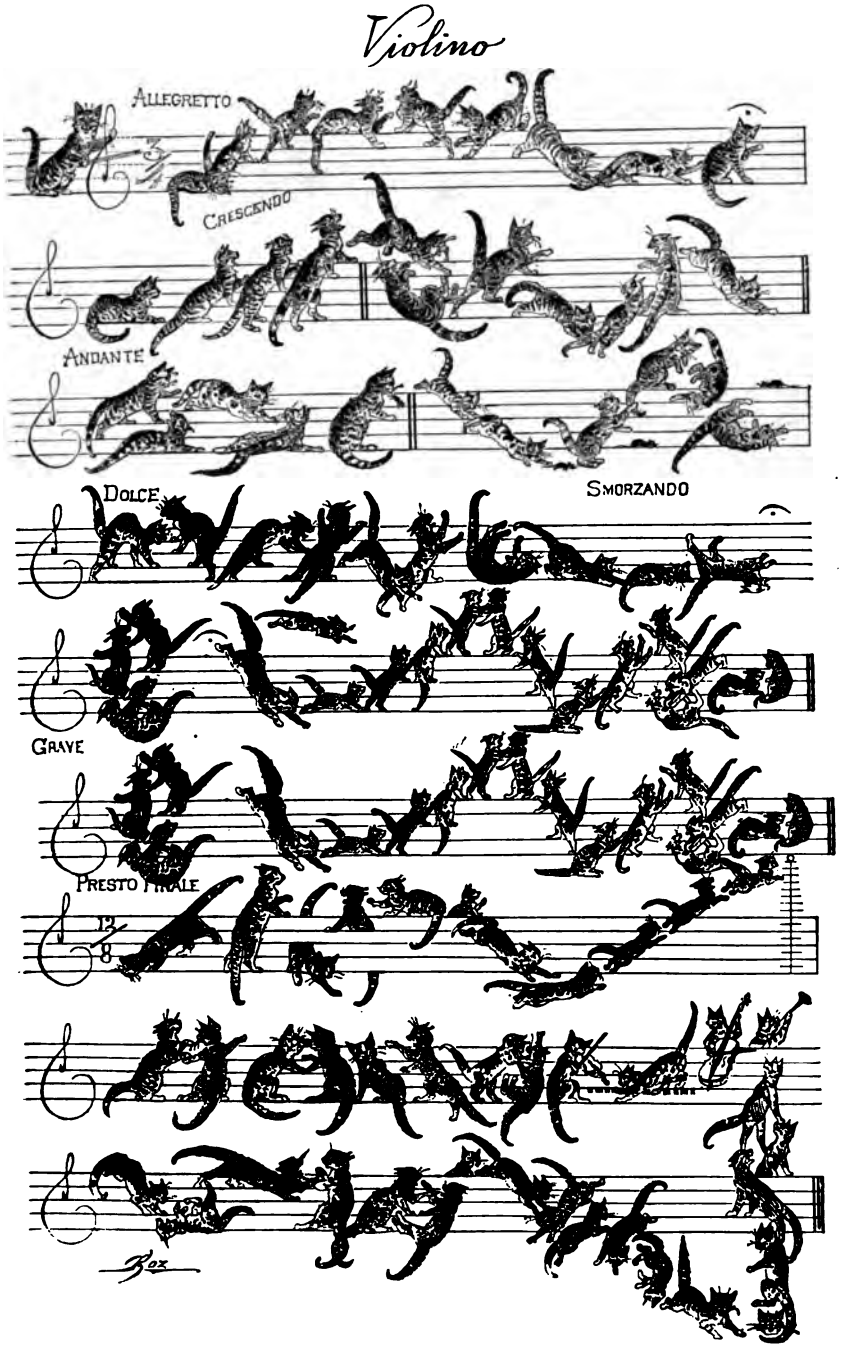
One Sunday Hasse and his dog came bounding as usual into the composer's pleasant little apartment, but to find the musician sunk in the deepest gloom. He looked up and smiled but faintly at his pupil's cheery, cordial greeting:

"Ah! you'll find me very bad company to-day, Hasse. All sorts of tunes are floating about in my poor head, but I can't get the theme I want. I am in perfect despair. Better get away with you and your fun. I shall be ready to hang your dog, there, if you don't look out."

"Hold, Master Scarlatti! it's not so bad as that, I hope. But I shall see that Truelove keeps out of your way this morning. I couldn't spare Truelove. He was given me the day I left my dear old Deutchland, by somebody whose true love I trust will go everywhere I go, till the day I die."

Scarlatti gave a kind l smile, but again becoming lost in thought, his pupil, in a low tone, began preaching a sermon to the cat and the dog. This went on for some little time. Having finished his discourse at last, however, Hasse drew out of his pocket a miniature wig and a pair of spectacles, which, in spite of her struggles, he immediately clapped on the furious Micheeki's unhappy head.

Truelove seemed to be perfectly enchanted at this. He began barking and dancing round the frantic sufferer with all the grace and agility of an accomplished dancer. Scarlatti, aroused by the noise, could not help laughing himself. Hasse threw himself on the piano-stool and dashed into a wild witches' dance that added to the general fun and excitement. Truelove, fairly beside himself, leaped on to Micheeki's back and clasped



THE BLACK CAT.

Rendered into English by "Boz."

his fore-paws tenderly round her neck. This was the last straw.

Finding it impossible to free herself from her hateful headdress Micheeki began a mad career round the room. She tried to force her way through the walls, but they would not open. She dashed over the chairs and tables, scattering her master's papers in her fiend-like spring, and filling the room with dust. Hasse, although enjoying the fun, ran after her, attempting to stop the mad chase, but in vain. No scoldings, no coaxings, no commands were of the least avail. At last she stopped, but still angry and filled with mortification at the indignities heaped upon her, she jumped on to the piano, ran wildly up and down the keys once or twice, and by degrees growing calmer, begun a deliberate walk back and forth, touching such notes as she did so that, to the astonishment of those who listened, a weird, melancholy sort of melody was produced.

At length a sharp exclamation was heard from Scarlatti. His face had lighted up with a sudden delight. "Bless the cat!" he cried. "She has given me the very theme I have been groping after."

The next day when Hasse came to see the musician, a sheet of music was laid triumphantly before him, upon which he read, in large letters, the following title, "The Cat's Fugue." Going to the piano, Scarlatti with much feeling played the newly written score, and as he played, his pupil easily recognized under the artfully woven accompaniment the strange, half fiend-like melody which had been the production of a distressed and despairing cat. The two men had a hearty laugh over the matter afterwards. Moreover, they always maintained that Micheeki, as she sat perched in her old place on her master's shoulder that day, laughed with them too, laughed a real *bona fide* human laugh. This is the story told about the origin of "The Cat's Fugue," in Germany.

There is still another curious bit of cat music in the world which possibly some little violin-player may feel interested in looking at. It is a "grand concert variation," called "The Black Cat," and is dedicated by a famous German artist, Moritz von Schwind, to Joseph Joachim, finest violinist in the world, a German too.

Its story, speaking for itself, needs no telling. Every little musician must laugh, I think, at the delicious concert, and will find each movement more wildly absurd than the last. See how the piece opens with a gay allegretto of frisky young cats; then comes a most telling crescendo of cats growing bigger, and *bigger*, and BIGGER, at every step. This again is softened by a rather brisk kitten-chase, into an andante of staid elderly Tabbies. What can be more expressive too, than the solemn demeanor of the grave creatures in the movement before the presto finale? But the finale, perhaps, is the best of all. Bless us! what a wild tumble of kits and cats, and cats and kits it is! running and jumping and leaping and dashing and frisking and fighting and falling and chasing each others' little black tails till the whole score is wound up with a double *forte* of a chord of astonished pussy-cats looking up in your face!

FROM THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

A BRAVE GIRL.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

"I SHALL be a Professor of Biology!"

The young person who made this unambitious remark sat on the northeast corner of the wash-stand, in the southwest second-story corner room of the large dormitory. She was not a strictly biological looking young person, being in fact very young, and on the whole too curly. Her hair, which was rather short than long, and a little too long to be short, rippled and rolled over her head like a lake in a May breeze; it was brown hair, of a bright shade, caught up behind over an invisible comb from which curls fell as far as they dared or could, it did not seem certain which. She had brown eyes and a saucy nose and a mouth that had not made up its mind at all yet what it would become; it was somewhat tender for biology, and somewhat too decided for an early engagement.

The girl had a fresh color and freckles. She would not have been called a handsome girl. Yet everybody looked at her a second time. She wore no earrings, and but one ring. Her father gave her that ring. Her dress was fully becoming, but perhaps rather plain — on the whole, memorably, though not insistently so. One thought nothing about it till afterwards. She was flawlessly neat. There were no spots on her navy-blue flannel dress, there was no crumple to her linen collar; her cuffs were immaculate; her gold-colored necktie seemed to have grown in its place, casting a warm shade upwards on her well-turned chin. She did not bang her hair. Let me be just. I am not sure that bangs had come into fashion in those early days at Smith College, which may be historically antecedent to that unhappy epoch of feminine deterioration; and in so far a discouraging feature in the history of the higher development of the female mind. If I say that my young lady would not have banged her hair if it had been the fashion, perhaps the statement may be more strictly accurate and quite as graphic. She had a well-shod, well-formed foot, which she was at the moment when I introduce her, dangling impressively from the washstand; this she hit now and then with her little boot-heel, by way of emphasis to her conversation.

"I have made up my mind," repeated this severely scholastic young woman, "I shall be a Professor of Biology."

"That would be perfectly lovely," said a freshman, enthusiastically. It was a very young freshman — frizzed, with bangled bracelets.

"That is just like you, Loto," said one of the girls slowly. "Now I never thought of being a professor of anything — I never *thought* of it."

The girl who said this was exceedingly pretty. She was blonde, and bright, and gentle. She had very small hands, and her manners were considered remarkable in the college. She was dressed more expensively than most of the other girls, but not showily. She and Loto Rollinstall were one and indivisible, now and forever, the eternally immutable, whom time should never separate, etc., etc., and so on. The whole college understood and respected these evidences of natural selection when they occurred, and admired what it called "A Lifelong Friendship," worshipfully, afar off, as girls do. The bestowal of a diploma had not yet given immunity from these private devotions, delights, heartaches and heartbreaks, which have gone to form so much of the inner life of their race, from immemorial time till now. Latin does not wear off love, nor Greek substitute for young trust, nor calculus solve the problem of the unknown laws that govern budding life. Why one girl shall select another out of all the world, be ready to die for her for two years, and equally ready to die for a new one in two more — who shall tell us?

"You dear thing! come here to me!" said the future professor of biology rapturously to the pretty blonde, who came, and climbed upon the back

of a chair in a ladylike, laborious way, sitting beside her professor, with gentle content.

"How pretty you are this morning, Fern!"

The biological mind gave vent to this argument in a tender whisper.

Loto and Fern were at that stage when eternity were not long enough to test their mutual fidelity. The college girls looked on admiringly at the tableau. They believed in Loto and Fern as much as Loto and Fern believed in themselves, which was agreeable. In fact, there was something so far, rather real about the affection between these two girls. It did not sentimentalize or mope. It went about its business and learned its lessons and was jolly with the other girls and had a wholesomeness about it almost amounting to good sense. In fact, it would have been difficult *to* sentimentalize with Loto Rollinstall. There was too much fun in her eyes.

What Fern might have been capable of in this direction if she had fallen into different hands — perhaps we should say, upon a different heart — is not so easy to define.

There were a good many girls in the room — it was Loto's room — which accounted in part, but by no means wholly, for the selection of the washstand as a perch. All the chairs were full, and the bed had the slats out. But Loto was fond of the northeast corner of the washstand in any event; likewise of the window-sills, the waste-baskets, and any other unconventional easy-chair that the meagre resources of the college rooms presented to her imagination.

Loto was a popular girl, especially among the members of her class. She and Fern were juniors. It was not unusual for a crowd to assemble in the southwest corner room, even to the extent of sitting in rows on the floor. The object of this particular assemblage had been peanuts and perpetual motion. Upon the latter topic, the professor of physics had that day broached certain views not harmoniously received by these wise young women, and they had met, for the credit of science, to further the advance of thought, by a private discussion of the points at issue. Of the inexpensive peanut, the most that can be said is that it clarified the mind, and, to a certain extent, absorbed the discussion.

The group had begun to drift away, and besides Fern and Loto and the little frizzed freshman and Mary Mace, and one or two sophomores, scarcely any one was left to maintain the truth about perpetual motion. Easily, therefore, while Mary Mace neatly swept up the peanut shells, the girls' talk flowed in the direction given to it by Loto's biological aspirations.

Mary Mace was the quiet girl, who stood at the head of the class and cultivated college slang with difficulty. She was further distinguished as Loto's room-mate.

"'To be, or not?' I never thought that I must *be* anything," announced one of the sophomores. "My father wouldn't have let me come to college if he thought I'd got to be anything."

"What did he send you for, Nelly Hope?" asked Mary Mace.

"He said he wanted me to improve my mind."

"Your — what?" suggested Loto, arching her pretty brows.

"Come, Mary Mace," persisted Nelly Hope, "what are *you* going to be?"

"Whatever will educate the boys," said Mary Mace, in a low voice.

She had brushed up all the peanut shells, and was now struggling with the little fine, inner husks that clung with a tenacity frightful in so singularly worthless an object, to the carpet beneath the table. Mary did this with the painstaking, all but painsgiving fidelity, which she always expended upon "the duty nearest her." The table hid her face from the observation of the girls; all but Loto, who glanced at it with keen carelessness, whistling *Down the Bingo Farm.*

"Come, Fern!"

Loto stopped whistling, and slid nearer to her friend, with the pleasant gentleness which characterized her movements whenever Fern was near.

"Tell us, dear. Don't mind the ladies. Speak out loud. What are you going to be yourself?"

"It is disgraceful to contemplate," said Fern, blushing; "but I don't want to be anything but a lady."

"You sha'n't," said Loto, with a protecting air. "I wouldn't have you for the — the — for the categorical imperative."

"I've got to teach," said a sophomore, in green merino, with pink ribbons. She sighed. They were poor at her house — always had been. She

thought she minded it more than Mary Mace; she was understood among her friends to have a very sensitive nature. "I'd rather saw wood," said the green-and-pink sophomore appealingly.

"Did you ever saw any?" asked Mary Mace.

The little frizzed freshman said nothing. Privately she meant to be married. But that had an unclassical sound. She turned her silver bangles in discreet silence.

Nobody had answered Mary Mace, and the girls soon scattered, chatting, to their books. They went heartily, and looked well and happy. Loto watched them dreamily as they drifted away — the green-and-pink sophomore, Nelly Hope, and the little freshman — like figures on a frieze. Last of all went Fern herself, reluctantly, staying modestly for Loto's kiss till all the rest were gone. They never minded Mary Mace, who was already turning the leaves of her Greek lexicon with an intentness, if not far above, at least far removed from, kisses.

"Sweet Fern!" whispered Loto. "Come and see me after study."

Dreamily, too, she watched Fern as she followed the others, gliding away with her ladylike motions, quiet and sweet.

"I love her," thought Loto. "I love her." Her eyes grew misty. She jumped down from the washstand with a bang that shook Mary Mace's translation off the lexicon, and fluttering about the room. Mary did not scold. She seldom did. Loto thought of this, as she virtuously picked up the scattered leaves. "I'm a tom-boy," she said. "I'm always doing something noisy."

"You're pretty noisy — at times," said Mary; "but I don't classify you in the genus Tom, Loto."

IT WAS LOTO'S ROOM.

"If my hair had been shorter," pursued Loto reflectively, "or if it had been longer and done with it, it would have been easier to classify me. Or, if I hadn't been curly — like you, Mary. Or, if I had been evoluted beyond freckles — like Fern Holbrooke. If I had been most any other way, I might have been most any other thing. The Lord and — Darwin — only know what is my true position in the scale of nature. Sometimes," added

Loto gravely, as she got her books about and sat down hard at the table opposite Mary, "sometimes I think I really must be the 'missing link.'"

As Mary, in the depths of her lexicon, was already far beyond the weakness of replying, the merry ripple of Loto's voice gradually died away, and she betook herself to work in her own way, at her own lesson. Loto studied with a sort of plunge. Her whole being, up to the last instant of liberty, would absorb itself in the bubble of the moment — Fern, or the college gossip; the class quarrels, the Amherst boys, the last freshman flirtation, the oppression of the unpopular teacher, the virtues of the popular one, the struggle of the poor girl who had earned her way to her education by teaching evening-schools, the folly of the rich one who wore diamonds as if she were engaged, the forthcoming examination papers, the last suspension, the details of the evening mails, or the doctrines of Kant, the cut of a gymnasium dress, or the metres of Horace — whatever was current in the air about her, carried Loto with a live, hearty interest. She thoroughly understood how to have a good time. She fell into her share of college scrapes, but they never reached the verge of the dangerous, and she always slipped out of them joyfully. Her college life had been an exceedingly happy one for two years and a half. When she studied, as I say, she plunged. She worked as hard as she played, privately intending that her father should not be ashamed of her. She played as hard as she worked, fully meaning to have her education's worth of fun, and having it.

The college was in its infancy in the days of which I write, and Loto represented the more attractive sort of the earlier class of girls that made their way into such institutions.

There were, perhaps, severer scholars than Loto had yet taken the trouble to become, over at Amherst, or Yale yonder, or even in her own *Alma Mater*. There was not anywhere a more lovable young creature, with better possibilities. She carried her respectable, but not preëminent scholarship with a certain joyous, easy air of meaning to do greater things by and by, when so happy a girl could get at it; in which respect also, she was not without her like in the classic environment of the masculine institutions across country.

Loto did not wait for Fern to come in that evening, but slipped over to her friend's room.

Fern had got herself into a pretty pale-blue wrapper that she never wore outside her room, and stood, slender and sweet, like a harebell, smiling up into Loto's sturdier eyes. Fern's roommate had disappeared in search of *her* eternal friendship, and the two girls were alone.

They embraced as rapturously as if they could not read the original Odyssey, and curled themselves contentedly into one big chair by the radiator. It was still cold weather, though at the end of the term, and the spring vacation hard upon them.

Loto was a trifle silent that evening, with fits of extreme merriment. Fern cooed on, in her own even, happy way. They talked — what *do* girls talk of? Of their lightest grievance, and their deepest hope; of love and literature; of their headaches and their ambitions; of their spring suits and the future of the country; of yesterday's lesson in quantitative analysis and next summer's plans for the long vacation.

They felt that they loved each other very dearly; more so, probably, than any two girls had ever loved before. They exchanged confidences as innocent as a humming-bird's, as grave as a woman's. They were delicate-minded girls, and had a pure and lovely way of disclosing their innermost hearts to each other. I must say, too, that if the whole world had been admitted to their confidences, it would not have found them wholly irrational rhapsodies, by any means.

There was a certain balance about these girls; good sense and keen humor sprinkled their talk; it had its value as conversation; it could hardly be denied that their education had given quality to their aspirations, so far as the one had gone, or the other existed.

"Sober to-night, Loto?" said Fern abruptly. "Can't I know?"

"You can know everything, sweet Fern," heartily said Loto. She was abstractedly passing her finger-tips down the fine, white Bretonne lace that faced Fern's pale-blue wrapper. She caressed the lace as if it had been part of its dainty wearer. "I didn't get a letter I wanted to-night, that's all."

"Oh, from whom, Loto? Anybody in particular?"

"Only mother. I'd rather be a circus donkey than a worrier; but I do hate to have *mother* go over more than two mails."

"You don't think there's any doubt but she will let you come, Loto?"

"Oh, no; it isn't that. I expect to go, fast enough. But she's so punctual about writing. I didn't know but she might — blind headache!" said Loto, interrupting herself. "That must be it. Never thought of it till this minute. She's got a blind headache, and is done up in camphor like a mummy this minute, that's what she is! I wish I were there to keep Slam still. She counts on me to choke off Slam, and to read to father. Really, *at times*, I'm quite a useful member of society, at home, though you'd never suspect it, Fern."

"Is Slam so very noisy?" asked Fern sympathetically.

"A Corliss engine," succinctly observed Slam's sister.

"Now, Egbert," said Fern, "is as *still*" —

"There may be hopes of Slam by the time he's twenty-two," suggested Loto cheerfully, "after he's worn us all into chronic nervous prostration."

"To be sure, Egbert is older," assented Fern vaguely, "and so handsome, Loto! The girls I know in Boston think he's the handsomest boy in Harvard."

"Do they tell him so?"

"Oh, no; they don't tell *him* so."

"But they tell you, and you tell him? U-m-m! Fern, I warn you beforehand, I shall *not* consider your brother a handsome man. I expect to find him painfully ugly. Don't ask me, for I shouldn't like to hurt your feelings. I hate handsome men.

"You may hate Egbert, if you can," slyly from Fern.

"Going so soon, Loto?"

"Going so late, Fern."

"Good-night, my darling."

"Good-night, my dear."

"Good-night!"

"Oh! good-night."

"Good-*night!*"

It was late that evening, in fact, it was too late that evening, when there came a cautious tap upon Fern's locked door. It was after the lights were out, and the laws were down, and whoso dared them did so skilfully. Fern was a light sleeper, and she woke readily, and flashed to the door like a little white dove.

"You, Loto?" in a whisper.

"Yes. Let me in a minute, Fern," softly through the keyhole.

The key slid, and the door stirred, and closed again, with the muteness of experienced burglary. The two girls, like conspirators, stood shivering in their pretty ruffled nightdresses, within the long, broad ray of moonlight that crossed the silent room. Fern's room-mate slept on peacefully. If one could make such a remark of a young lady, we might say that she snored peacefully. She was a fat girl, poor thing! Her name was Daisy Dubbs.

"I've got my letter," whispered Loto. "I thought you'd be happier to know."

"Oh, you dear! I am happier," sleepily said Fern, who was perfectly happy before, dreaming that she was the valedictorian of her class, and graduated in a sea-green silk and broad valenciennes.

"That green-and-pink sophomore — that Dodge girl — had it all the while. Got to her room by mistake with her own letters. She just sent it round by Nelly Hope, with her compliments. Nell has the most unbecoming nightgown in the college."

"Was it gored?"

"I believe so. I'll strike a match and show you mother's letter. Here, put something on, Fern; you'll get cold."

By the puffing flare of several more or less unsuccessful matches, the two girls put their heads together over the letter, crouching affectionately meanwhile under Fern's scarlet balmoral skirt, which Loto had pulled over Fern's shoulders, and Fern had pulled over Loto's, and then both had kissed, and agreed to share it.

The fat chum slept on like the just. The tired teacher opposite did not wake. The two girls were accomplished whisperers, and Loto read to Fern in a ghastly *sotto voce*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The LION and the MOUSE

Versified from Æsop's Fables

By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates

A LION, on a sultry day,
Asleep in a shady thicket lay:
Over him rustled the slender cane,
While about him, spread upon the turf,
From neck and shoulders his huge mane
Rolled and tossed like a yellow surf.

Hide rusty, tawny,
Limbs lithe and brawny,
With paws that could creep through jungle grass
Like a cat on a carpet, yet could bound
With stride and leap along the ground:
Could over the heated desert pass,
Leaving behind a dinted wake
Of tracks like a long continuous snake;
With tail for lashing,
With teeth for gnashing,
And throat that could pour a threatening thunder —
He was indeed, and little the wonder,
Even while he drowsed within his den,
King of beasts and terror of men.

A small brown MOUSE,
From her hidden house,
Her house of grasses — little more
Than a cellar with a silken floor —
Crept out to find some tender shoot,
Some spicy bark, some juicy root,
Some berry, or nut, or kind of fruit

She saw the LION there asleep;
And what should she do but crawl and creep
With tangling feet along his mane —
Perhaps she thought it a field of grain,
So wiry and yellow, and grown so close:
She searched it over, she felt no fear,
But with keen bright eyes would peep and peer,
As she crept along to his very nose.

He was dreaming that over a desert slope
He chased a herd of antelope,
And his heart beat fast with a savage hope —
When the little tickling scratching claws
Made him nestle and stretch his paws.
He was slow to rouse
From his lazy drowse,
Till again and again the meddling MOUSE
Scrambled and whisked about his face —
A shake of his head, a fierce grimace,
And she lost her hold,
She tumbled and rolled —
The giant had moved, and there, alas,
She was under his great foot on the grass!

Instead of questioning him, or speaking,
As ladies will, she fell to shrieking,
And he, with anger in his eyes,
Spoke sternly to her in this wise:
"Crawling and bothering like a fly,
You'll have to die — you'll have to die!
For 'tis never safe, you ought to know,
To wake a sleeping LION so."

"Ah, qui, que-que,
Que-que," cried she,
"Pray let me go this once — some day,
King of the mice, I will repay!"
He laughed "Ha-ha!" he laughed "Ho, ho!
A MOUSE repay a LION! Go!"
And off to her hidden, dried-grass house
Hurried the flustered, trembling MOUSE,
And sank on her silk floor gratefully,
Sobbing "Que-que, ai, ai, que-que!"
On stalwart haunches,
Crackling the branches
Like straws beneath him, the LION sprang,
And out of his hiding,
Sauntering, striding,
Roared and laughed till the jungle rang.
Edmund H. Garrett
Down by the river, marshy, wet,
Had hunters spread a lion net;
But, full of mirth, how could he think
Of danger where he was used to drink?
One fine long leap to the ready brink,
And plunging, falling,
The web enthralling
With cord and mesh till he could not stir,
He lay, his royal beard outspread
Like a monarch's mantle, golden-red,
On the broken rushes, a prisoner.

Long time, with moaning
Heaving and groaning,
He strove, till dews fell chill on him,
And knew that with morning
And hunters returning
Their dogs would rend him limb from limb.
Hark, hark!
A rustle and stir down in the dark!
A piping voice, a gentle squeaking:
Not so loud as a cricket creaking,
"Lie still, O king of the mice, lie still!
If I can get you free, I will."
'Twas the little MOUSE, and down she sat,
Nibble at this rope, gnaw at that;
Teeth were tiny, but sharp to bite,
And she filed and sawed with all her might;
Tugged and pulled, and rasped and grated,
Cut and scissored and separated!
So hour by hour passed away,
Till rosy tints on the twilight gray
Told of the coming on of day.
And then, at length,
By the puny strength
The LION had laughed at and derided,
His treacherous fetters were divided.

A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

By Dr. W. George Beers.

[*Harry Tandem to a Boston Friend.*]

Windsor Hotel, *Montreal, Jan. 19, 1883.*

Dear Bob:

Such a jolly time as we have had straight through! I never thought there was so much splendid fun to be had out of snow and ice. I remember the fine times we had camping out below Quebec, two summers ago; but the winter is the time for holidays, and I'm going to get father to have half our school holidays in July and the balance in January. I always thought the Canadians spent winter shivering around the coal fires, and that they kept in doors when it snowed and blowed; but they all turn out just when. I thought they all turned in, and don't they enjoy it! ! ! I put these three notes of exclamations here instead of a yell, which I could give, I feel so jolly. Father tried to scare me before I came, by reading me a story about a chap called Pentagruel, a hero of another fellow called Rabelais, who reached a place so cold that the words as they passed from the lips of the men were frozen, and fell on the deck, but when brought near the fire thawed and gave up their sounds. But I didn't scare worth a cent. We expected to see the people muffled up like mummies, or like Esquimaux, but all through the carnival, I saw more Canadians in felt hats than furs, and they say the climate is so changed since father was a boy that the whole winter dress of the people has changed too, and furs are more worn for the fashion than because they are necessary. I never saw snow so dry. Our Boston snow is nearly always fit for snow-balling and building forts and snow-men, you know, and they sometimes have that sort here too, but mostly snow of a dry sort, in which you can roll, and which shakes off you like fine sand. The other day I saw one of the maids using it to sprinkle on the carpets before sweeping; Emily says it beats tea-leaves. It is used, too, with whisps to clean clothes. When the sun shines, after a new fall of snow, you'd think you were in one of those diamond mines we used to read about in the days when we believed in the *Arabian Nights*. The air is dry, bracing. No fog, no slop, no malaria, no cyclones.

And now for the jolly times these splendid fellows of the Curling, Toboganing, Tandem, Trotting, Hockey, and Snow-Shoe clubs provided us Yankees! First of all, just out of our window I can see the Ice Palace, in Dominion Square. It is lit by the electric light, every night. Father was reading from a poem by Cowper, a description of an ice palace built on the bank of the Neva, in 1740, by the Empress of Russia, in which he called it

> The most magnificent and mighty freak
> The wonder of the North.

The Montreal Palace is the first ever tried in the New World, and the carnival people say they had to hurry it up, and had to do a good deal of guessing, but that they'll beat it in the one to be erected next January. I'll try and describe this one, as it won't be here when you come up in July. You'll have to get a dictionary and find out what the big words mean, for I don't know myself, but everybody is using them here. The building was made of blocks of ice, forty-two by twenty-four inches, each block weighing five hundred pounds, and the whole structure containing forty thousand cubic feet of ice. Its dimensions are about ninety by ninety feet, with rectangular towers at each corner, and a central square tower one hundred feet high. The blocks were "cemented" together by snow for mortar, and then water was pumped on from a hose, and the whole palace made into one solid piece, so that you couldn't separate one block from another without sawing them apart. I heard a fellow, with long hair, say that it was a disappointment to him; but you know that the people who really enjoy this sort of thing don't care a rap if it isn't as perfect as those long-haired fellows could

make it. My opinion is that it is the most beautiful sight I ever saw in sunlight or moonlight, and a boy has a right to have an opinion as well as a man. Father says the Ice Palace by electric light reminds him of what Charles the Fifth said of Antwerp Cathedral, that it was worthy of being placed under a glass shade. I've been in and out of it day and night. They wouldn't let me on top of it. Every time I look at it I see something new and beautiful. One block had a curious thing embedded in its centre. It looked at first like some sort of a fish, or the skeleton of a fish, with lots of legs, and I heard somebody tell somebody else that it was an animal of the glacial period, whatever that means; but I guess it was nothing but straw. I heard people using big words like "spectrum," "polychromic," "prismatic," "diaphanous," when looking at the palace. You know you hear these people using jaw-breakers about pictures, too. I don't intend to talk that way when I get big enough to like a daub of an oil painting better than a good chromo. I heard somebody call the palace "a new revelation in architecture." One girl called it "a religion in ice." At any rate, Bob, it is "too utterly too-too," or, as Emily says, "too nice for anything." I went on top of the mountain, and looking down at the thousands of lights throughout the city, and then at this glowing structure in the middle, why, you'd think you were dreaming. When I wakened the next morning I thought I had been dreaming. But there was no *Arabian Nights* about it, Bob. It was all as real as Bunker Hill Monument.

You know they say the Yankees are a fast people, and perhaps that is why we Boston folks enjoyed the toboganing so much. It's the nearest thing to flying you can find. You couldn't live long if you kept going at such speed. The tobogan is made of two pieces of thin bass wood, about six feet long and two feet wide, bent up in front like the dashboard of a sleigh. It has cross pieces of wood for strength, and long, round sticks at each side, and is all clasped together by catgut. The Indians make them, and the Canadians cushion them. The red-skins used them to carry the game they'd shoot over the snow through the woods, and the Canadians turned them into the jolliest use for pastime, in sliding down the hills, and they've been doing this long before father was born, without saying much about it. The tobogan is so light that it doesn't sink in soft snow like a cutter, and is so smooth on the bottom that it goes down hill like a shot, especially when the hill is slippery. It adapts itself to the hollows it meets in such a way as to make you feel as if you had no more bones than a worm; and I tell you when you jump a *cahot*, as they call the hollows

TOBOGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

here, you'd wish you were a worm, until you get used to it.

My first experience of toboganing was on the back part of Mount Royal. The mountain was thus named by the discoverer of Canada, when he first saw the St. Lawrence River and the landscape from its summit. The toboganing slide here is partly an artificial one, and is a jolly sort of thing that could be easily built upon a prairie. I'm going to see if I can't get them to put one up on

Boston Common. It is a big structure of logs and planks made in an inclined plane, up one side of which there are steps, and down the side beside it a smooth, ice-covered slide. There is room on top like a little platform upon which you settle yourself on your tobogan. They generally put the girls on first, and you'd wonder to see a girl seat herself in the bow, because if the tobogan collides with anything in front, the girl would get the worst of it. But they seem to like the risk, and the Canadians mean well when they give strangers the place of danger. But to tell the truth, there's no danger on proper hills. A fellow sits behind and steers with his foot.

THE SNOW-SHOE STEEPLE-CHASE.

The sensation is exciting. You lose your breath as the snow dashes up into your face, and you have all the feeling of going on the road to a regular smashup, but before the smash comes, your sleigh eases off as gently as it started, and you get up and want to do it again. If you stand to one side of the slide, and see a tobogan whiz past you like a shot, and see the frightened faces of the strangers who are having their first try, you feel as if you were looking at a group who were going to destruction; but by and by you see them coming up hill again laughing at their fears. You'd think you'd get tired pulling your tobogan up again every time you slide down, but there's so much fun in the whole thing, and the air is so splendid, that you do it a whole afternoon and forget to get tired. Just fancy how it would fag a fellow to walk half as far to school.

You should see me in my winter sporting rig; a white blanket coat trimmed with scarlet, with a *capot* or hood on the back; a scarlet sash around my waist; scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers trimmed with scarlet; "moccasons" on my feet, and the old French "*tuque bleu*," with a scarlet tassel, on my head. The tuque is worn by all the Snow-shoe and Tobogan Clubs, and by all the Canadian youngsters. Each club has a different colored tuque, and my rig is the same as the oldest Snow-shoe Club, the "Montreal." Emily is great friends with a fellow belonging to the St. George's Club; and she's got a whole white blanket suit, trimmed with purple, and she's got a St. George's cross on her coat, and wears the purple and white tuque. Lots of Canadian ladies dress this way in winter. It's a very pretty sight to see a lot of strong, active fellows in their club uniform, out on the hill. Don't tell Polly, Bob, but I've made the acquaintance of a Canadian girl here, and I rather think she's got a big opinion of Boston, because when she heard some one say that I came from the "Hub," she walked straight up to me, looked at me as if she was going to box my ears for fun,

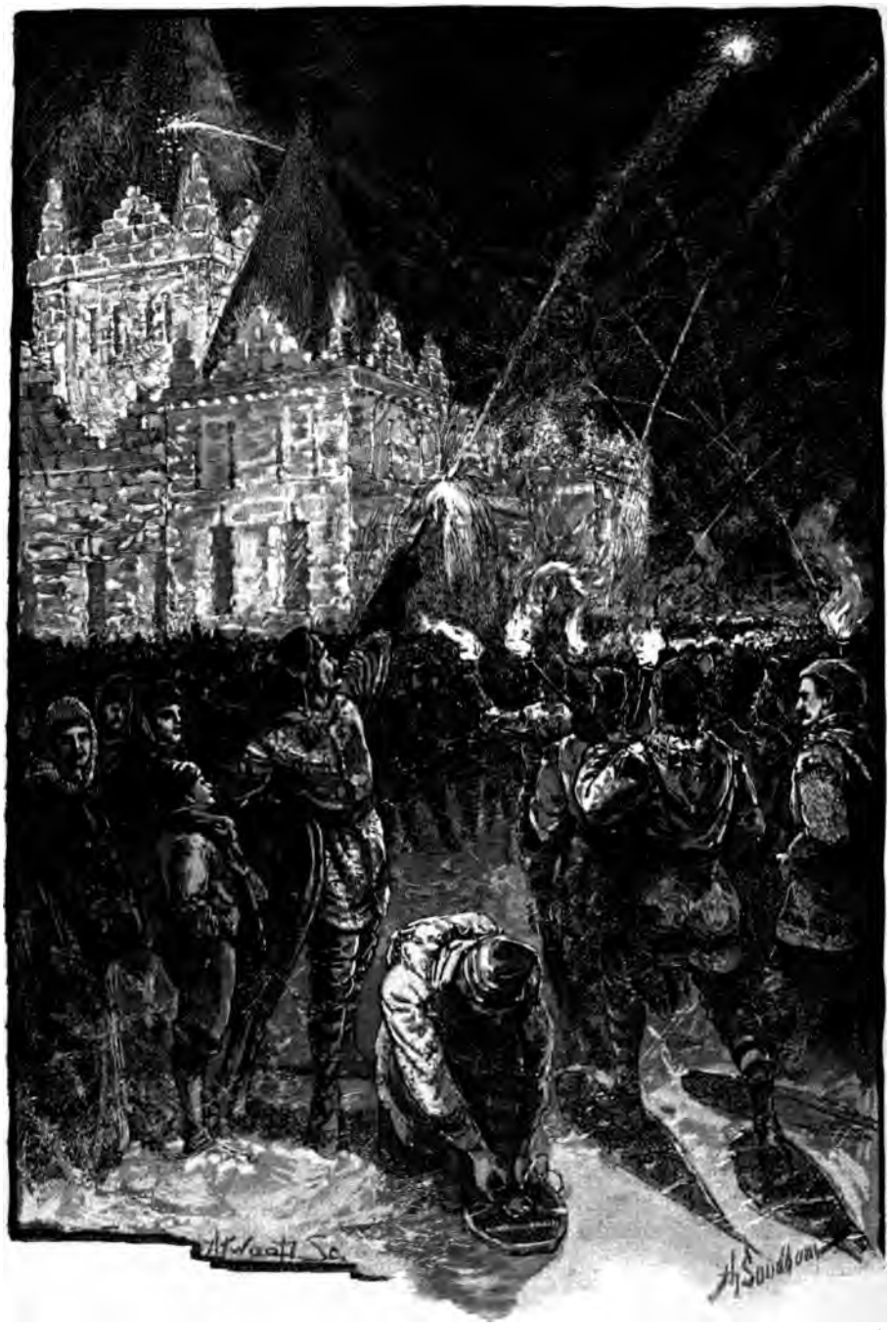
and offered to take me down the slide on her tobogan. I hadn't seen a girl steer, and I knew I'd have to sit in front, but I'd have slid off the top of the French steeple here if she'd asked me to go with her. "Are you all right?" she asked. "Yes; go ahead," said I. She gave the tobogan a push, and then jumped on herself. I thought it was my last hour on earth. The speed was awful. We came to a *cahot*, jumped it, and came down flop! until my teeth rattled. I was sure she had fallen off and was lying dead on the snow. I never expected to see Boston or Bob again. But I got to the bottom, and as I looked around, there I saw my Canadian girl shaking the snow from her neck, and smiling all over as she said, "Wasn't that jolly? Will you try it again?" I kept on trying it again until her big brother came along and asked her to give a friend from New Orleans a slide. Confound her big brother, and confound New Orleans!

The Montreal Toboganing Club has a splendid series of slides a short ride from the Windsor. The inauguration night was magnificent. The hills were lit up all along the route with torches stuck in the snow banks at each side; and a great lot of lanterns and locomotive headlights illuminate the ground, while at the foot a huge bonfire was kept burning, into which they threw colored powder. Emily enjoyed this hugely. Toboganing has already done her more good than all the medicine she has swallowed in two years. If I was a doctor, I'd give more prescriptions of toboganing and snow-shoeing than quinine. Several young ladies, Canadians, came to see Emily at the Windsor, yesterday; she didn't think I heard her, but I couldn't help it. "What complaint have you?" she asked them. They all roared, laughing, and one said, "Well, my complaint is I can never get enough to eat;" and she was a rosy-cheeked, bouncing girl, that would have made two of Emily. "We Canadian girls go in for outdoor exercise, my dear, and do not have 'complaints.'" Everybody here seems to belong to some sort of an athletic club; and parents are as proud of their boys who win prizes at snow-shoeing as if they had won the "*dux*" at school. They say they can't beat us in Latin verses, but what's the good of Latin verses if you're always sick?

On Wednesday morning we went to see the Curling Bonspiel on the river; but a fall of snow came on, and father and I saw the play at the rinks. They've got a lot of cosey covered rinks in Montreal. I never saw such people for sports. I'm sure they must be sorry when spring comes. The Montreal Club is the second oldest of over four hundred formed this century, under the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland. At first I thought the game awfully stupid, and I said it so loud that a big Scotchman, who looked like a thistle, turned to me and swore at me awfully; but a Scotch friend of father's afterwards wrote on paper what he said to me, and here it is: "Gang awa' wi ye, ye bairnie; gang, an' play bools;" which he said means marbles. I ganged, of course. The Scotchmen were big fellows, and they seemed to be proud of the way they talked. Old Thistle came up to me the next day, and shook my hand, and swore at me again, but he laughed pleasantly as he did it, and then he let me slide a stone or two, and I think I'll go in for curling when I grow up. It's just like a Scotchman. You never know him at first, and they say the crusty ones are always trusty ones. My Scotchman gave me a real silver curling-stone scarf pin.

What a city this is for sleighing! No sloppy roads one day and hard ones the next. No wheels to-day and runners to-morrow. A constant jingle of bells, and quick trot of horses, and all kinds of sleighs, rough and handsome, little and big. And just fancy, Bob, the hackmen of Montreal turned out their finest teams, six and four in hand, and gave everybody free drives all the afternoon! Father said he believed the winter carnival had inaugurated the millennium. It was a civic half-holiday. There were over two thousand sleighs in the procession in which the hackmen joined, and it was such rare fun to get a free drive, that several of us boys had a luxurious old time jumping out of one into another, and trying all sorts of turnouts, from four-in-hand to single rigs.

After the drive, we stopped at McGill College gate and saw the Snow-shoe Steeple Chase, when fifteen fellows toed the line, and started in their jerseys and knickerbockers to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most



THE ICE PALACE, DOMINION SQUARE, ON INAUGURATION NIGHT.

eager fellows going headlong into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead. Any unfair racing, such as tramping on each other's shoes, was not allowed, but in a jostle it must be awfully hard to avoid it. There wouldn't be much show for a Boston policeman if he had to chase one of these fellows over the snow. But perhaps you don't know what snow-shoes are. Of course one is worn on each foot. They are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together by cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in stepping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two, and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over, and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the moccasoned feet by thongs of deer-skin. The Canadians everywhere in Canada, from Halifax to the Rocky Mountains, use these shoes, and in the cities and towns form clubs. The Montreal Club ("Tuque Bleu") is half a hundred years old, so you see they've been enjoying themselves here for a long time. Father calls the carnival a "Snow Symposium." I asked Mr. Isles of the Windsor what that meant, and he gave me a city directory to look it up. I don't believe they've got a dictionary in the establishment. Perhaps they expect us to bring our own.

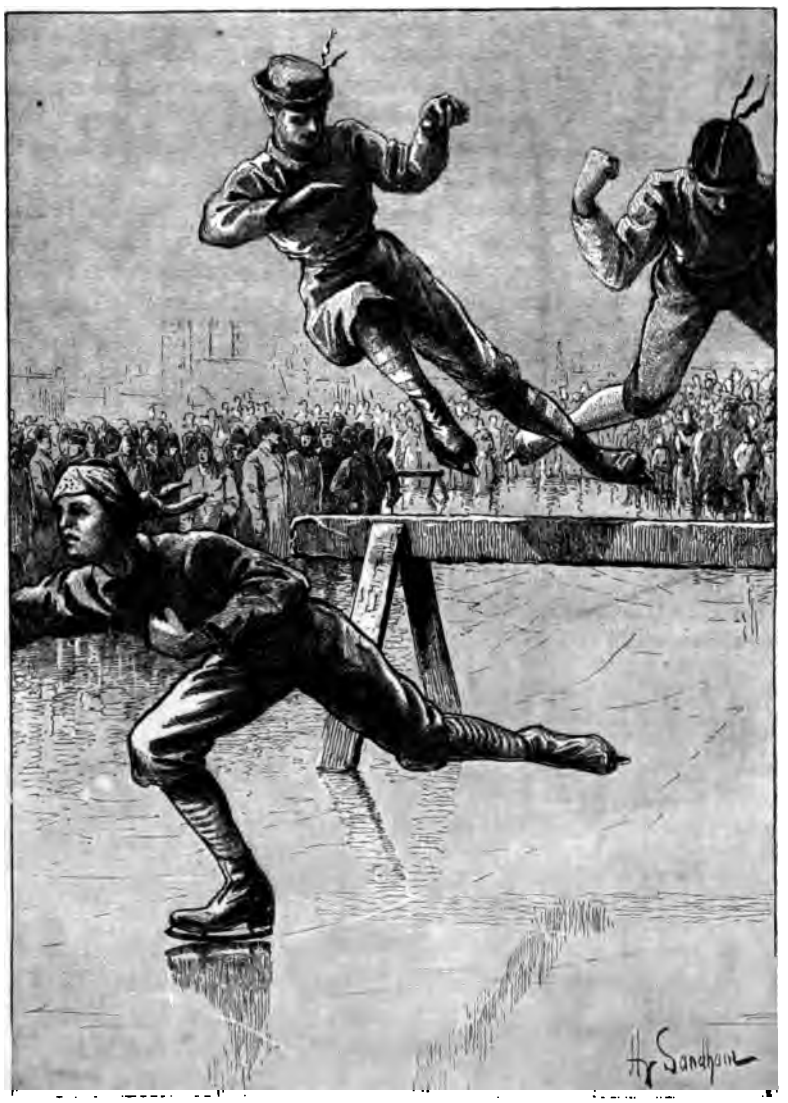
But of all sights under the moon, Bob, you should have seen the grand Snow-shoe and Torch-light procession of all the Snow-shoe clubs, the other evening, when they inaugurated the Ice Palace. Don't you remember how we used to watch for Christmas; when we rose early to see the new white world which had been born in a night? Wasn't it a sort of snow intoxication when we jumped into it, and shovelled it? Well, this seems the way even big men and women, and the horses, too, are affected by the snow. You see gray-headed men in blanket coats, with snow-shoes on their feet, jumping fences like deer. Father says he believes the Snow-shoe clubs worship the snow as the Persians did the sun.

A snow-storm set in during the afternoon. They said it was Vennor's contribution to the programme. In the evening everybody came to Dominion Square, where there was every sort of light but sunlight. The Palace looked like glass; and I never saw anything so beautiful as when they burned blue, green, crimson and purple fires inside. By and by we heard a great cheer, and the procession of fifteen hundred fellows appeared, in club uniforms, each man carrying a lighted torch in one hand, and discharging Roman candles from the other. The old Montrealers led off, followed by the St. George, Le Canadien, Emerald, Argyle, Prince of Wales Rifles, St. Andrews, Mount Royal, and deputations from the Frontenac Club of Ottawa, and the Levis Club of Quebec. After going around and through the Palace, the procession headed for the mountain, went up

INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

the old snow-shoe track, and returned down the zigzag road. From the city below the sight was picturesque. The long, serpentine trail was seen moving in and out, and twisting like a huge fire-snake, while the Roman candles shot their balls of fire into the air, and every now and then you could hear the peculiar "hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo" snow-shoe call. It was a grand and wild sight to see them coming back. A snow-storm had set in, and the flickering lights, the costumes, the sturdy, steady tramp of the fellows made one think of a midnight invasion by an army. I wonder if Boston would

turn out like that if we had more of Jack Frost's company. Every night since I've startled in my sleep with imaginary snow-shoe calls, and think I



THE HURDLE RACE.

see hundreds of fellows in white blanket coats, on snow-shoes, singing as they swing along —

> Tramp! tramp! on snow-shoes tramping,
> All the day we marching go,
> Till at night by fires encamping
> We find couches mid the snow!

They all stopped at the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association Gymnasium, and hundreds went in, and a good many of us strangers, too. Just think, they've got a Lacrosse Club, a Snow-shoe Club, Bicycle Club, Chess Club, a Library, Reading Room, Billiards, Bowling Alley, Shooting Gallery and this Gymnasium in one association. I never saw such people. The Gymnasium has a piano, and a stage — they've got a dramatic club in it, too — and volunteer songs were sung, and speeches made, and some visitors from "the States" were "bounced" by these fellows in white blankets. When they want to show you how glad they are to see you, they catch hold of you and pitch you up into the air, and catch you in their arms as you come down. They did it to a gentleman I know, and he said he'd like it every day. He thought it was good for his liver, and that is what's the matter with him. They never bounce ladies.

I'm sure the Canadians must have a fellow-feeling for the Laplanders, who held that Paradise is in the centre of the snows of Sweden. Father was telling me that his sleeplessness has gone since he left his business behind him; and he says that there's many a man in Boston who cries with the French barber, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold!" who could get it to perfection, for nothing, in Canada, in winter. Old men have told us that the most delicious hours of their lives were when they were members of the old Montreal Snow-shoe Club.

There were three days of trotting races on the river, and lots of fun. Some good horses were brought here from "the States." I don't know anything about horses, but I should think they en-

joyed being horses that day. The skating races and games on the river took my fancy. First came a snow-shoe race of two hundred yards, followed by a skating race of a mile; then a quarter-mile barrel race; a quarter-mile backward race; another of two miles; a hurdle race of one hundred and fifty yards; a quarter mile obstacle race; and another one of two miles, all on skates. You see it was a jolly programme. You can hardly imagine the dash and excitement of the hurdle race. I never supposed they could jump the hurdles with skates on, but they went over them like deer, and you'd have laughed a pain into your side, had you seen the odd positions some of the skaters took when going over. Fancy flying at full speed on the glare ice, and jumping at the right instant, and then clearing the hurdles, and coming down safe and square to recover your balance and shoot off again. One fellow with a handkerchief around his head seemed as if he had wings. One in jumping looked like some of your specimens of bats, or butterflies, as he sprawled his legs. Another looked like a jumping-jack with the string pulled full length.

HOCKEY.

THE BARREL RACE ON SKATES.

The barrel race kept everybody looking on, as well as the skaters, in roars of laughter. I would have given anything to go in for it myself. Several common barrels, with their ends out, were placed at some distances

apart to the extent of quarter of a mile, and a lot of boys entered for the competition. At signal to start, off they dashed, and at the first barrel, two boys struggled to get in first, as the barrel would only hold one at a time and everybody had to go

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL AT THE VICTORIA RINK.

through every barrel. The first boy who got in could hardly get through, as the barrel wriggled round on the ice, and when he came out he found his head facing where his heels had been, and he began to run back where he came from until he turned around and saw the other barrels, and then he bolted back again. The way those barrels turned around when the boys were in them was very funny. They seemed to turn the boys' heads too, as they had to look around where they were when they got out.

You and I know what lots of fun there is in hockey on skates, but the Canadians go in for it systematically, and have clubs in the different cities. The contests between the cities drew thousands to the river, but the matches were finished in the skating-rinks, though they were narrow for an all round game like hockey. The club from Quebec, and the McGill College Club of Montreal, were evenly matched. Some of the fellows got great cracks. They say that the great Canadian game of Lacrosse resembles hockey, and is even more fascinating.. The players collided and tumbled over each other on account of the narrowness of the rink, and I guess some of them had pretty sore shins, for I saw a good many of them limping. But the limping ones were laughing the most.

On Thursday evening we all went to the Fancy Dress Carnival at the Victoria Skating Rink. The city has any number of enclosed skating-rinks, but the Victoria is the best, and has a very large membership. We went early, and the circle of seats was filled with spectators. The ice was like a huge piece of plate glass. In the middle a small edition of the Ice Palace was built, lit by electricity and colored lights, while a fountain of water played inside. Some one on top of it kept changing the colors, giving the ice and the water a beautiful appearance. I quite forgot that there was to be a masquerade of skaters, until the band struck up, and suddenly hundreds of fancy-dressed ladies and gentlemen on skates came from the two dressing rooms and glided into procession. In a few minutes the whole rink was a curious, pretty, changing circle of all sorts of dresses and colors. The characters of all our school histories seemed to be animated and put on skates, and among them glided fairies and harlequins. It was very funny to see the curious acquaintances, the different characters picked up as they went around. There were a lot of fellows dressed like fiends, with horns on their heads, and after they kept together in each other's bad company for a time, one went off arm in arm with "Queen Elizabeth," and another with "Brother Jonathan."

The animals were very clever. Two bears skated with a pretty girl. It was a sort of Beauty and the Beast, only Beauty couldn't make up her mind which to choose. One of the Bears fell down, and Beauty left them both and went off with the Gorilla.

Two skaters did Jumbo to perfection, and the big elephant swayed along the ice as easily as if it was its natural amusement. A crowd of boys followed it, catching hold of its tail and its trunk. I fancy the fellows inside had a hot time of it, and were glad to get out of their skin. The Lion and the Lamb skated together. There was a May Pole on the ice, and the band struck up a waltz, and about a dozen good skaters got hold of colored ribbons and waltzed around until they wound up the ribbons on the pole as they skated. It was very pretty. Then there was some splendid fancy and figure skating; and I was awfully sorry when I heard the band play *God Save the Queen*, which is always a hint in Canada to clear out.

We had tickets for the Grand Ball at the Windsor, but I didn't care a rap for it, especially as I was told I was too small to go, but Emily says it was "charming, elegant, exquisite." She wants me to tell you to tell your sister that she wore ecru satin, with lace trimmings, and garnet ornaments. At any rate, she looked good enough to eat when she was ready to start, but she looked as if somebody had been trying to eat her when she came back. She says the garlands and festoons of laurel and smilax, the camellias and roses, all came from Boston; and that the ball was perfectly splendid. I went to the Snow-shoe Concert instead, where the clubs gave us their rousing songs and choruses in costume. It was just like a club night, and the stage was got up in style. I tell you these snow-shoers can use their lungs as well as their legs.

SOME OF THE MASQUERADERS.

On Saturday the Tandem Club met. There

was a splendid display of horses, trappings and sleighs; four-in-hand, Unicorns, Tandems, Paris, etc., and there was a tobogan, crossed with a pair of snow-shoes for a dash-board. They had a pony hitched to this, and I tell you they got a queer dusting of snow from the pony's heels. The club has regular meetings once a week, and drives out of town, and every single sleigh has a lady, and the big sleighs seemed to crowd as many girls into them as they can hold. I believe Canadian girls wouldn't be afraid to jump on the horses' backs in a pinch. We were all invited to the drive, and had a jolly four-in-hand. We wound up by going to the Kennels of the Montreal Hunt Club, the oldest club of the kind on the Continent. You should see this institution. It's worth coming to Montreal to see. The members wear scarlet coats, and hunt with a pack of hounds — forty couples. We had a splendid lunch at the Kennels. Father says they cost thirty thousand dollars.

I should have told you that we had a ride on a real railway, with a real locomotive, over the frozen St. Lawrence to Longueuil, on Saturday morning. We finished our programme by going to the snow-shoe races in the afternoon, on the Montreal Lacrosse grounds. There were two miles, one mile, half and quarter-miles, one hundred yards, hurdle races; boys' races; and a whole crowd of exciting sports on snow-shoes; and the club members were all in uniform. It's perfectly splendid to see even boys younger than I am, racing on these snow-shoes as if they had some sort of steam invention fastened to their feet. They must make strong men; and father says the Carnival hasn't only given him intense pleasure, but serious thoughts. He says the Canadians in their healthy love of out-door sports are an example to young America, and, "Harry," said he, "if you never smoke, never drink strong liquor, strive to be a manly gentleman in thought, word and deed, and develop your muscle with your mind, and go in for gymnastics, and all honorable and healthy exercises, I'll be proud of you, my boy. There's a good deal to learn out of this Carnival. I'm glad we came, and I feel more like a brother to Canadians; and I must say, I admire their self-reliance, their pride in their Dominion, and their loyalty to old England, the mother of us both."

Wasn't that a speech for father to make?

I must stop now. This is the longest letter I ever wrote, but I've kept my promise, and I enjoyed writing it too. Keep it safely, as I'd like to read it myself often. I hope you'll come with me to the next Carnival. It will beat this one, they say. But I can't see how it can.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRY.

A fairy,
A fay,
I swing
And I sway
With the breezes that blow
Over highland and low,
And I dream
Away
The night
And the day.

THROUGH FRANCE IN SABOTS.

(*See Following Pages.*)

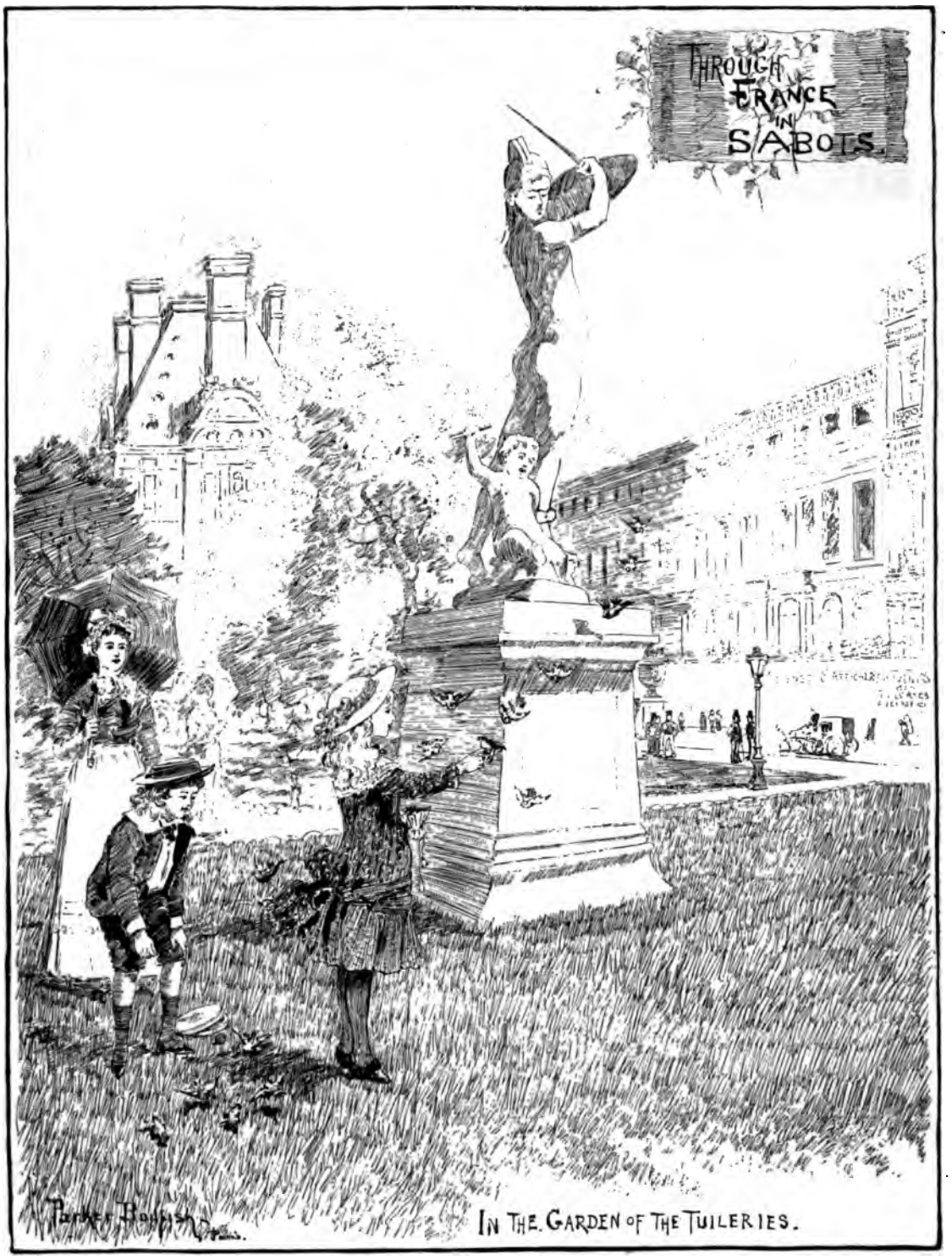
RENCH child-life is to be seen at it most charming advantage, perhaps, in the Garden of the Tuileries. This magnificent pleasure ground, planned originally by the haughty Catherine of Medicis, remained a private park through the times of the monarchy; but now, in the Republic, it is the resort of the people, and laborers in their blouses may eat their dinners on the grass if they like. The picture given here was drawn at the time when the workmen were tearing down the half-burned Palace of the Tuileries. There was a placard on the walls to show that souvenirs were for sale; and bits of plaster gay with gilding, fragments of brackets and cornices, and pieces of flagging even, found a ready sale to tourists. The removal of the palace has opened up a fine vista from the Louvre (seen in end-view, at the left of the drawing) to the Arc de Triomphe. Near the site of the palace is the famous feeding-ground of the myriads of birds that live in the Garden, and hither, every day, come flocks of exquisitely dressed children with their white-capped *bonnes* or nurses, all supplied with bread; and it is a charming sight because the brown little chirpers are so tame that they will alight on the children's fingers, or catch the crumbs they toss up in the air.

THE PAN-PIPES OF PARIS. A diverting sight, in the older quarters of Paris, is the progress from door to door of a very Arcadian sort of milkman. He plays on Pan-pipes as he goes (a simple bunch of reeds bound together) and his goats follow the music, stopping before the houses of "regular customers" to be milked. One smiles too, to see the family servant coming from the bakery with an enormous "French bread," or roll, over her shoulder or under her arm. Often these rolls cannot be taken upright through the low doorways of some of the houses. The artist has made his sketch in one of the quaint and quiet stone-buttressed streets on the Heights of Montmartre.

THE MARCH ON PARIS. As early as two or three o'clock in the morning, about the time the "luxurious classes" are seeking their beds, the "work-people" begin to be astir. At the city gates there is a steady entrance of produce wagons from the country; the inspectors are alert collecting duties from each load; and presently the city resounds with the roll of the big, canvas-covered, two-wheeled tumbrils. These tumbrils, or carts, are often drawn by broad-chested Normandy horses, and generally these horses wear very picturesque harnesses, decorated with brass nails and knots of worsted, red, yellow and blue.

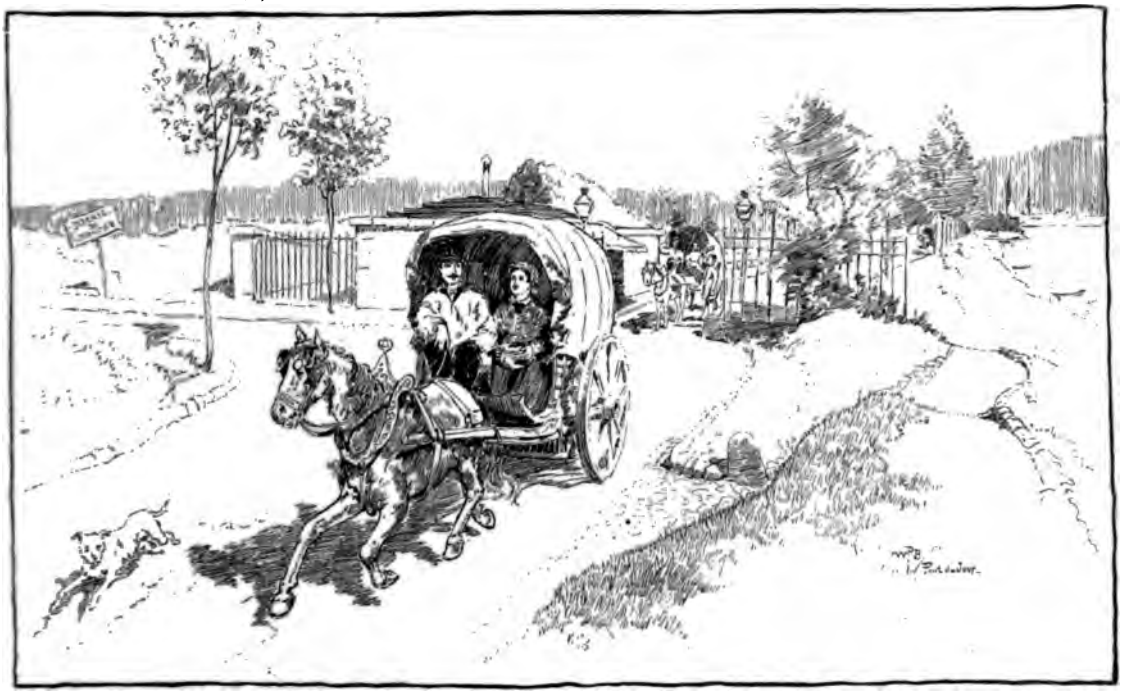
A LAVOIR OF THE SEINE. The Seine is the general wash-tub of Paris. Hundreds of white *lavoirs*, or wash-barges, are anchored along its banks. These boats are sunk to bring the water to a handy height, and have a row of wash-stalls on each side, a stall renting at two *sous* a washing. Here laundries and families send their washings, and here thousands of poor women come with their own. No hot water is used, and the *laveuses* lean over the edge of the boat as over a tub, beating the linen with wooden paddles. The clothes are dried on the grass, or on lines, alongshore.

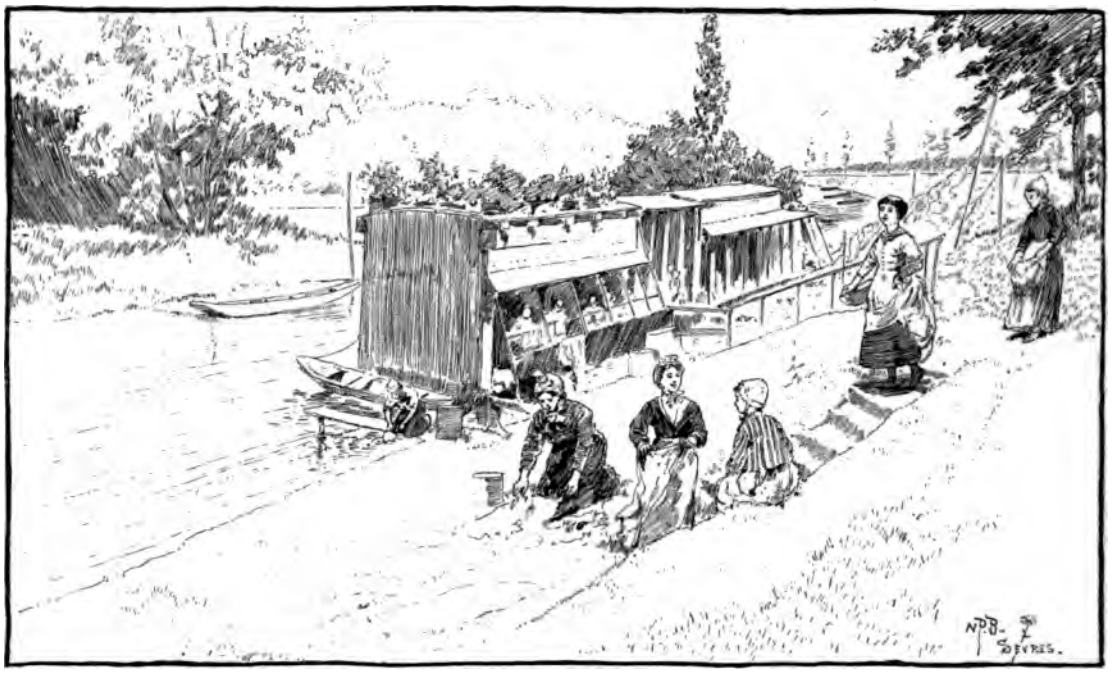
WOOL COMBING. Of a spring day in the Latin Quarter, it is no infrequent sight to see a knot of bareheaded women sitting out-of-doors in some quiet corner, within the railed enclosure of a church perhaps, picking and combing afresh the wool of their mattresses. French law exempts the bed from seizure for debt, and often in the room of some poor unfortunate, it is the only piece of furniture to be seen.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

THE PAN-PIPES OF PARIS.





A·LAVOIR·OF·THE·SEINE.

THE PATRONCITO'S CHRISTMAS WITH CHEROKEE SAM.

By Francis L. Stealey.

RIVEN downwards by the storm which had raged incessantly for two days about the lofty red ramparts of the Sierra Roja, the black-tail deer, in broken bands, sought refuge in the lower foot hills. Here, also, a light "tracking snow" had fallen, and their trails lay fresh for hunters' following.

Cherokee Sam had been early abroad, long rifle on shoulder, and lank deer hound at heels. Not all for pleasure did the gaunt half-breed slip like a shadow in his hunting moccasons through the cañons clad in pine. Meat was needed in the dirt-roofed cabin in the gulch. And for that matter, bread also, and this, too, despite the fact that the stubble sticking up through the snow in the bottom, marked the site of a harvested corn patch.

The swarthy hunter had indeed planted there; but other hands had gathered the harvest.

Mixed, like his blood, were the half-breed's occupations, and his sinewy hands as often swung the pick and shook the pan, as pointed the rifle. When his company of gold-hunters from the Nacoochee had struck the Sierra, they had scattered through it to prospect for *placer*, and he had then first come upon the gulch, and though it had never panned out even "a color," the charm of its virgin solitude had smitten the half-savage heart of this wanderer after the will-o'-wisp of fortune. Too tangled for trail lay the storm-felled trees, and no man's foot but his own ever trod the gramma grass or brushed the wild cypress bending by the stream. By this, just where the beavers had built their dam, Cherokee Sam had pitched his cabin. Standing by the margin of the silent pool, in close proximity to the uncouth beaver huts, at the first glance its mud-be-daubed exterior might have been taken for the mud palace of the king beaver himself, but for the thin smoke that slowly melting into air marked the abode of fire-making man. In the rich "bottom" near, the half-breed, with provident mind for "ash-cakes," and "fatty bread," had planted a corn patch, and at evening as he came over the hill above, returning from his day's hunting, and saw the cabin, and the corn greenly waving, he hailed the spot as home.

But one day as he sat idly before his open door, a little gray *burro* came ambling agilely through the fallen trees, his rider, a dwarfish man of haughty aspect, whose cheeks were wrinkled, and beard grizzled, but whose eyes were as piercing and elf-locks as black as the half-breed's own. Seated on his little long-eared palfrey, he accosted the half-breed and gravely inquired, in tolerable English, if he knew that he was trespassing on the lands of the *patron*, who lived at the plaza, on the plain below.

"No; I don't know nothing about no *patron*," said Cherokee Sam shortly, as he arose and stood towering in giant height above the dwarfish rider of the *burro*.

Bien, then he was sorry to have to tell him, said the Spanish stranger in suave reply. He was the *mayordomo*, and this was the *patron's* land, and the coyote (half-breed) that killed all the deer must seek some other spot. Far he must go, too, for the *patron's* land was far-reaching, and he pointed with his willow wand to the Sierra rising above, and the plain rolling far away below. On all sides far as the eye could see was the *patron's* land. His it was by virtue of a Spanish grant.

The coyote giant laughed in scorn. "I've heerd of them thar grants. What good are they? Squatters' rights and squatters' rifles rules in this here free country, I reckon. Go back, little Mr. Mexican, to your *patron*, and tell him that here I've took up my homestead, and here I'll stay, and you uns may do your do!"

As he spoke he threw his rifle on his hollowed

arm, and looked black thunder from his beetling brow upon the burro-rider. Perhaps had he been less haughty in his defiance, he would have fared better at the *mayordomo's* hands. For when the corn was yellow, and he returned from one of his periodical prospects to gather it, he found only the bare stubble field awaiting him.

Thus it was that Cherokee Sam, hunter, prospector and squatter, despite his triad of trades, was now at Christmas without a "corn-pone," and this state was likely to continue through the winter.

Returning home at sunset with the legs of a doe tied across his breast, and her slender head, with its big ears trailing behind against the muzzle of the eager hound, the hunter strode from the timber on the slope, and struck the snow from his frozen leggins and moccasons as he paused on the Shut-in. A lofty upheaved ledge of red sandstone was this, which arose from the slopes on either hand, and shut in the gulch from the plain below, leaving only a narrow portal for the passage of the stream.

Above him, as he stood, were the foot-hills, and his wild home all snow-covered and cold in the shadow of the Sierra. But below the snow had not fallen, and the plain shone brown and warm in the lingering light of the setting sun. There, softened by the distance, with a saffron shimmer about its dark outlines, lay the gray *adobe* plaza, sleeping by the silver stream.

There were gathered corn and oil, the fat of the land; and he would have nothing but the deer on his shoulders for Christmas cheer. A bad gleam came in the half-breed's eyes as he thought of his harried corn-patch, and gazed at the abode of his enemy.

As if in sympathy with his master, the hound put up his bristles, and growled savagely. Looking down, the hunter was astonished to see a small figure standing motionless at the foot of the Shut-in, and gazing up at him.

The stranger was a young boy. He was very richly and somewhat fantastically dressed in a silken jacket, and silken *pantalones*, much be-buttoned about the outer seams, and confined at the waist by a silken sash. On his feet were buckskin *zapatos*, soled with raw-hide, and tied with drawstrings of ribbon, and over his long and flowing hair a white sombrero with gay silk tassels.

This he reverentially removed as the hunter descended, and resting on him his soft black eyes, said:

"Good evening, Señor don San Nicolas. To-night is *Noche Buena* (Christmas eve), and Padre Luis told me you would pass through the Shut-in on your way to the plaza. So I've come to meet you."

His manner was eager and full of trustful confidence. The half-breed was taken aback.

"I don't go by no such name as that," he replied gruffly. "I'm Cherokee Sam, and I live down thar;" and he pointed to the dirt-roofed cabin in the gulch.

"I wanted badly to see the saint," said the stranger, as his face fell; "and I never could when he comes to the plaza, because I'm then always asleep. I'm the *patroncito*, señor."

He had replaced his sombrero, and his air as he declared himself was princely.

Cherokee Sam's face darkened. The young *patron* — the son of his enemy — the despoiler of the corn-patch. Even now they must be seeking him, and here he was in his hands. And there was no snow below, and they could find no trail to follow.

"What did you do that for?" asked the *patroncito*, in a tone of authority, as he laid his hand on the ragged bullet-hole behind the doe's shoulder.

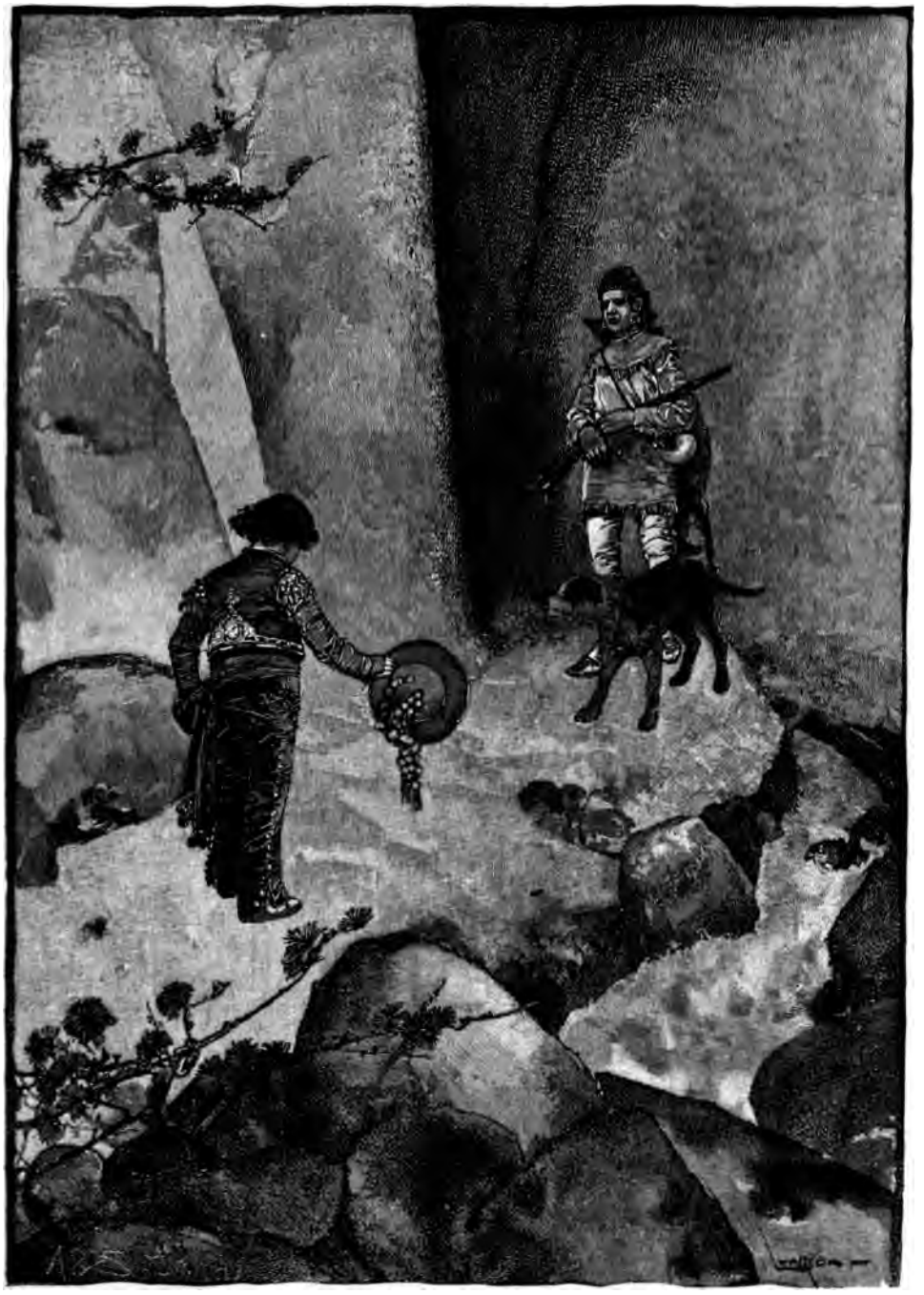
"I had to have meat for my Christmas dinner," said Sam. "Come with me, and I will show you that thar Spanish Santy Claus you're huntin' for," he added, and held out his hand.

The *patroncito* placed his own in it promptly. For a moment the giant stayed his stride to the other's puny steps. Then the *patroncito* stopped and said commandingly:

"The snow is deep; take me up!"

Never had the wild hunter known a master; but now, without a word, he stooped and, like another giant St Christopher, set the child upon his shoulder, and plunged through the drifts for the cabin.

In a moment he had the doe gambrelled to a pine in front of the cabin. Then he pushed open the slab door, and entering, blew up the covered embers in the rough fireplace, and piled on the pitch pine. As it blazed up, he drew a couple of deerskins from his bed in the corner and flung them down before the fire and bade the *patroncito* be seated.



THE BOY REVERENTIALLY REMOVED HIS SOMBRERO.

He obeyed; and the half-breed looked at him with stern satisfaction. Many a long day should it be ere the *patron* saw again his son and heir. But these reflections were disturbed. His guest pointed to his gay *zapatos*.

"Will you please take them off, Don Cherokee Sam?" he said. "My feet are wet and my fingers are numb."

The half-breed knelt and undid the ribbons, and drew them off, and also his long silk stockings.

"*Muchas gracias, Don*," said the *patroncito*, as he reclined at ease and toasted his bare toes before the fire.

His fearlessness pleased his hunter host well. His manner, too, was patronizing, and the half-breed entered into the jest with savage humor.

"If you'll 'scuse me, Mister *Patroncito*, I'll git supper."

He spoke as if this were an operation requiring great culinary skill and much previous preparation. It consisted in cutting three steaks, with his sheath-knife, from the deer's ham, and placing them with a lump of fat in the frying-pan over the fire. These turned and browned, two tin cups filled with water, and the supper was ready.

The guest took kindly enough to the venison. He tasted the water and paused. "I'll thank you for a cup of hot coffee, Don Cherokee Sam, with plenty of sugar in it, if you please."

Don Cherokee Sam was embarrassed at this polite but luxurious request.

"Coffee's bad," he said, shaking his head. "It spiles my nerve so 's I can't draw a stiddy bead. Water 's best, *patroncito*."

The guest was truly polite. He emptied his cup with the best of grace. But presently he paused again in his consumption of venison.

"Pardon me, but you have forgotten the bread."

The host arose. What could he set before this youthful sybarite from the plaza?

"Bread 's been mighty scarce with me this winter," he muttered. "And I planted a good plenty of corn out thar too."

The recollection roused his rankling resentment, and he paused.

"Why didn't you gather it, then, like the *peones* do?" asked the *patroncito* placidly.

"It was stole," muttered the host; but he checked himself, and added in a softer tone, "by b'ars and other varmints, I reckon."

And with this compromise between anger and truth, Cherokee Sam reached up and took down a small sack hanging to the great centre roof-log. It contained a few nubbins found on the harried field, his seed for next spring.

"*Patroncito*," he remarked in a tone of conciliating confidence, as he shelled an ear in the frying-pan, "thar's nothing like deer meat, and running water, and the free air of heaven, and maybe parched corn oncet in a while, to make a man a man."

Under this encomium the parched corn was partaken of with gravity. And supper being over, the host cleaned up, a simple process, performed by dashing cold water in the red-hot frying-pan, and hanging it on a nail.

"San Nicolas, you said you'd show him to me," then politely hinted the *patroncito*.

"It's early yet for him," said Cherokee Sam. "He's jist about taking the trail in the Sierra, and the drifts is mighty deep, too. But he'll be here."

"My stockings, Don — they should be ready; and they're wet. Will you oblige me by holding them to the fire?" said the princely *patroncito*.

Cherokee Sam held the damp stockings to the blaze. The *patroncito* watched him sleepily.

"He's a long time coming, Don Cherokee Sam," he murmured, as he nodded — nodded yet again, and slipped down upon the deerskin, fast asleep.

The half-breed lifted him like a feather, and laid him on his bed and drew the covering softly over him. Noiselessly he replenished the fire, and squatted before it, resuming the stocking-drying process.

The resinous boughs burst into flame, and a pungent perfume and a red glow pervaded the smoke-blackened cabin. The light fell on the *patroncito* as he lay on the couch of skins, caressed the slender foot he had thrust from out the covering, and danced on the silver buttons strung on his gay *pantalones*. Over him, like an ogre, hovered the wavering shadow of the giant's head, rendered more grotesque by his towering cap of badger-skin, plumed with a flaunting tail.

As he sat on his heels in the brilliant light, this savage head-covering lent additional fierceness to the half-breed's hatchet-face. Wild-eyed, too, was he as any denizen of his chosen haunts. But stolid in its composure as his saturnine countenance was, it was free from all trace of the petty

passions that cramp the souls of his civilized half-brothers. And as he looked at the soft stockings, now dry in his hands, a smile parted his thin lips.

Just then the firelight flared up and went suddenly out, and the threatening shadow on the wall was lost. And though the door never opened, and even the hunter's vigilant ears caught no sound, he felt a presence in the cabin. Looking up, he dreamily beheld, shadowed forth dimly in the gloom, the form of San Nicolas, long belated by the drifts. But how that Spanish Christmas saint looked, or what he said to remind the half-breed of that hallowed time when all should be peace on earth and good will towards men, must ever remain a secret between him and his lawless host.

The *patroncito* awoke, and through the open doorway saw the snow sparkling in the sun of Christmas morning. Over the fire Cherokee Sam was frying venison, and on either side hung the long silk stockings, filled.

"And I never saw him!" said the *patroncito* reproachfully, as he looked at them. "Oh, why didn't you wake me, Don Cherokee Sam?"

"I didn't dar to do it, *patroncito*," explained Sam. "'Twasn't safe when he told me not to."

He watched the *patroncito* anxiously as he took the stockings down. But he need have had no fear. As their contents rolled out on the deerskin the *patroncito* uttered a cry of delight.

A handful of garnets, bits of broken agate, a shivered topaz, shining cubes of iron pyrites, picked up on otherwise fruitless prospects by San Nicolas; a tanned white weasel-skin purse, and ornaments of young bucks' prongs, patiently carved by that good saint on winter evenings. Certainly, never before, with all his silk and silver, had the petted *patroncito* received gifts so prized as these.

"Never mind about breakfast," he said imperiously, as he gathered them up. "Take me to the plaza right away."

The half-breed humbly complied. But scarcely had they emerged from the granite gateway of the Shut-in when they were met by a party from the plaza, headed by the *patron* himself, searching, in great trouble, for the wanderer. They had been abroad all night. Happily, Cherokee Sam remembered the admonitions of San Nicolas over night.

"*Patron*," he said, haughtily, as he led the *patroncito* forward, "I bring you a Christmas gift."

Then, as Cherokee Sam afterwards described it, "there was a jabbering and a waving of hands by them thar Mexicans." And he, turning, strode back to his cabin, and his unfinished breakfast. Still his resentment rankled. But it vanished later on that day.

Once more the gray *burro* ambled up the gulch, bearing the dwarfish *mayordomo*, but this time on a mission of peace. After him came a *burrada* (pack-train) well laden, and drew up before the door of the astonished Cherokee Sam. With uncovered head and courtesy profound, the *mayordomo* stood before him and asked would Don Cherokee Sam indicate where he would have the Christmas gifts, sent by the *patroncito*, stored.

"In the cabin," replied Sam, glancing at the loaded *burros* in dismay, "if it will hold 'em. I ain't got nowhars else."

The *mayordomo* waved his wand to the attendant packers, and in a moment the cabin was filled with box, bag, and bale, closely piled. Assuredly Don Cherokee Sam had luxuries of life to last until Christmas came again.

CHILDREN, get your garlands O!
  Lustily the north wind's blowing;
Soon, you know, 'twill cease to snow,
  Amber in the west is glowing.

Children, come! The air is full
  Of those six-leaved, crystal lilies;
(Haste, your evergreens to pull!)
  Stemless stars and amaryllis.

Deeper in the woodland hie,
  Like a flock of robins calling!
Surely, dears, you need not fly
  From a shower of blossoms falling.

Heyday, children, carol O!
  Seeking glossy leaf and berry
In a lightsome whirl o' snow,
  Makes a Christmas merry, merry!

SONG OF A CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

By Margaret Sidney.

THE wind sighed thro' the casement low,
It dared no more;
The whirling snow just peeped beneath
That old green door;
Two little twinkling lights illumed
The mantel quaint
With fitful gleams that played adown
The dingy paint.

Betwixt the andirons grim and tall,
The fire had died:
Tired of watching for visitor
At Christmas-tide
Who never came; so sleepily,
It crooned "good-night,"
And shadows crept across the floor
And ceiling white.

From chimney corner's dim recess,
In the thick gloom,
A sweet voice sounded clearly thro'
The dull old room:
"Brother," it said, "'tis Christmas-tide,
It bringeth cheer,
And love, good will, and peace to all,
Are now and here

"The Christ-child's gifts to every one.
Dear heart, rejoice;
Come, let us sing our carol now,
With thankful voice."
But the boy turned away, and sighed,
"I cannot sing,
When life is dreary, and denies
Us everything."

In nook of fireplace dark and old,
Warming his back,
A cricket sat where he had crept
Out of his crack.

He heard sweet Ethel's soft refrain,
And shook his head.
"The boy is right, and Life *is* dark,
And Hope is dead."

"O brother," still the glad, sweet voice
Repeated clear,
"Give me your hand; now sing with me:
'The Lord is here,
He bringeth peace, good will to man'—
Sing, Brother, sing,
Ere twelve shall strike in belfry clock,
The bells to ring."

The boy sprang to his feet. "Forgive
Me, Lord," he cried,
"That I should so forget Thy love
At Christmas-tide.
Come, Ethel, we will surely sing
Our Christmas hymn."
Then, clasping hands, they carolled forth
In firelight dim:

"*The Lord is here*"—a Christmas bell
In belfry bold,
Caught sweet refrain from chimney-top
So quaint and old.
"*Is here—is here; he bringeth peace,*
Good will to all—
To us he bringeth peace"—the bell
Let echo fall,

And passed it on, till all the air
Was jangle sweet,
Breathing one dear thought, clear and strong,
In rhythm complete.
Hush! from amid the whirling sleet
And blinding storm
A radiant presence seemed to stand
In childish form,
And voice of heavenly sweetness pierced
The bitter gloom
Of wintry chill and lurking shade
In quaint old room.
"Who loveth me, and trusteth, when
He cannot see,
Shall always have the Christmas joy
In verity."

Ah! then they knew the Christ-child dear,
In very deed
Had paused at their poor, lonely door,
Their song to heed.
A sudden radiance filled the room.
From crooning rest
The fire leaped forth; the cricket chirped,
The happy hearth-stone rang with joy,
At loving benediction given
By Heavenly Guest.

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.

(*A Romance of the Revolution.*)

By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BALL.

UPON the road between Worcester and Boston, and not many miles from the latter town, there stood, in the year 1775, an old-fashioned tavern whose sign was a huge yellow ball. Before this tavern, about three o'clock of a pleasant day in early June-time of the year just named, two travellers drew rein. They were mere lads, not above sixteen years of age at the most, and of an appearance quite unusual in that part of the country.

The foremost was a bright-looking, handsome young fellow, well-dressed and well-furnished, mounted upon a valuable black horse, and sitting in his saddle as though he had been born there. There was about his whole make-up an air of rank and importance which did not fail to extend itself to his manner, though this to an amusing and interesting rather than offensive degree. The other of the two seemed not so much a companion of the first as a part of his belongings. He was dressed in a suit of smart livery, and was evidently a servant — a stout negro lad with a grave, comical face that, though black as midnight, shone like the noonday sun beneath his velvet hunting cap.

Dame Hannah Holcomb, mistress of the Golden Ball, had come out upon the porch after dinner to bask awhile in the afternoon sun, and had fallen asleep over her copy of the *Massachusetts Spy* — a seditious little sheet published every Thursday morning in the town of Worcester, and for whose rebel utterances the good dame cherished in her heart the profoundest contempt. Dame Holcomb was a fat, jolly looking woman, clad in a striped

homespun gown and with a yellow handkerchief tied about her shoulders. An enormous sun-bonnet lay on the settle beside her. She started up at the sound of horses' feet.

The young gentleman on the black horse took off his cocked hat and made the landlady a bow, though with such merry, exaggerated politeness as plainly marked his sense of the difference in their stations.

"Good day to you! Mistress Golden Ball," cried he, "will you be so good as to tell me where I want to go?" Then he laughed outright at the awkward form he had given his question — a hearty, boyish laugh that seemed the natural outcome of the winning smile with which he had begun to speak. "I want to find —" he went on more seriously — "a lady of the name of Brenshaw, widow of the late Matthew Brenshaw. I was told that she lived on the outskirts of this village, and within a mile of the sign of the Golden Ball. Can you tell me just where?"

Dame Holcomb had risen from her seat, and returned his bow with an even more elaborate courtesy. She stood now, staring and rubbing her eyes, hardly able yet to separate this gay young stranger and his picturesque attendant from the creatures of the dream their coming had disturbed.

"Oh," said she, with a bewildered air, "you mean Lady Brenshaw, of Brenshaw Hall."

"Nay, then, but I don't," returned the lad testily. "There's but one Lady Brenshaw that *I* know of, and she is the wife of Sir Gervaise Brenshaw, of Brenshaw Hall in England. I believe we did hear, though, that uncle Matthew named his house here after the old place at home." Then, "So she calls herself Lady Brenshaw, does she?" he inquired.

"La, no, sir; she don't do that exactly. But other people do call her so sometimes, as a kind of nickname. She be English born and bred, and do hold herself summat above common folks; and people hereabouts don't like it mostly." Then, her glance still dwelling upon the stranger with mingled awe and admiration, she ventured a question on her own account. "You be from England yourself, maybe, sir?" She had an idea that he must be some English prince or lord; and, unlike most of her neighbors, she privately held the king and his nobility in high esteem.

"England! I!" The young gentleman scowled at her almost fiercely. Then he looked down doubtfully at his London-made clothes. Evidently he was far from being a victim to that passion for appearing "English" that has seized so violently upon the young people of his class of the present day. "Do I look as though I came from England?" murmured he. "Before George! If I thought that, I'd change clothes with my boy Pomp there, this minute." Then he twisted himself around in his saddle. "Pomp, you rascal, do you think I look as though I came from England?"

The negro, who had settled himself into a somewhat jaded attitude upon his jaded horse, looked up stupidly.

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout England, Mars' Jarvy," he slowly answered, shaking his head. "T'ink he look like he come from Birginny. T'ink he look like gen'leman!"

His master laughed, well-pleased. He turned again to the landlady.

"No, my good woman," said he, with a wave of the hand, "I am not from England. I am from the Old Dominion."

"La!" exclaimed Dame Holcomb, with undiminished respect. A great many of the king's finest gentlemen were known to have settled in the Old Dominion. "So you are from the loyal colony of Virginia?"

"Humph!" was the reply. "I don't know about the *loyal*. My Lord Dunmore might have a word to say about that. However" — with a curt change of tone — "that's neither here nor there. Be so good as to tell me, if you please, how I shall get to this Brenshaw Hall."

"Brenshaw Hall, sir, lies on a cross-road a mile on from here. But you should have come a month ago if you wished to see Madam Brenshaw. She packed up her goods and went into Boston to live — she and her two daughters and all her servants — nearly three weeks agone."

"What!" cried the lad in astonishment. Then he demanded sternly, as though he were disposed to hold the dame herself responsible for the fact, "What's that for, I should like to know."

"Well," said the landlady, lowering her voice, "a body may tell you the truth, sir, though it's little good generally to speak the truth, with people so unreasonable like and full of hatred and rebellion toward their lawful rulers. And the truth is, sir, they did treat her right shameful, with

posting up their notices about her, warning her to quit the country, and hooting after her whenever she drove by, and hanging about the place of nights, throwing stones at the windows just because Miss Dolly chose to play *God Save the King* upon her harpsichord. And, indeed, they did declare one night they'd burn the house down."

"Is that the way they treat an unprotected woman in this region?" broke in the young gentleman, with flashing eyes, dropping his hand upon the holster of his saddle. "Upon my word, I wish I *had* come a month ago."

"Well," the woman explained, willing to apologize for her misguided countrymen, "it must be confessed that she did make herself awful aggravating to 'em. Why, one night when they went over there, she came out on the steps and told them to their faces they were a set of low-born traitors and cowards. That was the time they threatened to burn the house. They'd a-done it, too, if it hadn't been for Elnathan Ruggles. Elnathan he got up on the fence and said how her husband's brother in Virginia was a true patriot and friend of the colonies, as they all had heard, and had spoken out strong for liberty in the House of Burgesses; and for *his* sake, Elnathan told 'em, they ought not to harm Madam Brenshaw or her property. And when Madam heard that, she right out and said that Mr. Edward Brenshaw of Virginia was a worse traitor than any of 'em, and that she disowned him and his forever, then and there, and wanted no favors shown her on his account. But they went off and left her, without carrying out their threats. They couldn't help but respect her and admire her courage." Dame Holcomb nodded her head as though she herself were quite proud of Madam Brenshaw's spirit. "When the arrangement was made with General Gage, though, after the Lexington fight, by which all people outside the town could go in if they chose and put themselves under protection of the King's troops, she concluded to go. She has a house there, where they used to live before they built out here, on account of Mr. Brenshaw's health."

The young gentleman sat with a troubled expression, pondering what he had heard.

"Well," said he at length, only half aloud, "I suppose, then, I shall have to go into Boston to find her; though that is likely to be no easy matter in the present state of affairs. And it is probable that she will shut her door in my face, even if I should find her. It seems she has disowned us all." He sat and considered a moment longer. Then, "At any rate," he concluded, with an air of final decision, "I can't go any farther to-day." He threw himself out of the saddle, and leaving his horse standing, went up the path to the porch. "I suppose you can give me bed and board for the night?" he said to the landlady.

"Oh! bless you, yes, sir," the woman answered, and turned at once toward the door.

The young gentleman waiting a moment to give his servant some direction as to his horse and baggage (the latter consisting of a big leathern valise which was strapped behind the negro), followed Dame Holcomb indoors; and having arranged with her for the immediate preparation of his dinner, he took his way up stairs to his room.

"You go along the entry at the head of the stairs," Dame Hannah instructed him, "to the farthest door on the right. You must excuse my not going up with you, on account of my rhumatis, which is going to last me pretty near all summer, I'm afraid. As for servants, the only one we've got about the place has gone down to Nabby Penfield's to spend the afternoon. And my husband, he druv over to Wrentham Centre early this morning, and ain't got back yet."

The young gentleman went on up the stairs, only half attending to these apologies and explanations; and following the banister in the narrow hall above, he came presently upon two doors facing each other, one of which, after a single moment's hesitation, he pushed open.

The room within was thoroughly darkened, only a dusky beam of light forcing itself in here and there through the cracks of the shutters. The visitor walked straight to one of the windows and threw open the blind, letting in a flood of glaring sunlight. The next instant he heard a rustling of the corn-husk bed, and then, to his vast astonishment, a human voice:

"I say now, what a set of rascally land-lubbers — hold there, sirrah! What are you doing there? Stand where you are, or" —

The first of these two incomplete sentences was uttered in the querulous tones of a half-awakened, still dreaming person; the second in accents as clear and hostile as the sharp click of the pistol lock which was permitted to finish it.

The lad turned around instantly. On the bed, in the corner, a second person was now plainly to be seen—a young fellow of about his own age, who had evidently been aroused from sound sleep by the opening of the shutter, and who, raised upon his elbow, was regarding the intruder with angry eyes while he levelled point blank at him a small brass pistol. This individual had his clothes on, save his coat and his shoes, and was dressed in a rustic suit of brown, with a coarse shirt and neckerchief, and gray worsted stockings. So much as this our hero took in at a glance.

"HOW ARE YOU, MY FINE FELLOW?" SAID THE YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

"Who in the name of the Seven Wonders are you?" he demanded in profound astonishment.

"Who are *you?* would be a question more to the point," returned the other fiercely. "What are you doing in this room?"

The intruder looked around him comically. "Well," said he candidly, "it does look as though I had gotten into the wrong room."

"It certainly does, sir; and you had best take yourself out of it at once."

But the young gentleman in gold lace did not fancy being addressed in such manner by a person in a russet suit.

"That I'll be shot if I do," he haughtily declared, "until you drop that pistol and change your tone."

"You are more likely to be shot if you don't, observed the other grimly. Nevertheless, he now allowed the hand containing the weapon to fall upon the bed, and his manner had unconsciously lost something of its fierceness as he realized that the intrusion was due simply to a mistake.

"And," continued the Virginian contemptuously, "I don't know but it would be a good thing, after all, for the King to send troops enough over here to teach you Massachusetts country bumpkins your manners. You don't seem to know how to treat your betters. I don't wonder that my aunt Brenshaw moved into town."

And with that he turned on his heel, and, cramming his hand into the pockets of his scarlet waistcoat, walked, with ostentatious deliberation, out of the room.

A half-hour later the young traveller, refreshed

by a careful toilet, was summoned below again to the inviting dinner which Dame Holcomb had prepared. The good lady hovered about him as he took his seat, anxious for his comfort.

"Will you have tea or coffee, sir?" she asked him. The question, seemingly an innocent one, was in fact an established formula in Massachusetts for ascertaining the political sentiments of a guest — a point which, in the present instance, the Dame had not as yet been quite able to settle with herself.

"Tea!" exclaimed the lad. "I thought you didn't drink tea here in the Bay Colony, since Parliament put a tax on it."

"Oh," returned the landlady, having her answer ready, "this is some we have had in the house since long before *that*. We keep a little of it always on hand for the use of quality folk that visit us."

"Nevertheless," declared the lad, frankly accepting the explanation, but determined to stick to his principles, "I think I'll go without mine, with the rest, if it's only to let His Majesty know that we colonists mean what we say. Coffee'll be good enough for me."

So the coffee was brought, and then Dame Holcomb sat down with her knitting a little way off, while her guest, for a few moments, devoted himself exclusively to his dinner. Presently, however, his natural good humor now fully restored, the young man looked up at his hostess.

"So, my good dame," said he gallantly, "you not only furnish your guests with the best of cheer to refresh them, but you also provide them with the best ot company in which to eat it."

"La!" cried the dame, greatly flustered, "it is you folk from Virginia for making fine speeches, I must say. But I thought mayhap you'd be lonesome-like, all by yourself here, and would be glad of some one to talk to you."

"To be sure!" replied the youth gayly. "Though if at any time I should seem to fail at all in my attention to yourself or your discourse" — this was said with a chicken bone upon which he was engaged still raised to his lips — "I beg that you will attribute the fault solely to the not superior, but still quite irresistible charms of the dinner you have given me. Upon my word, madam, I am deeply grateful to you for not having broiled me still another of these delicious chickens. I should have eaten it for very lack of will to resist the temptation, and should then have had no capacity left for the bestowal of the most excellent pudding which you have also set forth."

"La!" murmured the dame again, and sat a moment, seeming fairly to bask in the warmth of his generous praise. Then, as her needles resumed their industrious clicking, she hazarded a question in the interests of her own still unsatisfied curiosity.

"You said you came from Virginia, sir. Mayhap you are acquainted with Mr. Edward Brenshaw, Madam Brenshaw's brother?"

The youth laughed. "Well, now," cried he, "I should certainly say I was. He has the honor to be my father."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the landlady, evidently impressed. "Then Madam Brenshaw is your aunt?"

"Yes; Mr. Matthew Brenshaw was my father's brother. They two came to America together thirty years ago. Uncle Matthew stayed here in Boston and got rich, and my father went to Virginia. They were only younger sons. There's a third brother in England, who had the place and title — Sir Gervaise Brenshaw. That is *my* name, Gervaise Brenshaw. 'Twas my grandfather's name also. It's a common name in the family. I've a cousin in England of that name — about my age, I believe. He's a midshipman in the Royal Navy."

The young gentleman had now waxed very communicative, it would seem; and he was so interested in what he was saying that the chicken bone was allowed to fall upon his plate. He was, indeed, an open-hearted, ingenuous young fellow, full of sociability, and with a boyish fondness — easily enough forgiven by those who listened — for hearing himself talk.

Dame Holcomb, however, was quite as much interested in his present discourse as the speaker himself.

"Dear me!" she said, as the lad paused. And then, with proper solicitude, she inquired: "I hope you left your father, Mr. Edward Brenshaw, quite well, on his plantation?"

"Oh, yes; I left him well enough, though not on his plantation. He's in Philadelphia, with the Congress that's met there. He isn't a member of the Congress, you know; but he was bound to be

there, all the same. He's got a scheme in his head, and I'll wager a sovereign I know what it is, too, for all he's so close about it. He wants to get Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon made commander-in-chief, if we should raise an army. They couldn't get a better man than Colonel Washington. I'll say that for him, though I don't like him over well myself. He's too dignified and stern by half. He's a born soldier, though. Ah! but you should see him ride to hounds! I teased my father," so the lad ran on, "until he took me to Philadelphia with him; and then I teased him again until he let me ride on up here. I've come up to represent the family in this Boston business. I told him that if there was to be any fighting, one of us ought to be here; and of course *he* couldn't come with that ball in his thigh that he got up at Lake George twenty years ago. He said there wouldn't be any fighting at present, and if there was, he didn't want *me* in it. But I told him that if he didn't let me come I should come without his letting me; and finally he said I might take Pomp and come up and pay my aunt Brenshaw a visit. He believes in teaching boys to take care of themselves. And now" — the lad suddenly concluded with a change of tone — "now I've come, my aunt isn't here at all. She's moved into Boston. And according to what you tell me, she has disowned us all. Why, *we* didn't know she was such a rabid royalist, though of course my uncle married her in England. I say now, you don't suppose, do you, that she will shut the door in my face when I come to present myself?"

The landlady shook her head doubtfully.

"I don't know," said she. "She's a terribly set woman; and she does hate the King's enemies. She always speaks of your father as 'that rebel.'"

"And so he is a rebel, if there is to be any rebellion!" declared the young gentleman hotly, pounding his fist upon the table. "And I am a rebel too, every inch of me! Nevertheless, I am going into Boston to see her, if I can get in. I guess she won't turn me out of doors. People don't treat their own relations in that way. And, besides, I want to see my cousins. I've never seen 'em yet, you know. They must be big girls by this time, aren't they?"

"Why, yes," answered the dame. "Miss Dolly is sixteen, I believe, and Miss Patty is only a year younger. Nice girls they are, too, both of them, though they're no more alike than — than a rose and a pansy. Miss Dolly, she's gentle and quiet-like as she can be — always going about and doing good. She would insist on telling people their duty to the King, though; and they wouldn't stand *that* hereabouts. She's like her mother in that. She believes that the King is the Lord's Anointed. As for Patty, she's a wild, harum-scarum sort of girl, always bound to do as she's told not to. That's the reason of her being such an out-and-out little rebel, I suppose. She's a bright, nice girl though, and everybody likes her."

"I tell you what it is," shouted the young gentleman, as he listened to this description of his cousins, "I will go into Boston to see 'em to-morrow morning. All the King's horses and all the King's men sha'n't keep me out. That is what I came up here for, and I'm going to do it. Halloo! Why, if here isn't my slumberous friend!"

A slight noise at this point of the conversation had caused Master Brenshaw to turn his head, and the last words were due to his sudden discovery of the presence of the individual whom he had encountered a while before in the room above. The latter was standing just inside the door of the room (how long he had been there did not appear), and with his hands in the pockets of his homespun coat was regarding our hero with great apparent interest, though he still looked somewhat sleepy and unkempt. As he now saw him for the second time, Master Gervaise was struck by the fact that his sunburned face was fine and handsome, and that he had an air about him not exactly in harmony with the common dress he wore, or the position he seemed to occupy. Gervaise nodded to him good-humoredly.

"How are you, my fine fellow?" said he. "I hope you have waked up better-natured than you did a little while ago."

The person addressed took time to saunter carelessly over to a chair at one side of the room, and seating himself there, to yawn lengthily, before he replied, in a broad Yankee accent, as drawling and nasal as that of the countryman in General Burgoyne's play:

"Wall, I d' no. I'm most allwus gin'rally purty good-natured."

He yawned again, and looked up coolly at Gervaise.

The latter glanced back at him suspiciously.

"You seem to have waked up with a pretty strong Yankee accent," said he. "I didn't notice anything of the kind when I stumbled into your room awhile ago and woke you up."

"Hev yeou ben in my room?" inquired the other, with a lazy assumption of surprise. "Wall, naow, that's curous. 'N' did I speak to ye? Hum! Must 'a' ben talkin' in my sleep, then. Jes' like me. Got a habit that way."

"And I suppose," observed Gervaise ironically, "that if that brass pistol of yours had gone off, *that* would have been talking in its sleep too."

"Did I p'int my pistol at ye? Wall, naow, that's curous. But a man ain't *ree*sponserble for what he doos in his sleep. Lucky for yeou it *didn't* go off. As for my Yankee accent, as yeou call it, I do hope you'll excuse it. Ye can't hardly 'xpect folks in these parts to talk as graymattercal as yeou grand people daown in Virginny."

"How do you know I came from Virginia?" demanded Gervaise angrily. "You must have been listening there at the door."

"Wall, ef people talk a good deal abaout theirselves, they must 'xpect to hev their private affairs overheard sometimes," replied the other with careless impudence. "S'pose ye'll go on ter Bosting t' see yer a'nt an' cousins; don't ye think ye will?"

"I don't know that it matters to you what I am going to do, or what I am not going to do," burst forth our hero, now fairly worked into a rage by the imperturbable insolence of the stranger. "And I'd have you know I don't allow everybody to speak to me of my relatives."

He got up from his chair and stood confronting the other.

But at this juncture Dame Holcomb interposed, begging that there might be no quarrel on her premises, and assuring young Brenshaw that the other lad meant nothing by what he had said. At the same time, she bestowed upon the latter a beseeching glance, in obedience to which — though he had seemed entirely unmoved by the threatening aspect of Master Gervaise — he got up from his chair and with rather an odd expression upon his face, left the room as deliberately as he had entered it.

"Who is that fellow, pray?" Gervaise inquired scornfully, as he resumed his seat.

"Oh," said the landlady, "he is only a — a person that is stopping here. He isn't responsible for what he says. He doesn't know any better."

"Then he ought to have somebody to teach him better," the lad declared.

After dinner Master Brenshaw mounted his horse again, and directed by the landlady, rode over to Brenshaw Hall to take a look at the place, though, of course, he knew now that he should find it deserted. He came back just at dusk, and being very tired, went directly to bed, and was before long asleep.

Some time in the early part of the night he was awakened by low voices outside the house. He arose and went to the window. In the road below, by the bright light of the moon, he saw two persons — one of them on horseback — whom he at once recognized as Dame Holcomb and the late occupant of the room opposite. They were talking earnestly together, though he could understand nothing of what they said. Presently the stranger leaned over in his saddle and dropped a piece of gold into the landlady's hand. Then, with a wave of the hand, he rode away.

Gervaise went back to bed again; but with wondering who this mysterious stranger could be who acted so queerly, and who took his sleep in the daytime, and rode abroad when others were in bed, it was long before he again closed his eyes.

In the morning, as he went out into the hall, his eye fell upon a folded piece of paper that had been dropped near the opposite door. He picked it up, and opened it. On one side was what purported to be a "Map of the town of Boston," roughly sketched, but evidently by some one who had accurate and recent knowledge of the place. On the back of the paper, carelessly jotted down, as though by way of a memorandum, were the words, "*Lechmere's Pt. Rocks, just N. Saturday night from eight to twelve. Abercrombie.*"

He stood a moment examining this paper, turning it back and forth with a puzzled face. Then he nodded wisely to himself, and put it away in his pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE BRIDGET LIVED IT OVER, SMELT AGAIN THE SWEET, RED CLOVER.

LITTLE BRIDGET'S CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

By Lucy Larcom.

THROUGH the bleak December day
Little pale-faced Bridget lay
On her shabby trundle bed,
Covered with a threadbare spread.

Down the dim and dingy wall
Scarce a sunbeam crept at all.
Or if one astray did come,
Never seemed it quite at home.

Little Bridget lay alone,
Trying not to cry or moan
For her mother, who must stay
Out at work the livelong day.

No one by her bedside sat:
Rusty stove and ragged mat,
Chair and table, window, door,
Her companions; nothing more.

Poor the room was, poor and plain;
But the narrow window-pane
Let her out into free air,
Into landscapes wide and fair.

Out beyond the dreary street
Sped her fancy's flying feet,
Over hillside, meadow, dell —
Ah! she knew it all so well!

Once, when summer days were long,
Once, when she was brisk and strong,
Kind hands bore her far away
Into the green fields to play.

Oh, the happy Country Week,
When the children went to seek
Flowers and sunshine on the hills,
Far away from city ills!

Little Bridget lived it over —
Smelt again the sweet, red clover,
Watched the bright-eyed squirrels gray,
Fed the birds, and tossed the hay.

All the beautiful wild flowers
Came to cheer her lonesome hours;
Smiling, one by one, they came,
Blossoms she had learned by name.

Hardhack, with its pale, pink spire;
Cardinals, clothed in crimson fire;
Golden daisies, through the bars
Shining up at her, like stars.

Once more on the river's breast
Large white lilies swayed in rest;
Waved for her the meadows sweet;
Pussy-clover brushed her feet.

Once again her footsteps turn
Towards the woodlands, fresh with fern,
Up the hill, and down the lane —
'Twas the Country Week again.

Little Bridget's eyes were bright
When her mother came at night:
"Thoughts have wings," she said, "and I
With them through the window fly.

"I forget the cold," she said,
"I forget my aching head,
While I wander long, long hours,
As I used to, gathering flowers."

Brighter little Bridget's eyes
Shone with wonder and surprise,
Gazing on her window-pane
When the morning dawned again.

Who had been there in the night
Tracing, all in outlines white,
Blossoms, ferns, and feathery grass,
On her little square of glass?

Nodding harebells, daisy stars,
Pine-clad cliffs, and even the bars
That she used to clamber through,
Into fields where lilies grew?

Down the chill, gray dawning fell
Echoes of a Christmas bell.
Little Bridget scarce could speak,
But a flush suffused her cheek.

And her heart with joy grew faint: —
"Mother, did the angels paint
Flowers and ferns I used to see
For a Christmas gift to me?

"Something more than flowers they seem:
Mine in many a hungry dream,
Things like these have been; they grow
In the fields of heaven, I know.

"In my dreams they bloom, so fair!
And the little children there
With me wondrous blossoms seek:
Heaven is like the Country Week!"

Happy Bridget! more than health,
More than luxury or wealth —
Hers the blessed gift to find
Beauty, where the world is blind.

And her angel-guides they were,
Who in summer went with her,
Beauty's secret to explore
One glad week, by hill and shore.

Heaven's great gates are open here;
Angels far and angels near
Toward the little children lean,
Winning them to pastures green.

And no grand cathedral shows
Windows half so fine as those
Little Bridget gazed upon
In the cold, white Christmas dawn.

For the heavenly artists brought
Their own seeing to her thought;
Taught her from her heart to paint;
Little Bridget, baby saint!

THE PATCHWORK SCHOOL.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

ONCE upon a time there was a city which possessed a very celebrated institution for the reformation of unruly children. It was, strictly speaking, a Reform School, but of a very peculiar kind.

It had been established years before by a benevolent lady, who had a great deal of money and wished to do good with it. After thinking a long time, she had hit upon this plan of founding a school for the improvement of children who tried their parents and all their friends by their ill behavior. More especially was it designed for ungrateful and discontented children; indeed it was mainly composed of this last class.

There was a special set of police in the city, whose whole duty was to keep a sharp lookout for ill-natured, fretting children, who complained of their parents' treatment, and thought other boys and girls were much better off than they, and to march them away to the school. These police all wore white top boots, tall peaked hats, and carried sticks with blue ribbon bows on them, and were very readily distinguished. Many a little boy on his way to school has dodged round a corner to avoid one, because he had just been telling his mother that another little boy's mother gave him twice as much pie for dinner as he had. He wouldn't breathe easy till he had left the white top boots out of sight; and he would tremble all day at every knock on the door.

There was not a child in the city but had a great horror of this School, though it may seem rather strange that they should; for the punishment, at first thought, did not seem so very terrible. Ever since it was established, the school had been in charge of a very singular little old woman. Nobody had ever known where she came from. The benevolent lady who founded the institution, had brought her to the door one morning in her coach, and the neighbors had seen the little brown, wizened creature, with a most extraordinary gown on, alight and enter. This was all any one had ever known about her. In fact, the benevolent lady had come upon her in the course of her travels in a little German town, sitting in a garret window, behind a little box-garden of violets, sewing patchwork. After that, she became acquainted with her, and finally hired her to superintend her school. You see, the benevolent lady had a very tender heart, and though she wanted to reform the naughty children of her native city, and have them grow up to be good men and women, she did not want them to be shaken, nor have their ears cuffed; so the ideas advanced by the strange little old woman just suited her.

"Set 'em to sewing patchwork," said this little

old woman, sewing patchwork vigorously herself as she spoke. She was dressed in a gown of bright-colored patchwork, with a patchwork shawl over her shoulders. Her cap was made of tiny squares of patchwork, too. "If they are sewing patchwork," went on the little old woman, "they can't be in mischief. Just make 'em sit in little chairs and sew patchwork, boys and girls alike. Make 'em sit and saw patchwork, when the bees are flying over the clover, out in the bright sunlight, and the great blue-winged butterflies stop with the roses just outside the windows, and the robins are singing in the cherry-trees, and they'll turn over a new leaf, you'll see!"

So the school was founded, the strange little old woman placed over it, and it really worked admirably. It was the pride of the city. Strangers who visited it were always taken to visit the Patchwork School, for that was the name it went by. There sat the children, in their little chairs, sewing patchwork. They were dressed in little patchwork uniforms; the girls wore blue and white patchwork frocks and pink and white patchwork pinafores, and the boys blue and white patchwork trousers, with pinafores like the girls. Their cheeks were round and rosy, for they had plenty to eat — bread and milk three times a day — but they looked sad, and tears were standing in the corners of a good many eyes. How could they help it? It did seem as if the loveliest roses in the whole country were blossoming in the garden of the Patchwork School, and there were swarms of humming-birds flying over them, and great red and blue-winged butterflies. And there were tall cherry-trees a little way from the window, and they used to be perfectly crimson with fruit; and the way the robins would sing in them! Later in the season there were apple and peach trees, too, the apples and great rosy peaches fairly dragging the branches to the ground, and all in sight from the window of the schoolroom.

No wonder the poor little culprits cooped up in doors sewing red and blue and green pieces of calico together, looked sad. Every day bales of calico were left at the door of the Patchwork School, and it all had to be cut up in little bits and sewed together again. When the children heard the heavy tread of the porters bringing in the bales of new calico, the tears would leave the corners of their eyes and trickle down their poor little cheeks, at the prospect of the additional work they would have to do. All the patchwork had to be sewed over and over, and every crooked or too long stitch had to be picked out; for the Patchwork Woman was very particular. They had to make all their own clothes of patchwork, and after those were done, patchwork bed quilts, which were given to the city poor; so the benevolent lady killed two birds with one stone, as you might say.

Of course, children staid in the Patchwork School different lengths of time, according to their different offences. But there were very few children in the city who had not sat in a little chair and sewed patchwork, at one time or another, for a greater or less period. Sooner or later, the best children were sure to think they were ill treated by their parents, and had to go to bed earlier than they ought, or did not have as much candy as other children; and the police would hear them grumbling, and drag them off to the Patchwork School. The Mayor's son, especially, who might be supposed to fare as well as any little boy in the city, had been in the school any number of times.

There was one little boy in the city, however, whom the white-booted police had not yet found any occasion to arrest, though one might have thought he had more reason than a good many others to complain of his lot in life. In the first place, he had a girl's name, and any one knows that would be a great cross to a boy. His name was Julia; his parents had called him so on account of his having a maiden aunt who had promised to leave her money to him if he was named for her.

THE PATCHWORK WOMAN.

So there was no help for it, but it was a great trial to him, for the other boys plagued him unmercifully, and called him "missy," and "sissy," and said "she" instead of "he" when they were speaking of him. Still he never com-

plained to his parents, and told them he wished they had called him some other name. His parents were very poor, hard-working people, and Julia had much coarser clothes than the other boys, and plainer food, but he was always cheerful about

JULIA WAS ARRESTED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

it, and never seemed to think it at all hard that he could not have a velvet coat like the Mayor's son, or carry cakes for lunch to school like the lawyer's little boy. But perhaps the greatest cross which Julia had to bear, and the one from which he stood in the greatest danger of getting into the Patchwork School, was his Grandmothers. I don't mean to say that grandmothers are to be considered usually as crosses. A dear old lady seated with her knitting beside the fire, is a pleasant person to have in the house. But Julia had four, and he had to hunt for their spectacles, and pick up their balls of yarn so much that he got very little time to play. It was an unusual thing, but the families on both sides were very long-lived, and there actually were four grandmothers; two great ones, and two common ones; two on each side of the fireplace, with their knitting work, in Julia's home. They were nice old ladies, and Julia loved them dearly, but they lost their spectacles all the time, and were always dropping their balls of yarn, and it did make a deal of work for one boy to do. He could have hunted up spectacles for one Grandmother, but when it came to four, and one was always losing hers while he was finding another's, and one ball of yarn would drop and roll off, while he was picking up another — well, it was really bewildering at times. Then he had to hold the skeins of yarn for them to wind, and his arms used to ache, and he could hear the boys shouting at a game of ball outdoors, maybe. But he never refused to do anything his Grandmothers asked him to, and did it pleasantly too; and it was not on that account he got into the Patchwork School.

It was on Christmas Day that Julia was arrested and led away to the Patchwork School. It happened in this way: As I said before, Julia's parents were poor, and it was all they could do to procure the bare comforts of life for their family; there was very little to spend for knickknacks. But I don't think Julia would have complained at that; he would have liked useful articles just as well for Christmas presents, and would not have been unhappy because he did not find some useless toy in his stocking, instead of some article of clothing, which he needed to make him comfortable.

But he had had the same things over and over, over and over, Christmas after Christmas. Every year each of his Grandmothers knit him two pairs of blue woollen yarn stockings, and hung them for him on Christmas eve, for a Christmas present. There they would hang — eight pairs of stockings with nothing in them, in a row on the mantel shelf, every Christmas morning.

Every year Julia thought about it for weeks before Christmas, and hoped and hoped he would have something different this time, but there they always hung, and he had to go and kiss his Grandmothers, and pretend he liked the stockings the best of anything he could have had; for he would not have hurt their feelings for the world.

His parents might have bettered matters a little, but they did not wish to cross the old ladies either, and they had to buy so much yarn they could not afford to get anything else.

The worst of it was, the stockings were knit so well, and of such stout material, that they never

wore out, so Julia never really needed the new ones; if he had, that might have reconciled him to the sameness of his Christmas presents, for he was a very sensible boy. But his bureau drawers were full of the blue stockings rolled up in neat little hard balls—all the balls he ever had; the tears used to spring up in his eyes every time he looked at them. But he never said a word till the Christmas when he was twelve years old. Somehow that time he was unusually cast down at the sight of the eight pairs of stockings hanging in a row under the mantel shelf; but he kissed and thanked his Grandmothers just as he always had.

When he was out on the street a little later, however, he sat down in a doorway and cried. He could not help it. Some of the other boys had such lovely presents, and he had nothing but these same blue woollen stockings.

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked a voice.

Without looking up, Julia sobbed out his trouble; but what was his horror when he felt himself seized by the arm and lifted up, and found that he was in the grasp of a policeman in white top boots. The policeman did not mind Julia's tears and entreaties in the least, but led him away to the Patchwork School, waving his stick with its blue ribbon bow as majestically as a drum major.

So Julia had to sit down in a little chair, and sew patchwork with the rest. He did not mind the close work as much as some of the others, for he was used to being kept in doors, attending to his Grandmothers' wants; but he disliked to sew. His term of punishment was a long one. The Patchwork Woman, who fixed it, thought it looked very badly for a little boy to be complaining because his kind grandparents had given him some warm stockings instead of foolish toys.

The first thing the children had to do when they entered the school, was to make their patchwork clothes, as I have said. Julia had got his finished and was busily sewing on a red and green patchwork quilt, in a tea-chest pattern, when, one day, the Mayor came to visit the school. Just then his son did not happen to be serving a term there; the Mayor never visited it with visitors of distinction when he was.

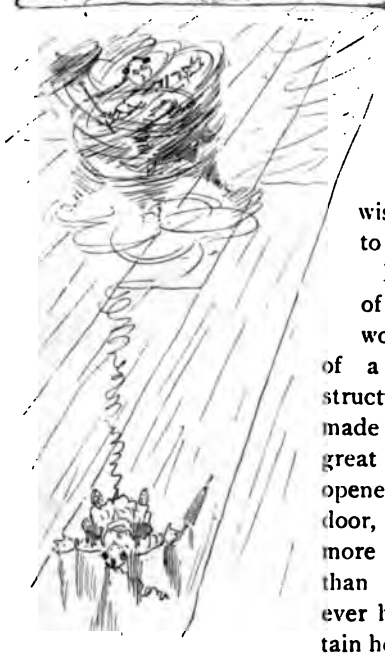
To-day he had a Chinese Ambassador with him. The Patchwork Woman sat behind her desk on the platform and sewed patchwork, the Mayor in his fine broadcloth sat one side of her, and the Chinese Ambassador, in his yellow satin gown, on the other.

JULIA ENTERTAINS THE AMBASSADOR THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.

The Ambassador's name was To-Chum. The children could not help stealing glances occasionally at his high eyebrows and braided queue, but they cast their eyes on their sewing again directly.

The Mayor and the Ambassador staid about an hour; then after they had both made some remarks — the Ambassador made his in Chinese; he could speak English, but his remarks in Chinese were wiser — they rose to go.

THE GRANDMOTHERS ENJOY THE CHINESE TOYS.



Now, the door of the Patchwork School was of a very peculiar structure. It was made of iron of a great thickness, and opened like any safe door, only it had more magic about it than any safe door ever had. At a certain hour in the afternoon, it shut of its own accord, and opened at a certain hour in the morning, when the Patchwork Woman repeated a formula before it. The formula did no good whatever at any other time; the door was so constructed that not even its inventor could open it after it shut at the certain hour of the afternoon, before the certain hour the next morning.

Now the Mayor and the Chinese Ambassador had staid rather longer then they should have. They had been so interested in the school that they had not noticed how the time was going, and the Patchwork Woman had been so taken up with a very intricate new pattern that she failed to remind them, as was her custom.

So it happened that while the Mayor got through the iron door safely, just as the Chinese Ambassador was following it suddenly swung to, and shut in his braided queue at a very high point.

Then there was the Ambassador on one side of the door, and his queue on the other, and the door could not possibly be opened before morning. Here was a terrible dilemma! What was to be done? There stood the children, their patchwork in their hands, staring, open-mouthed, at the queue dangling through the door, and the Patchwork Woman pale with dismay, in their midst, on one side of the door, and on the other side was the terror-stricken Mayor, and the poor Chinese Ambassador.

"Can't anything be done?" shouted the Mayor through the keyhole — there was a very large keyhole.

"No," the Patchwork Woman said. "The door *won't* open till six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, try!" groaned the Mayor. "Say the formula."

She said the formula, to satisfy them, but the door staid firmly shut. Evidently the Chinese Ambassador would have to stay where he was until morning, unless he had the Mayor snip his queue off, which was not to be thought of.

So the Mayor, who was something of a philosopher, set about accommodating himself, or rather his friend, to the situation.

"It is inevitable," said he to the Ambassador. "I am very sorry, but everybody has to conform to

the customs of the institutions of the countries which they visit. I will go and get you some dinner, and an extra coat. I will keep you company through the night, and morning will come before you know it."

"Well," sighed the Chinese Ambassador, standing on tiptoe so his queue should not pull so hard. He was a patient man, but after he had eaten his dinner the time seemed terribly long.

"Why don't you talk?" said he to the Mayor, who was dozing beside him in an easy-chair. "Can't you tell me a story?"

"I never did such a thing in my life," replied the Mayor, rousing himself; "but I am very sorry for you, dear sir, and perhaps the Patchwork Woman can."

So he asked the Patchwork Woman through the keyhole.

"I never told a story in my life," said she; "but there's a boy here that I heard telling a beautiful one the other day. Here, Julia," called she, "come and tell a story to the Chinese Ambassador."

Julia really knew a great many stories which his Grandmothers had taught him, and he sat on a little stool and told them through the keyhole all night to the Chinese Ambassador.

He and the Mayor were so interested that morning came and the door swung open before they knew it. The poor Ambassador drew a long breath, and put his hand around to his queue to see if it was safe. Then he wanted to thank and reward the boy who had made the long night hours pass so pleasantly.

"What is he in here for?" asked the Mayor, patting Julia, who could hardly keep his eyes open.

"He grumbled about his Christmas presents," replied the Patchwork Woman.

"What did you have?" inquired the Mayor.

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings," answered Julia, rubbing his eyes.

"And the year before?"

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings."

"And the year before that?"

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings."

"Didn't you ever have anything for Christmas presents but blue yarn stockings?" asked the astonished Mayor.

"No, sir," said Julia meekly.

Then the whole story came out. Julia, by dint of questioning, told some, and the other children told the rest; and finally, in the afternoon, orders came to dress him in his own clothes, and send him home. But when he got there, the Mayor and Chinese Ambassador had been there before him, and there hung the eight pairs of blue yarn stockings under the mantel-shelf, crammed full of the most beautiful things — knives, balls, candy — everything he had ever wanted, and the mantel-shelf piled high also.

A great many of the presents were of Chinese manufacture; for the Ambassador considered them, of course, superior, and he wished to express his gratitude to Julia as forcibly as he could. There was one stocking entirely filled with curious Chinese tops. A little round head, so much like the Ambassador's that it actually startled Julia, peeped out of the stocking. But it was only a top in the shape of a little man in a yellow silk gown, who could spin around very successfully on one foot, for an astonishing length of time. There was a Chinese lady-top too, who fanned herself coquettishly as she spun; and a mandarin who nodded wisely. The tops were enough to turn a boy's head.

There were equally curious things in the other stockings. Some of them Julia had no use for, such as silk for dresses, China crape shawls and fans, but they were just the things for his Grandmothers, who, after this, sat beside the fireplace, very prim and fine, in stiff silk gowns, with China crape shawls over their shoulders, and Chinese fans in their hands, and queer shoes on their feet. Julia liked their presents just as well as he did his own, and probably the Ambassador knew that he would.

The Mayor had filled one stocking himself with bon-bons, and Julia picked out all the peppermints amongst them for his Grandmothers. They were very fond of peppermints. Then he went to work to find their spectacles, which had been lost ever since he had been away.

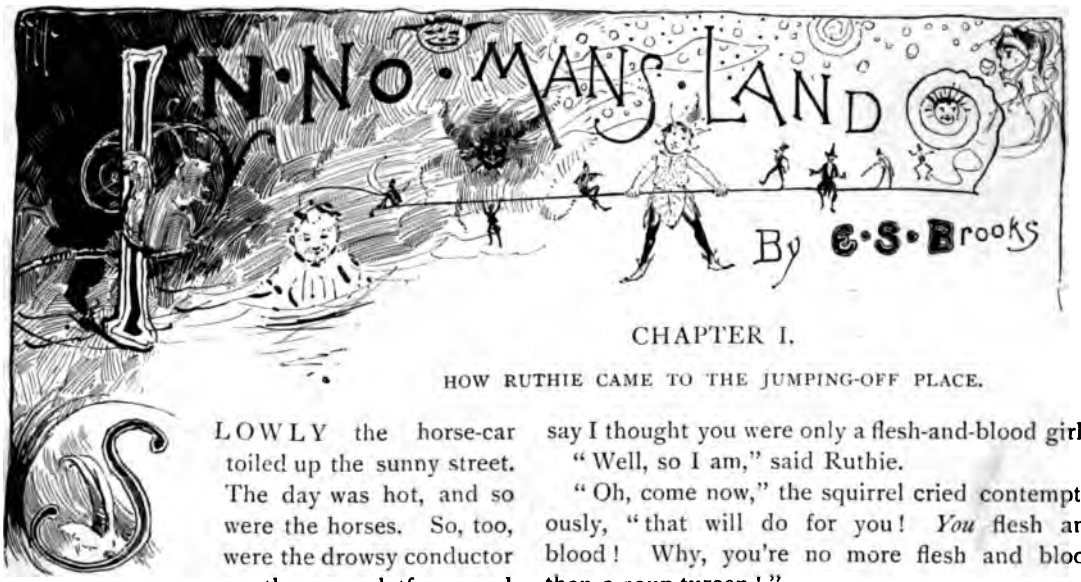
HE butted back with angry horns
The waves that broke against his side,
He lashed them with his glistening tail
Until there blew a mighty gale;
Tumultuous rose the tide.
The sea-plants shut their trembling leaves,
The fishes fled to nooks remote,
And every creature shook to hear
The raging of the angry Goat.

With broken wings, a hapless ship
Did roll beneath the wintry sky;
To stormy wind and boisterous main,
The faithful mariners in vain
Sent out a piteous cry;
Old Neptune thundered from his throne,
And Triton blew a warning note;
With plunging hoofs and furious horns,
Still in the tempest raged the Goat.

Then from her cave, a pale sea-maid,
With green and gleaming locks, did glide,
And crossing on her breast her hands,
All whiter than the white sea sands,
Went singing down the tide.
O crystal clear the liquid strain
That rippled from her silver throat—
The melody that lulled the waves
And hushed the fury of the Goat.

Oh, blithely sailed the happy ships!
And oh, a blithe and merry tune,
While soft the sea-maid's music rang,
The happy mariners they sang
Beneath the wintry moon!
The glimmering fishes circled near;
The blossoms waved like flames afloat;
The sea-maid, laughing, bound her hair
Serenely by the sleeping Goat.

V3
December
CAPRICORNUS



CHAPTER I.

HOW RUTHIE CAME TO THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE.

SLOWLY the horse-car toiled up the sunny street. The day was hot, and so were the horses. So, too, were the drowsy conductor on the rear platform, and the perspiring driver in front, while within the car, cuddled all up in a little heap, rode the only passenger — just one hot, tired, sleepy little girl — Ruthie.

Her day of play at Mollie's house, together with the heat and the slow, droning motion of the horse-car, made her nid-nid-nod, almost keeping time with the dancing squirrel opposite her as, in one of the advertising panels of the car, he bobbed up with every jolt, and thus called the attention of passengers to the unrivalled virtues of Mr. Somebody's Something-or-other, which cured everything in three bottles.

Ruthie, as the only passenger, had tried to do her duty as suggested by the advertisement, and had spelled out, between her nods, most of the glowing words of praise, when along came the Nap and seized her; and then, right in the midst of it, she was startled by seeing the squirrel leap out of his panel and stretch himself at full length on the seat beside her.

"There," he said, laying his head in her lap, "this is comfort. Thank fortune, my work is over!"

"Why, why!" said Ruthie, greatly astonished, "I thought you were only a pasteboard squirrel."

"Pasteboard indeed!" exclaimed the squirrel, evidently offended. "Why, I might just as well say I thought you were only a flesh-and-blood girl."

"Well, so I am," said Ruthie.

"Oh, come now," the squirrel cried contemptuously, "that will do for you! *You* flesh and blood! Why, you're no more flesh and blood than a soup-tureen!"

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Ruthie indignantly.

"There, I thought you knew better," said the squirrel, in a friendlier tone; "of course you are."

RUTHIE AND THE SQUIRREL.

"Of course I am what?" asked puzzled Ruthie.

"Why, stuff to be sure; just what you said," the squirrel responded.

"Stuff? what stuff? whatever do you mean?" queried Ruthie, in still deeper perplexity.

"What stuff?" echoed the squirrel. "How stupid you are! Why, the stuff that dreams are made of."

"Am I? oh, am I?" cried Ruthie, so excitedly that she almost tipped the squirrel out of her lap. "Why, that's in my school-book, and I've often wondered what it meant. Don't you know it says —

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of?

And, oh! I always wondered what the stuff could be — cretonne, or momie cloth, or what. I've had to parse that sentence very often."

"Well, the next time you pass it, said the squirrel, "you'll know it; so don't forget to bow to it."

"Wouldn't I look pretty bobbing my head at my grammar?" Ruthie exclaimed disdainfully.

"I don't know how pretty you would look," the squirrel answered, glancing up at her rather critically. "But it isn't enough to bob your head; you should kiss her. I hope you know how to show proper respect to old people," he added severely.

Ruthie looked down at him curiously.

"Kiss my grammar?" she said. And then, as she fathomed his meaning, "Oh, how perfectly ridiculous you are!" she exclaimed. "But now, who was it said that about dreams?"

"Why, I said it," the squirrel responded.

"No, you did not," said Ruthie sharply. "It's in my school-book. It was — let me see — it was — oh, dear! — his initials are — W. S. — I think."

"There's something in this room begins with W. S.," the squirrel said thoughtfully.

"No, no; it's not a game," protested Ruthie; "it's a person, and his initials are W. S."

"Well, that's me," said the squirrel. "W. S. — Wriggly Squirrel."

"What an idea! It's not you at all," Ruthie exclaimed. "Let me think. W. S.? Oh, I know now — Shakespeare — William Shakespeare; he said it."

"Well, isn't he a game?" asked the squirrel triumphantly. "He's in the Game of Authors. Don't you know? You say: 'Let me see — I'll take — I'll take' — and then you call for the card you want."

"Oh, yes; I know," said Ruthie. "I've often and often taken his whole family."

"Is that so?" said the squirrel dreamily. "Well, where did you take them?"

"Oh, how stupid!" Ruthie exclaimed. "I didn't take them anywhere. I mean in the game, you know."

"Oh, game!" sleepily said the squirrel. "Yes, I know about game. "Why, I'm game myself sometimes."

A SOLEMN OLD BILLY-GOAT.

"When are you game?" asked Ruthie.

"Why, in season, of course," the squirrel replied.

"In season?" echoed Ruthie. "What do you mean by in season? When are you in season?"

"Well, I'm just in season now to catch that train," said the squirrel suddenly; and, springing from Ruthie's lap, he whisked out through the car-door, and with a wave of his paw, he vanished from her sight.

"Well," said the surprised Ruthie, "that's the most singular thing I ever saw! Where can he have gone? I don't see any train. But," she said with a start, "I must be nearly home. Please, Mr. Conductor, haven't I got to my street yet?" She looked towards the rear platform, but no conductor was there. Only a solemn old billy-goat did she see, who, with that dreamy and far-away expression peculiar to all goats when at meals, was dining off an old tomato-can in blissful enjoyment. She rushed to the front platform. The horses, too, had disappeared, and she saw nothing ahead but the narrow car-tracks stretching far up a steep hill in the midst of clouds and nothingness.

"NOTHINGNESS."

"O, where am I?" she exclaimed despairingly. "O, Mr. Goat," she said, turning in dismay to her only companion, "do please tell me — where am I?"

The goat looked up from his tomato-can apparently in solemn displeasure. "Why, Miss Girl," he said, "you seem to me to be just where you are."

"Oh, I know that," said poor Ruthie; "but where am I going to?"

JUMPING JOAN.

"How should I know?" the goat remarked. "You ought to know your own business best. I haven't sent you anywhere."

"Well, but I wanted to get off at Clinton avenue," Ruthie explained dolefully; "and now we are way beyond."

"No, we are not," said the goat in a tone of reproof. "We haven't got beyond yet. We are here. That is beyond, ahead there."

"Oh, but you see I don't want to go beyond," explained Ruthie.

"Well, get off, then," said the goat. "Nobody's keeping you."

"Oh, but won't you stop the car, please?" Ruthie pleaded.

"I don't know," said the goat. "How do you stop it? What *is* the carplees?"

"Oh, you horrid, stupid old goat!" exclaimed disgusted Ruthie. "Where does this car go to?"

"I may be a goat, but this isn't a goat, too; this is a car," explained the goat.

"I didn't say it wasn't" — Ruthie began, but the goat interrupted her.

"Two negatives equal to one affirmative," he said severely.

Ruthie did not heed his interruption.

"I asked you where does this car go?" she said.

"You ought to know," the goat replied. "You are part of the cargo."

"Well!" said Ruthie wrathfully, "I must say you are the most selfish and disobliging old thing I ever saw."

"Present company excepted," said the goat, serenely chewing the last of the red label. "Have some of the can?"

"No," replied Ruthie shortly.

So the goat said nothing more, but chewed away

on his toothsome morsel; and Ruthie, watching him as he ate, did not find herself at all surprised to see him getting smaller and smaller, and the tomato-can growing larger and larger, until at last the goat disappeared altogether, apparently swallowed up by the can which now went bumpity-bump off the car step and rolled rapidly down the track until it was lost amidst the clouds.

"Well, now I'm all alone!" exclaimed Ruthie. "I wonder if I couldn't get off like the tomato-can. Let me see — how do you jump off a car? You either jump off the way the car is going, or you jump in the opposite direction. It's one way or the other. Dear me! I wish I knew which was which."

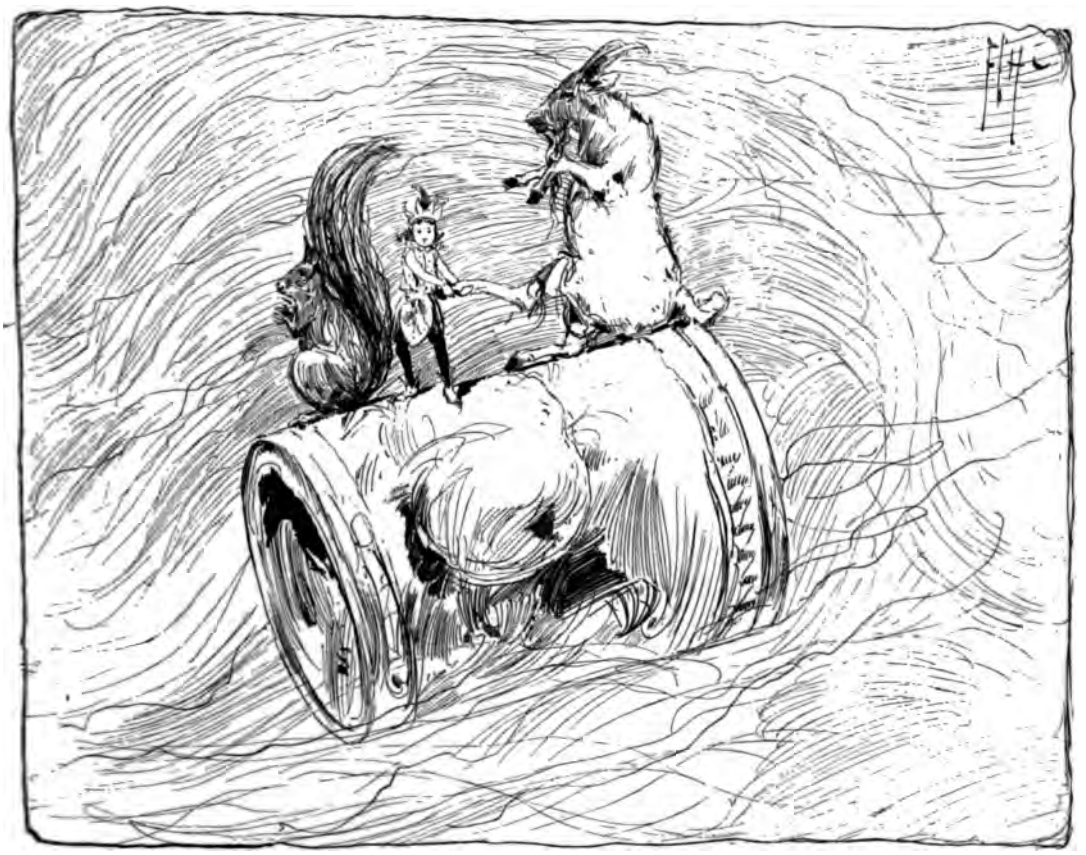
"A switch!" she heard a sharp little voice at her elbow exclaim. "I thought *your* hair was all your own."

Ruthie turned, and saw a dwarfish little person, who seemed to be constantly jumping from the seat of the car to the floor, and from the floor to the seat again, and who now came towards her in a series of short leaps, "for all the world like a little kangaroo," as Ruthie explained afterwards.

"Oh, who are you?" she asked, delighted to find company with her once more.

> "Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
> When nobody's with me I'm always alone,"

replied the little stranger, in a jingly tone.



THEY SAILED SLOWLY TOWARD HER ON THE TOMATO-CAN.

"Well, you're not alone now, are you?" Ruthie said.

"Why, of course I am," was the reply. "You're nobody."

"Well, I declare," said Ruthie, greatly troubled. "I never saw such people as seem to be in this car. They do nothing but insult me with quibbles."

"Why, who's insulted you now?" demanded little Joan, as she perched upon the car-rail, and then jumped in through the door again.

"You have," said Ruthie. "You said I was nobody."

"Well, aren't you?" queried her companion. "Don't they call you so at home?"

Then Ruthie remembered that when secrets or confidences were being told at home, and objection was made to her overhearing them, her mother or sisters would say, "Oh, she's nobody;" and she had to confess that they did call her so; "but," she added, "of course they don't really mean it, you know."

AT THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE.

"But dear me," said little Jumping Joan, "that is a dreadfully wrong way to bring up children — not to mean what you tell them."

"The idea!" exclaimed indignant Ruthie. "I guess my mother knows how to bring up children as well as you!"

"Oh, but I'm not well, you know," said little Jumping Joan, catching at two of the hand-straps, and swinging herself vigorously. "I'm going into a decline."

"Are you, though?" Ruthie said sympathetically. "Why, that's too bad! Can't you see a doctor and take it in time?"

"I don't like thyme, nor sage, nor any herbs, in fact," replied her curious little companion. "But why should I take anything?"

"Why, to save yourself from really going into a decline," explained Ruthie.

"But I don't want to save myself," little Jumping Joan asserted. "In fact, I am going into a decline at once. I decline to stay here any longer;" and with that she hopped out of the car in three jumps, and vanished instantly.

Then Ruthie sat down and began to cry.

"This is dreadful," she sobbed. "This is the very worst lot of people I ever met with. They do nothing but contradict and find fault and pun and quibble, and then leave me all alone in a very sudden and curious manner."

Just then with a loud whir-r-r-r, like a mechanical toy when it is running down, the car stopped, and a voice cried out in an important manner, "for all the world like an elevated railroad brakeman," Ruthie thought:

"Jumping-off Place—last and only station! all out here. Come! Step lively, please!"

Then Ruthie saw all the passengers (for suddenly the car seemed to be crowded with people), rush helter-skelter to the door, pushing and elbowing and jumping off as if in the greatest hurry. But, once off, they stood listlessly around, staring at the car and at each other, as if there was no such thing as being in a hurry. "Just as I have seen them do on the ferry-boat," Ruthie commented.

"Now, then, step lively!" said the important voice, evidently addressing her. "Can't stop here all day."

So Ruthie hurried out of the car and found herself standing on the edge of a precipice — all alone. For the moment she stepped off the car step, passengers, horse-car tracks and everything suddenly disappeared, and she and the edge of the precipice were left alone together.

There was no doubt as to its being only the *edge* of a precipice, for there was nothing before her but space, and nothing behind her but space and she had to keep swaying backwards and forwards to keep her balance.

Just then the goat, the squirrel, and little Jumping Joan, all perched on the tomato can, sailed slowly towards her. The squirrel had raised his bushy tail as a sail, and little Jumping Joan was using one of the goat's legs as a tiller.

"When a girl," said the goat solemnly, as this curious craft sailed by, "when a girl swings herself on the little edge of nothing, as if she was last week's washing hanging wrong side up, it's high time that some one kept an eye on her."

"When a girl," said the squirrel, insolently stroking his whiskers and slightly lowering his sail, "when a girl puts on such airs as to think that she can live forever on a little strip of soli-

tude, too stuck-up to ask company to stay to tea, it's high time that some one remonstrated."

"When a girl," said little Jumping Joan, bringing the goat's leg "hard a port," so as to bring her craft quite near to Ruthie, "when a girl is so stupid that she doesn't know that the Jumping-off Place means a Jumping-off Place and not a Hanging-on Place, it's high time that some one took her in hand and gave her a lesson — like this!" and with that she dropped her novel tiller, stood erect for a second, and then jumped off the tomato can, which, relieved of her weight, tilted over on its heaviest side, while goat, squirrel and tomato can, thus unceremoniously upset, went sprawling and rolling downwards and soon dropped out of sight.

As Ruthie stretched forward to see what had become of this singular ship's company, she heard a voice coming from the abyss below, and repeating in sing-song tones:

The girl stood on the narrow speck,
  Whence all but she had fled;
And feared the jump would break her neck,
  Or hurt her giddy head.

Yet beautiful and bright she stood
  Although she felt so bad;
A creature of heroic blood —
  But just a trifle scared.

The time rolled on — she would not go —
  It really seemed absurd;
Who jumps is sure to land, you know,
  (Except a bat or bird.)

She called aloud: Hey, some one, hey!
  O, shall I get a bump?
She did not know the only way
  To find out was — to jump!

The edge of the precipice was gradually disappearing. "I can't stand on nothing," said Ruthie. "It can't be any worse to jump off than to stand here and wear off, and they called this the Jumping-off Place, anyhow. So — oh, dear! where *shall* I land? — here goes — one, two, three, and — away!" and with a little shiver and a little shake, and a little sigh and a little spring, Ruthie shut her eyes and leaped down from the Jumping-off Place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHERRY PIE.

By Mrs. Kate Upson Clark.

"YET it isn't such a bad house," said little Elsie Perch to herself, as she looked upward at the tall tenement-house in which she lived; "to be sure, there's a good many folks in it — Grandpa 'n Grandma Perch, 'n Grandpa 'n Grandma Finney, 'n uncle John's folks, 'n us — 'n *her* house hasn't got anybody in it but *them* — but it's a good enough house. I ain't going to cry because that little girl that goes to Sunday-school with me has nicer clothes 'n lives in a nicer house. She hasn't got any cherry-tree, anyway!"

Elsie spoke these last words with an air of great triumph, for, sure enough, right in the back yard of Elsie's home stood a great, generous cherry-tree; and though as she looked at it now, in the gray solemnity of a December twilight, she had to use considerable imagination to recall the luscious red fruit it had borne last summer, and the glossy richness of the green leaves, under whose shade she had been cool and happy when many of her neighbors were sweltering in the August heats; still Elsie was quite equal to it, especially as tomorrow was Christmas day. For there was to be a splendid Christmas dinner at Grandma Perch's, on the lower floor, and uncle John and his family, and Elsie's father and mother, and Grandma and Grandpa Finney were all to be at the dinner. The cherry-pie was always the crowning glory of Christmas dinner with the Perch family. To be sure, it

was made of canned cherries; but then, couldn't Grandma Perch can cherries so they tasted just as nice in winter as in summer? And nobody else knew so well just how much sugar to put in, nor how to make such flaky, delicious pie-crust.

All these things occurred pleasantly to Elsie as she ran up and down the walk in her warm hood, and cloak, and mittens. There was a shade of repining, to be sure, as she thought of the velvet clothes, and various other privileges belonging to the "girl who went to Sunday-school;" but this grew less as she ran, and especially as she looked down to the square below and saw how much more squalid and miserable the houses looked down there, she felt a thankful glow that *her* home was better, and that her papa and uncle John never came home in a cruel, drunken fury like the fathers of the children down there.

"Pretty good times come Christmas!" said Elsie aloud, in a burst of joy, hopping merrily up and down, and forgetting her discontent. "Why, there's Millie!" and she ran across the street to a little girl who had just come out of the tall house opposite. Millie looked very forlorn.

"What's the matter?" asked Elsie.

"Mamma says I can't have any Christmas present," said Millie, beginning to sob wretchedly; "she was expecting some work, but it didn't come, and the rent's overdue, and — and I can't have a thing!"

"That's too bad," said Elsie; "I'm going to have lots — and we are going to have cherry-pie for dinner."

"Oh, my!" cried Millie, drying her tears to contemplate Elsie's future; "cherry-pie! It must be so good! It sounds good."

"Didn't you ever have any cherry-pie?"

Millie shook her head.

"Oh, it's splendid!"

Millie's eyes shone.

Just then some of the blue, pinched, half-dressed little children, who lived below, came running up the walk. There were two boys whom the children knew to be a certain Sammie and Luke, and two girls whose names were Lizy and Sally. They were shouting and racing, but they stopped to listen to the conversation. The word "Christmas" loosened their tongues at once. "I'm going to our Sunday-school to a Christmas-tree," said Sammie.

"I can't go to Sunday-school," said Lizy, ready to cry, "I hain't got no clo'es."

Elsie's heart reproached her anew for her covetous, ungrateful thoughts of a few moments before. Her self-reproaches grew stronger still when Millie remarked to the little crowd of listeners, as though proud of the acquaintance of so distinguished an individual, that Elsie Perch was going to have cherry-pie for her Christmas dinner.

"Oh, my!" "Is she?" "Ain't that fine!" cried one and all, with enthusiasm.

"Yes," rejoined Elsie, her heart swelling with pride, "my grandma always has a cherry-pie for Christmas."

Silence fell on the little group, and in the midst of this silence, a light footfall was heard pattering along the side street, and there burst into view a little girl — little Maude from the street above — the very little girl of whom Elsie had been envious. She wore a broad gray hat, with a lovely Titian red feather, and a Titian red velvet Mother Hubbard cloak, and velvet leggings to match, and carried a lovely muff, while by a silken cord she led a dear little white dog, in a buff-and-silver blanket.

"Oh," cried this beautiful little creature, bounding toward Elsie, "there you are! I saw you come around here after Sunday-school, and I've been hunting for you. See my little new dog! It's a Christmas present, only it came yesterday. Is this where you live?" She looked shrinkingly up and down the narrow street, and at the squalid buildings in the distance. "And are these your brothers and sisters?"

Elsie laughed, and said no.

"What do you think?" began Lizy seriously, her large, wistful eyes, and chalk-white face, lending a strange pathos to her funny little speech, "this girl here," and she pointed to Elsie, "is going to have cherry-pie."

"Is she?" said Maude; "that is nice. I like cherry-pie, but we don't have any in winter."

"*We* do," said Elsie proudly. "My grandma puts up lots of cans of cherries, when our cherry-tree bears, and Christmas-time we have cherry-pie, and sometimes, when we have company, we have cherry-sauce for tea."

"I'd like some cherry-pie," said Maude imperiously. "Little girl, give us some of your cherry-pie?"

The hungry group of ragged boys and girls

gathered about with Maude. She was beginning some sort of an explanation, that the cherry-pie was her grandma's, and not hers, when a bell rang in the distance, and Maude darted away.

"That's for me," she cried, hastening away, and pulling the buff-and-silver-coated doggie after her. "Good-by, little girl! I wish I could have some of that cherry-pie."

She tripped daintily away down the side street, and the children watched her until she was out of sight. "I 'spose," said Luke, with a sigh, "I 'spose she has dinner every day."

"*I* have dinner every day," cried Elsie.

"Do you?" said Lizy, devouring this favored child of fortune with her great, wistful eyes. "I don't. Oh! I'd like some of that cherry-pie."

Just then Elsie saw her father coming up the street and ran to meet him, while the other children started for their homes in the square below.

The next morning there was so much excitement that Elsie never thought of the poor children on the next square, nor of Millie, nor of Maude, until the Christmas dinner was nearly over and the cherry-pie came on.

"Oh!" she cried, "you don't know, grandma, how nice everybody thinks it is that we can have cherry-pie."

"Do they?" said grandma kindly. "Well, I do hope the pie's turned out well."

Elsie noticed that some of the pie was left after all had been served. A bright idea darted into her head, and she was out of the room in a trice. On went cloak and hood, and she dashed around the corner to see if she could find Maude. Yes, there she was, playing with her blanketed doggie on the broad sidewalk.

"Come!" cried Elsie, catching hold of Maude's hand. "Come quick! There's lots of cherry-pie! Come and have some!"

As they neared Millie's house they met that little girl on the walk, and she was easily persuaded to join the party.

"Now," said Elsie, running on in advance, "let's get Sammie and Lizy, and those other ones."

They flew down the street, and soon found the objects of their search. The watchword, "cherry-pie," was sufficient, and in the twinkling of an eye, they were at Grandma Perch's door. Then, for the first time, Elsie felt a little misgiving. Perhaps there wasn't pie enough to go round. And what would grandma say?

But she marched bravely in, her eager little crowd of companions at her heels.

"See here, grandma," she said, "here are a lot of children who want some cherry-pie. Some of them never had any in all their lives."

"Dear heart!" exclaimed grandma, in dismay, looking down at the motley group with lifted hands. "Why, Elsie! there isn't pie enough for more'n three little pieces, but, bless 'em!" for the look on some of those pinched, hungry faces went to grandma's heart, in the abundance and mirth of her own Christmas day, "I'll have a cherry-pie made for 'em in less'n no time. There's pie-crust in my pan, and the oven is hot; just go out and play on the sidewalk, children, and I'll call you in presently."

And "presently" they were called in to behold a mammoth cherry-pie, baked in a tin pan, and they had just as much as was good for them, even to Maude's doggie. Maude left first, for *she* wasn't hungry, and, besides, she knew that her mamma would worry about her long absence; but the little starved boys and girls from "the square below," didn't go for a long time. To tell the truth, grandma didn't stop at giving them cherry-pie. They had some turkey, and some mashed potato, and turnip, and some hot coffee, besides.

"Tain't often I can give," said grandma afterward. "But we've been prospered, and I can't bear to see anybody hungry on Christmas day."

After they had all gone, Elsie sat with her heart full of quiet happiness, rocking in her little rocking-chair. She was meditating vaguely on the envy she had felt toward Maude, and her general feeling of discontent. At last she spoke to grandma, who happened to be sitting beside her.

"Most everybody has things some other folks don't have," she remarked, rather vaguely.

Grandma understood her.

"Dear heart!" she cried again, for that was her pet name for Elsie. "That's right! There's mercies for everybody, if they'd only reckon 'em up — and Christmas day's a first-rate time to remember it!"

M D C C C L X X X I I I.

The same being MOTHER GOOSE rhyme, with five pictures done, for Children dear, by one BRENNAN his mark

Those are the Lines that shew thy Face,
But where the lines can shew thy Grace:
Thy fame so faire,
Gain'd by thy hold
thro' Life on Virtue,
Neer on Gold.

Rock a'bye Baby,
Thy cradle is green.
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a Queene:

Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,

The portraiture of
HER HIGH and
MIGHTIE MA
QUEENS
of all the
Whose goodness wa
all HER subiects
HER Children

and

Johnny's a drummer and drums for the King".

M D C ❁ V I I.

THE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS BOX.

By G. B. Bartlett.

NOWING the need, we are sure this novelty will be found useful at all private and public holiday parties, the managers of which are tired of the worn-out methods of amusing both old and young. It will seem surprising to the spectators, but will be found less trouble in its preparation than most of the ancient ways of distributing Christmas presents.

When the children are admitted into the hall, vestry, or parlor, they see on the platform, or at one end of the room, a long table, covered to the ground with a red or white cloth brilliantly lighted with candles at the corners. After an opening song, or piano music, a gentleman enters, bearing under his arm a thin box about three feet in length by two feet in width, and six inches in height. This he places upon the table; and after standing it carelessly on its edge, lays it down with the front side towards the audience. The cover is tightly fastened with a common brass hook in the front edge, and has hinges at the back. A little girl comes forward from the audience and carefully unclasps the hook, when the lid of the box flies open with great force, and a tall Santa Claus figure, with flowing wig and beard, in a red fur-trimmed robe, springs up and makes a funny little speech, after which he bows low to the little girl, and hands her a present marked with her name. Then he disappears as mysteriously as he appeared, and the little girl fastens him down with the clasp.

This is repeated by one after another of the audience until the gifts have been all distributed, when the box is carried away again. If time does not serve for every child or person to open the wonderful box, after awhile a whole class or division may receive their presents from Santa Claus without his departure; but in small family parties it will be far more fun to let each child unclasp the box for himself. Sometimes Santa Claus may seem unwilling to go down into his box, and some gentleman may find it needful to push him down very hard, and at the end of the performance, he may be so obstinate that the gentleman may find it necessary to push down the right hand only to see the left rise up very stiffly, then as he pushes down that, the right rises in turn, and finally having pushed all but the head down, he finds it so obdurate that he is compelled to take it off and pack it by the side of the figure before he can close the lid so as to carry off the box in the same way that he brought it in.

This very effective scene can be easily prepared, as the table is made of a frame only, on which the cloth is tacked, the front and sides being lined, so that they will not be transparent. This frame consists of four posts thirty inches high, with a strip of light wood three inches wide, and six feet long, nailed at the top and bottom of the posts, and with strips of the same width, and four feet in length at the sides. Across the top of these two other strips are nailed, two and one half feet apart, to hold the box. These upper strips are placed between the top strips so that the table-top will be level, and the cloth overlaps the edges of each; and cloth of the same color is drawn tightly over a little frame which fills the space when the box is not on the table.

This box is without a bottom, and is made of pine wood of the dimensions given above; that is, three feet by two, and six inches in height, with hinged cover and clasp. The operator, dressed in costume described, wears a wire mask, which can be bought at any toy shop. The wig of white flax is kept in place by a wire frame which rests on the shoulders, so it will keep its form when the real head is withdrawn, leaving the false one in the hands of the one who tries to push it into the box. A short set of steps enables Santa Claus to rise up quickly, raising the lid with his head. A very small boy should be also hidden under the table to pass up the presents to the operator.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, P. O. Box 188, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER TANGLES.

68.
```
v o l U t e s
    o a S i s
      t E n
        L
      w E t
    c a S t s
  u n u S u a l
```

69. R-ace; H-arrow; W-hole; O-bey; A-gain.

70.
```
        A
      A N S
    A E G I S
  A N G E L E T
    S I L E X
      S E X
        T
```

71.
```
Z O N A R
  N E B E Z
    P E D A L
      L A M E L
        N A G O R
```

72.
```
M u G s
O i L y
R o O m
N e R o
I b I s
N e E d
G u S t
```

73. Tambourine.

74. A good Thanksgiving dinner.

No. 1. RIDDLE CHARADE.

Coarse, fine, smooth, or rough,
Tall, strong, sturdy, straight,
Black, white, gray or buff,
Verdant early, verdant late,
Always warm, and warm enough,
Who my *first* will rightly state?

Birds may fly; my *second* ne'er
Yet was seen in upper air.
Creatures, though, may utter it, —
Guess it now if you have wit.

Were you ever a soldier? You know one perhaps —
Not the holiday sort with their fanciful caps —
Let him tell you his story of suff'ring and danger,
Forced marches, privations, to which you're a stranger;
The hardships that followed; then ask him, my dear,
What brought him, when wounded, his most welcome cheer?
He'll answer, my *whole*. 'Tis easy to guess.
'Tis a little rest; sometimes more, sometimes less.

E. D. K.

No. 2. HOUR GLASS.

A defrauder; to prohibit; gowned; a place to lodge; a vowel; away; to put out; to shriek; to shine. Centrals, converted into wood. NATANT.

No. 3. ANAGRAMS.

1. Jer, run to Eva.
2. Nor can I fail.
3. I must roll Ina.

No. 4. HALF WORD SQUARE.

A masculine name; a fish; speed; a solemn act; one; an abbreviation; a letter. VIOLA.

No. 5. BURIED CITIES.

1. Hope kindly sheltered them.
2. A dark cloud overshadowed the city.
3. Ada then saw that she must go.
4. We sailed down the Potomac on our raft.
5. The Frenchman said "*qui?*" to the Englishman.

M. L. S.

No. 6. PHONETIC SPELLING LESSON.

Combine two letters of the alphabet in such a way that, when spoken, they form a word.

Example, a girl's name, L N (Ellen).

1. A kind of pepper.
2. A number.
3. To rot.
4. Vacant.
5. A river of Asia.

No. 7. RHOMBOID.

Across: a kind of seal; the Turkish council of state; a competitor; a tropical fruit; an African river.

Down: a consonant; an abbreviation; a kind of evergreen; hurtful; to take apart; a title; a portion of ground; an abbreviation; a vowel. UNCLE WILL.

SOLVERS.

October Tangles were solved by Susie A. Oliver, F. J. Brigham, Tennie Watson, J. W. Wylie, Patricia, J. G. Shearer, F. W. P., S. C. W. Eccles, Nix, John and Kate Linn, Mamie V. Sherman, Gypsy, Palmie, Jersey Girl and Co., Orina MacPherson, Jean Le Duc.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Best list, John and Kate Linn, Springfield, O.
Next best list, J. G. Shearer, Washington, D. C.
No. 64. Mamie Sherman, Rochester, N. Y.
No. 65. J. W. Wylie, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for first solutions of this month's Tangles: —

No. 1. An illustrated magazine.
No. 3. A box of stationery.
No. 7. A small, but good and serviceable microscope.

For the first complete list, we will send WIDE AWAKE six months.

For the next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

All answers must be received by Dec. 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, young and old, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original Tangles for publication as above directed.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Words by Lord Houghton. Music composed for WIDE AWAKE by CARL BAERMANN.

Allegretto non troppo.

A fair lit-tle girl sat un-der a tree,

p *mf*

Sewing as long as her eyes could see; Then smooth'd her work, and fold-ed it right, And said, "Dear

p *mf*

work, good-night, dear work, good-night, dear work, good-night, good-night."....

mf *p*

p un poco animato. *f*

Such a number of rooks came o-ver her head, Crying, "caw, caw, caw, caw," on their

pp *mf* *ped.* *

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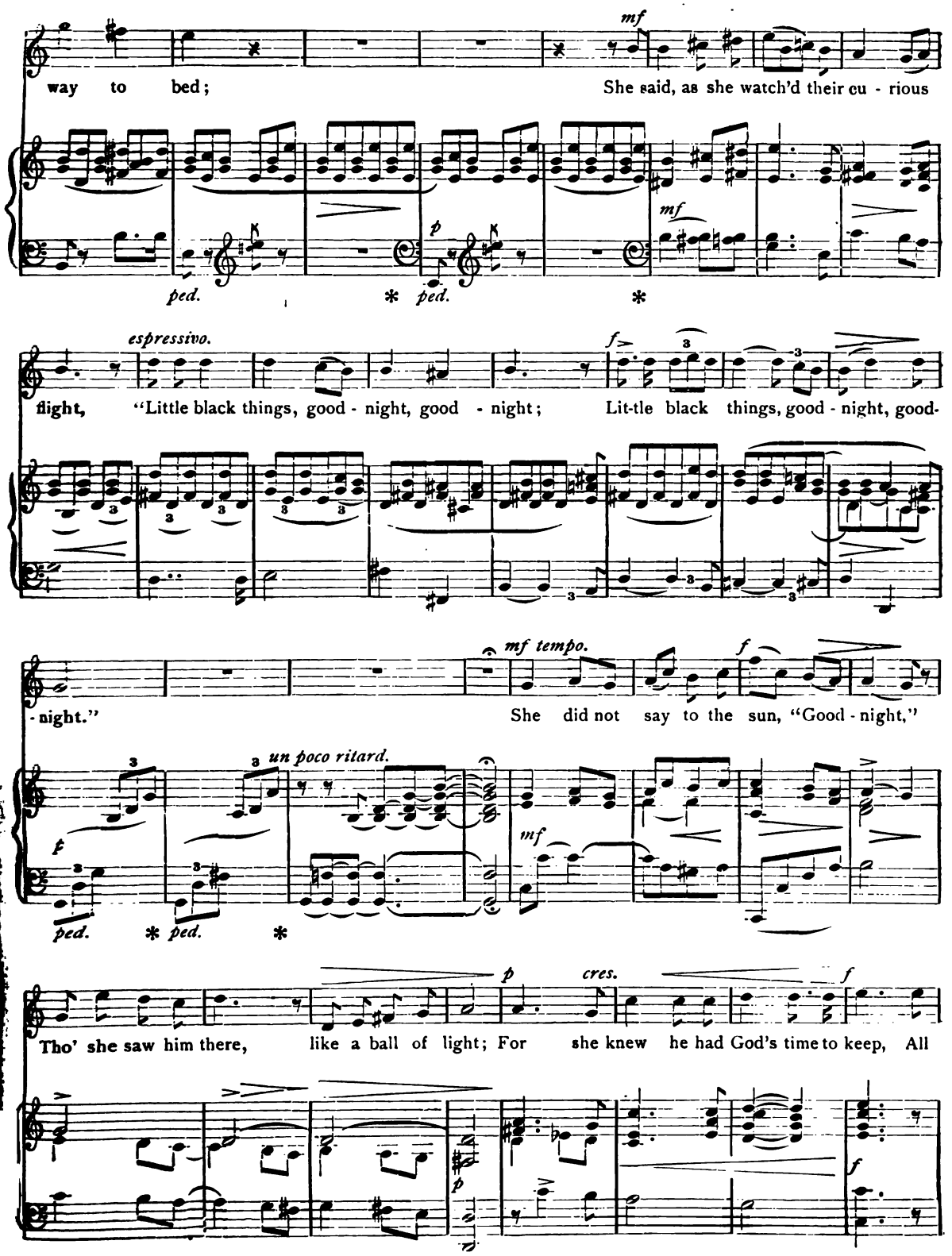
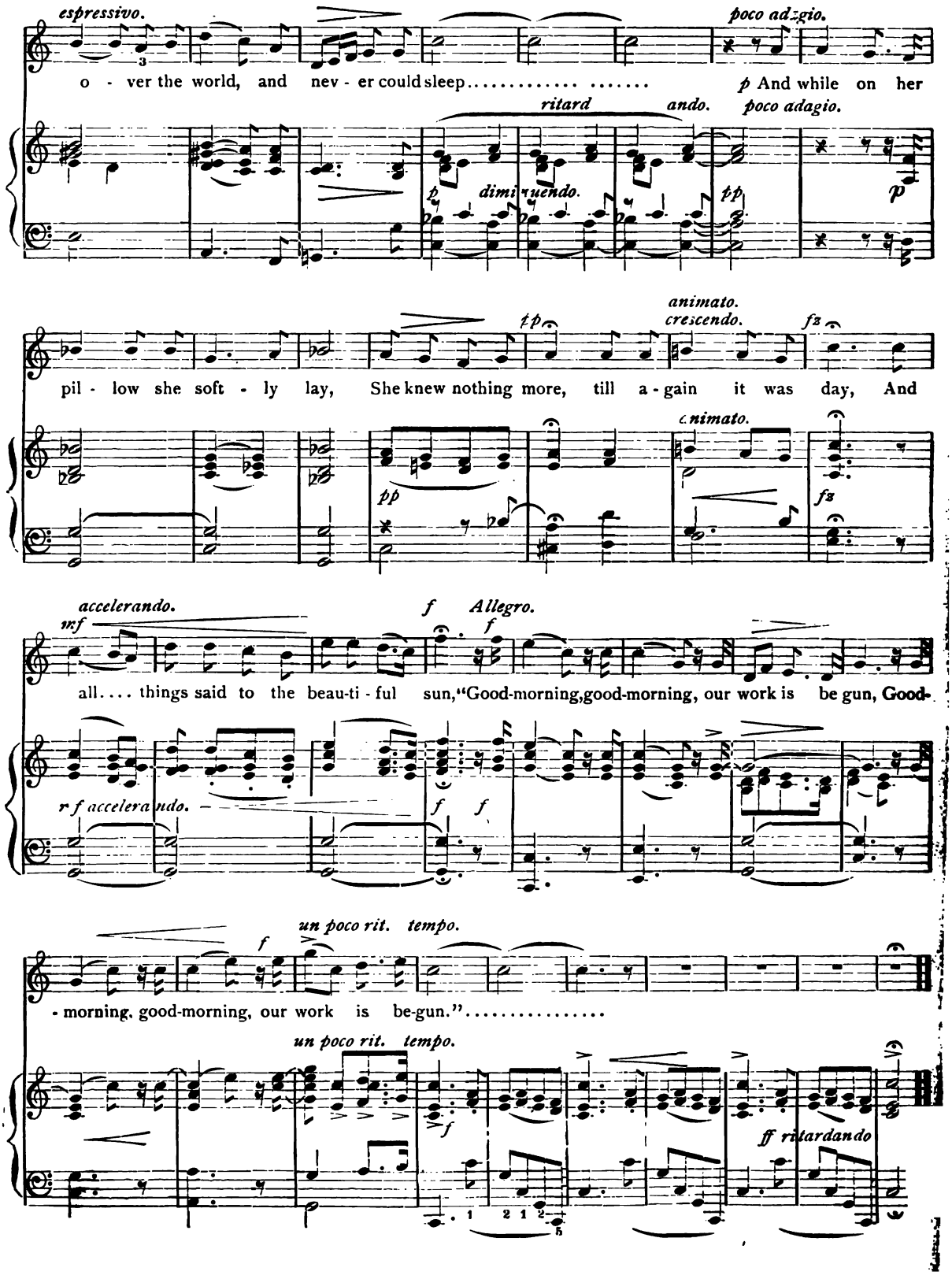

mf
way to bed; She said, as she watch'd their cu - rious
ped. * ped. *
p
mf
espressivo.
f
flight, "Little black things, good - night, good - night; Lit-tle black things, good - night, good-
mf tempo.
f
- night." She did not say to the sun, "Good - night,"
un poco ritard.
f
mf
ped. * ped. *
p
cres.
f
Tho' she saw him there, like a ball of light; For she knew he had God's time to keep, All
p
f


espressivo.
poco adagio.
o - ver the world, and nev - er could sleep..... .....
p And while on her
ritard ando.
poco adagio.
dimi nuendo.
pp
p
animato.
crescendo.
fz
pil - low she soft - ly lay, She knew nothing more, till a - gain it was day, And
pp
animato.
fz
accelerando.
mf
f Allegro.
f
all.... things said to the beau-ti - ful sun, "Good-morning, good-morning, our work is be gun, Good-
rf accelerando.
f
f
un poco rit. tempo.
f
- morning, good-morning, our work is be-gun.".....
un poco rit. tempo.
f
ff ritardando

"BUT—TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, DEAR MUFF!"

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 18. JANUARY, 1884. NO. 2.

A BURST OF CONFIDENCE.

By Margaret Sidney.

IT'S lovely ice and snow at Grandmamma's.
I guess God made it best
In all the world. And I can slide and run,
This year, like all the rest.

The little twinkles sparkle up so kind
From all the slippery ice,
And look real warm; and Jack says, "Go ahead!"
And everything is nice.

And Eleanor's bonnet's new, just like mine;
Only it has a bow.
"There! I slided a long one — See, Jack, see —
My very own self — so!"

Now another! It isn't hard a bit.
Here I go — "Don't, Eleanor!
Let me get up alone. I slided once,
My truly self, before."

There, now they've gone away. I'll try again;
What makes my toes wink so?
They can't keep still — zz — zz — I really guess
I ought to start and go.

There! well — er, there — How can I start until
My teeth stop dancing — say?
I'll hug my muff. They can't see me, I know,
They are too far away.

It *must* be nice to slide. Every body
Says it is lovely fun;
Just hear them laughing now 'cause they have made
A very splendid one.

And so I'll try. If Grandmamma could come
And take me in her lap
For just one moment, I could really start
A lovely slide, mayhap —

But — to speak the truth, dear muff; you won't tell,
You are so good and old —
If I didn't *know* it was such splendid
Fun — 'twould be very cold.

But here they come behind me, prancing fast;
Now — "Look, I slide so far!"
Crash—oh! "The world *may* slide, but Gwendolen
Goes in to Grandmamma."

THE WHIZZER.

By Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THAT was a cold evening. The snow was just as dry as flour, and had been beat down till the road looked slick as a ribbon far up and far down, and squeaked every step. I pulled Mrar on our sled. All the boys went home by the crick to skate, but I was 'fraid Mrar would get cold, she's such a little thing. I like to play with the girls if the boys do laugh, for some of the big ones might push Mrar down and hurt her. She misses her mother so I babies her more than I used to.

We's almost out of sight of the schoolhouse, and just where the road elbows by the Widow Briggs's place, when something passed us like whiz! I'd been pulling along with the sled rope over my arm, and my hands in my pockets, and didn't hear a team or anything, but it made me shy off the side of the road, and pretty near upset Mrar. School lets out at four o'clock, and dusk comes soon after that, but it was woolly gray yet, so you could see plain except in the fence corners, and the thing that passed us was a man riding on nothing but one big wheel.

"O, see there!" says Mrar, scared as could be. I felt glad on her account we's close to Widow Briggs's place. It would be easy to hustle her over Briggs's fence; but the thing run so still and fast it might take fences as well as a straight road.

The man turned round after he passed us, and came rearing back, away up on that wheel, and I stood as close before the sled as I could. He sat high up in the air, and wiggled his feet on each side of the wheel, and I never saw a camel or elephant, or any kind of wild thing at a show that made me feel so funny. But just when I thought he's going to cut through us, he turned short, and stopped. He had on an overcoat to his ears, and a fur cap down to his nose, and hairy gloves on, and a little satchel strapped over his shoulder, and I saw there was a real small wheel behind the big one that balanced him up. He wasn't sitting on the tire neither, but on a saddle place, and the big wheel had lots of silver spokes crossing back and forward.

"Whose children are you?" says the man.

"Nobody's," says I.

"But who owns and switches you?" says he.

"The schoolmaster switches me," says I; "but we ain't owned since mother died."

Mrar begun to cry.

"We live at uncle Mozy's," says she. "They don't want to give us away."

The man laughed, and says: "Are you right sure?" But I hated to have her scared, so I told her the wheel couldn't hurt her, nor him neither.

"I've seen the cars many a time," I says, "and I've seen balloons, and read in the paper about things that went on three wheels, but this"—

"It's a bicycle," says he. "I'm a wheel-man."

"That's what I thought," says I.

Mrar quit crying when she saw me talk up. Then he wanted to know our names.

"Mine's Steele Pedicord," I says, "and this is my little sister Mrar."

His eyes looked sharp at us and he says:

"Your mother died about six weeks ago?"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"To-morrow won't be a very nice Christmas for you," says he.

"No, sir," says I, digging my heel in the snow, for he had no business to talk that way, and make Mrar feel bad, when I had a little wagon all whittled out in my pocket to give her, and she cried most every night, anyhow, until aunt Ibby threatened to switch her if she waked the family any more. I slept with the boys, but when I heard Mrar sniffling in the big bed, a good many nights I slipped out and sat by her and whispered stories to take her attention as long as my jaws worked limber; but when they chattered too much with the cold, I'd lay down on the cover, with my arm across her till she went to sleep. I like Mrar.

"They said we might go up to cousin Andy Sanders's to stay over," says I. "We don't have to be at uncle Moze's a Christmas."

"That's some consolation, is it?" says he.

I was not going to let him know what the relations did, but I never liked relations outside of our place. At aunt Ibby and uncle Moze's the children fight like cats. And they always act poor at Christmas, and make fun of hanging your stocking or setting your plate; for you'd only get ashes or corn-cobs. Aunt Ibby keeps her sleeves rolled up so she can slap real handy, and uncle Moze has yellow streaks in his eyes, and he shivers over the stove, and keeps everybody else back. At cousin Andy Sander's they have no children, and don't want them. You durse hardly come in out of the snow, and all the best things on the table will make you sick. If there is a piece in the paper that is hard to read, and ugly as it can be, they still make you sit still and read it; and if you get done too quick, they will say you skipped, and you have to read it out loud while they find fault. I knew cousin Andy Sanders never had any candy or taffy for Christmas, but Mrar and me could be peaceable there, for they don't push her around so bad.

"Well, hand me your rope," says the man, "and I'll give you a ride."

I liked that notion; so I handed him the rope, and he waited till I got on the sled in front of Mrar.

"That's Widow Briggs's homestead; isn't it?" he said, just before he started.

I told him it was, and asked if he ever lived down our way. He laughed, and said he knew something about every place; and then he set the wheel a-going. Mrar held tight to me, and I braced my heels against the front round of the sled. The fence corners went faster and faster, and the wind whistled through our ears, while you could not see one dry blade in the fodder shocks move.

"Ain't he a Whizzer?" says I to Mrar.

We turned another jog, and the spokes in the wheel looked all smeared together. It did beat horse-racing. I got excited, and hollered for him to "Go it, old Whizzer!" and he went it till we's past cousin Andy Sanders's before I knew the place was nigh.

"Cast loose, now, Mister, we're much obliged," says I.

But he kept right on like he never heard me. So I yelled up louder and told him we's there, and he turned around his head a minute, and laughed.

"Please let go, Mister," I says. "That's cousin Andy Sanders's away back there. We're obliged, but we'll have to go back."

The Whizzer never let on. He whizzed ahead as fast as ever. I thought it was a mean trick for him to play on Mrar, and wished I could trip up his wheel. It would be dark long before I got her back to cousin Andy Sanders's; and the Whizzer whizzed ahead like he was running off with us.

I had a notion to cut the rope, but there was no telling when I'd get another, and it was new. I made up my mind to do it, though, when we come along by our old place; but there the Whizzer turned round and jumped off in the road.

I picked up the end of my rope, and shook my head, because I was mad.

"Why didn't you let go?" says I.

"Haven't I brought you home?" he says.

I looked at the shut-up house, and felt a good deal worse than when I thought he was running off with us.

"O Steeley," says Mrar, "le's go in and stay. I want to come home so bad!"

"Now you see what you done!" says I to the Whizzer. He was man grown, and I's only ten years old, but he ought to knowed better than to made Mrar cry till the tears run down her chin.

I'd been to look at the house myself, but never said a word to her about it. Once at noon I slipped up there by the cornfields roundabout, and sat on the fence and thought about mother till I could hardly stand it. The house looked lonesomer than an old cabin about to fall; because an old cabin about to fall has forgot its folks, but all our things were locked up here, except what aunt Ibby and cousin Andy Sanders had carried off. Our sale was to be in January. The snow was knee-deep in the yard, and drifted even on the porch, but tracks showed where aunt Ibby walked when she got out a load of provisions and bedclothes. She had the front door key, and took even the blue-and-white coverlid with birds wove in, that I heard mother say was to be Mrar's, and the canned fruit for fear it would freeze, when our cellar is warmer than their stove. She said to uncle Moze, when I was by unbeknown, that Mrar and me would have ten times as much property as

her children, anyhow, and she ought to be paid more for keeping us. She might had our money, for all I cared, but I did not know how to stand her robbing things out of mother's house, and wished the sale would come quick, and scatter them all.

The Whizzer leant his chin on his breast and looked pitiful out of his eyes at Mrar, for seemed like the tears had a notion to freeze on her face, only she kept them running down too fast; and he says:

"Let's go into the house."

"Oh, do, Steeley!" says Mrar, hugging my knee, for I was alongside the sled. "And I'll cook all your dinners. And we'll hang up our Christmas stockings every Sunday," says she, "and aunt Ibby's boys won't durse to take away my lead pencil mother give me, and if you see them coming here, you'll set Bounce on them."

"Mrar," says I, "we will go in and make a fire and act like mother's just gone out to a neighbor's."

Then she begun to laugh, and one of her tears stuck to an in-spot that comes and goes in her face like it was dented with your finger.

"But now you mind," I says, "if aunt Ibby or uncle Moze goes to whip us for this, you tell them I put you up to it and made you go along with me."

Mrar looked scared.

"And you tell them," says the Whizzer, lifting his wheel across the snow toward the gate, "that I put you both up to it and made you go along with me."

I pulled Mrar over the drifts, and we went to the side door.

"Aunt Ibby's got the big key," I says, "and I'll have to raise a window while you wait here."

The windows were all locked down, but we went round and round till the one in the shed give way, and I crawled through and bursted the latch off the kitchen door. I breathed so fast it made my heart thump when I unlocked the side door and let the Whizzer and Mrar into the sitting-room. I noticed then he'd hung his wheel on the limb of a tree, for it glittered.

"Bounce ain't here to jump on us, is he, Mrar?" says I.

"No; and he hates to stay at cousin Andy Sanders's," says she.

Bounce would come to the schoolhouse and kind of cry till I asked the master, "Please may I go out?" And then Bounce and me'd have a talk behind the schoolhouse, and I'd tell him I could not help it, and he'd own that he might live at aunt Ibby's with us if he could only keep from chawing up their miserable yellow dogs; and we'd both feel better.

But I did miss him that minute I opened the door, when here he come like a house a-fire, and lit down on the floor panting and pounding his tail and laughing; and then he jumped up and pawed us in the dark till Mrar had to hold him round the neck to keep him still while I got a light. He must snuffed our tracks when we whizzed past cousin Andy Sanders's.

I felt to the pantry and put my hand in the candle box, but aunt Ibby never left one. I knew there's a piece in a candlestick in the shed cupboard, though. It burnt half out the night mother died. So I got it, and the Whizzer scraped a match, and lit the wick. The Whizzer and me set to, then, and brought in loads from the woodhouse. We built a fire clear up into the chimney, and Mrar took the broom, and swept all the dust into it. Bounce laid on the carpet and licked at us, and whacked his tail till we's in a broad laugh.

The fire got me warmer than I'd been since mother died. The Whizzer took out a thick gold watch, and wound our clock and set it. Then he says:

"Let's go over the house."

And we did. I carried the candle, and Mrar and the dog went along.

The Whizzer looked in all the up-stairs presses, and opened the bureau drawers. I staid outside of the parlor, and Mrar and Bounce did too. I did not want to think of the sheet stretched in the corner, for it was not like mother under the sheet. But her picture hung up in there, and so did my father's.

The Whizzer staid in with the candle a good while. I heard him going from one thing to another, and wondered what he was about. I'd rather gone out to the graveyard, though, and set on the fence watching mother's and father's graves, and heard the dry sumac bushes scrape together, than to stepped into the parlor. Father died a year before mother, but I didn't like him the same as I did her.

Then we looked down cellar; and I thought I ought to tell the Whizzer about the provisions and bedclothes being taken out of the house, or he'd suppose mother never kept us nice. He smiled under his cap; and I found one jar of cand'ed honey behind some bar'ls where aunt Ibby overlooked it. We carried that up to the sitting-room. Mrar likes cand'ed honey better than anything.

Just as we come into the sitting-room, I heard somebody pound on the front door.

"They're after us!" says Mrar.

"Let me see to it," says the Whizzer.

So he stepped around the house, and came back with his wheel on his arm, and held the door open. The snow made out-doors light; and we saw a little fellow lead a horse and buggy through the yard into the barn lot, and he came right in, carrying a couple of baskets.

"All right, Sam," says the Whizzer. "Put your horse in the stable, and then build a fire in the kitchen stove."

The man he called Sam stopped to warm himself at our hearth, and I never saw such a looking creature before. He had a cap with a button on top of his head, and his hair was braided in a long tail behind. He laughed, and his eyes glittered; and they sloped up like a ladder set against the house. He was just as yellow as brass, and wore a cloth circular with big sleeves, but the rest of him looked like other folks. Mrar went back into the corner, and I noticed the Whizzer set his wheel against the wall, and I wondered if he'd left it out for a sign so the little yellow man would know where to stop.

The yellow man went out to his horse, and the Whizzer took off his cap and gloves and coat, and hung them in the sitting-room closet. He looked nice. His eyes snapped, and his hair was cut off close, except a brush right along the middle of his head. We set our chairs up to the fire, and I watched him and watched him.

"If you and that fellow travel together," I says, "what makes him go in a buggy, and you on a wheel?"

"Oh, I like the bicycle," says he. "I've run thousands of miles on it. I sent Sam out from San Francisco by the railroad, but I came through on the wheel. It took me three months."

I thought he was a funny man, but I liked him, too.

When Sam came in from the stable, Mrar and I went to the kitchen and saw him cook supper. For one of the baskets was jam-full of vittles. He heated a roasted turkey, and made oyster soup and mashed potatoes and chopped cabbage. There were preserves the Whizzer called Scotch, and hot rolls, and jelly, and cold chicken, and little round cakes that melted in your mouth, and pickles, and nuts, and oranges; and we put the cand'ed honey on the table. The coffee smelt like Thanksgiving. Sam waited on us, and I eat till I's ashamed. We never expected to have such a dinner in mother's house any more.

When Mrar and I got down and begun to toss our oranges, the Whizzer told Sam to clear the things away and have his supper in the kitchen, and then to fix the beds as comfortable as he could. I'd made up my mind even if the Whizzer did travel ahead that Mrar and m'd stay there all night. Aunt Ibby's would think we were at cousin Andy Sanders's, and cousin Andy Sanders's would think we were at aunt Ibby's.

He sat in mother's big chair before the fire and I felt willing. If it had been uncle Moze in the chair I wouldn't felt willing. When a stick broke on the dog-irons we piled on more wood, and the clock ticked and struck nine, and I wished we's never going away from there again. Mrar and I played and jumped, and he was blind man, and we had solid fun till we's tired out. I showed him my books, for I never took one to uncle Moze's. The boys there make you give up everything, and they lick their dirty thumbs to turn leaves.

Mrar and I stood and looked into the glass doors of the bookcase like we used to when the fire made them like a looking-glass, and there were our faces, hers round and wide between the eyes, and curly-headed; and mine long, and narrow between the eyes, and my hair in a black roach.

I told the Whizzer she better have a bed made down by the fire, considering the blankets and comforts were most all out a-visiting, and he guessed so, too; and Sam helped me bring lots of quilts and a feather tick from my old room to fix up the lounge with. Sam went into the kitchen and slept by the stove.

Then I undressed Mrar, and heard her prayers after I tucked her in. She's six years old, and

dressed herself before mother died, all but hooking up. I hooked her up, and sometimes she'd swell out for mischief when she ought to swell in. But now I tended to her entirely because she missed her mother. The Whizzer acted like he saw something in the fire, but when Mrar was asleep and I sat down by him, he pushed up my roach, and he says:

"You're a very fatherly little fellow, Steele Pedicord."

It put me in mind to ask him if he's Sam's father, but he laughed out loud at the notion.

"Sam's smaller than you and he minds so well," says I. "And I never saw a man that was so handy at girl's work."

"Sam is an excellent fellow," says the Whizzer, "but I don't deserve to have a Chinaman called my son."

"Oh!" I says. "Is he a Chinaman? Well, I've read about them, but I never saw one before."

Then I concluded to ask the Whizzer what his own name was. But just then he got up from his chair and brought the other basket to the fire.

"Do you know who Santa Claus is?" he says, talking low.

"I found that out two years ago," says I, "but it's just as much fun."

"Well, get her little stockings, then," he says, and I got them.

"I thought you'd like to do this yourself," says the Whizzer. He acted just like mother.

We took the things out of the basket. There were toy sheep and dogs, and dolls and tubs and dishes, and underneath them all kinds of candies, enough to treat a school. I felt like the Whizzer was Santa Claus. We stuffed her little stockings till they stood alone, like kags, and tied bundles to them, and fastened them together and hung them on the mantel-piece. Bounce'd wake up and watch us, and then he'd doze off, for Bounce was fuller of turkey-bones than he ever expected to be again; and Mrar slept away, looking like a doll in the fireshine.

THE WHIZZER LOOKED PITHUT OUT OF HIS EYES AT MRAR.

But all at once Bounce gave a jump and a bark. Back went the door like the wind had tore it open, and there stood uncle Moze, and aunt Ibby, and cousin Andy Sanders, and the Widow Briggs's grown son, and two or three men behind them. They all looked scared or mad, and aunt Ibby's face was so white that her moles all bristled.

"This is a pretty how-to-do," says she, speaking up loud like she did on wash-days, or times she took a stick and drove the boys to the wood-pile. "What's going on in this house to-night? fires, and candles burning, and travellers putting up, and children running away when they're let go some place else to stay all night! You little sneak," says she, "you'll get one such a whipping as you ached for when your mother was alive."

"Stop, stop," says the Whizzer peaceably, shaking his head at her.

"What are you doing in this house?" says cousin Andy Sanders. "Are you the man I saw go past my place to-night on that wheel, pulling the children?"

"I am," says the Whizzer, "and I've been making notes of the personal property that has been carried out of the house."

"Well," says uncle Moze, "I'm the constable and this is my posse."

The Whizzer laughed, and he says, "This thornbush is my thornbush, and this dog my dog."

I did not know what he meant and they acted as if they did not either.

"I arrest you," says uncle Moze, "for breaking into a house and disturbing the peace."

"You can't do it," says the Whizzer.

"Go in and take him," says uncle Moze to the other men.

"Because this is my house," says the Whizzer.

I swallowed my breath when he said that.

"I wish you'd shut the door," he says; "and since to-morrow is Christmas, and I don't want to harbor any ill-will, you can shut it behind instead of in front of you. I'm Steele Pedicord, this boy's father as you might all know by looking at me."

Even cousin Andy Sanders didn't jump any more than I did, but I jumped for gladness, and seemed like he jumped for something else.

"I'm appointed guerdeen to the children," he says, "and I don't want any impudent talk from a stranger."

"You pretend you don't know me, Andy Sanders," says the Whizzer, "but I always knew you. You expected to settle on their land, while Moze and his wife pillaged their goods. I didn't grow up with you for nothing."

"Steele Pedicord died when that boy was a year old," says aunt Ibby, and she looked so awful and so big I could hardly bear to watch her. "He was killed by the Indians on his way from Californy, after he sent his money home."

"He was only kept prisoner by the Indians," says my father, "and sick and ill-used. But he had no notion he was dead till he got away after a few years, and heard his widow was married again, and even mother to another child."

"It's a likely story," says cousin Andy Sanders, "that a man wouldn't come forward and claim his own in such a case."

"Your notion of a man and mine never did agree, Andy Sanders," says my father. "She wasn't to blame, and her second husband was my best friend. The boy and girl are mine now, and I'll see to them."

"It's some robbing scheme," says aunt Ibby, but she looked as if she knew him well enough.

"I've more to give them than you could have taken from them," he says, "and you may begin to investigate to-night. Is that the Widow Briggs's boy?" he says.

The Briggs boy came up and shook hands with him, and the other men stepped in and shook hands, too. They all begun to talk. But uncle Moze, and aunt Ibby, and cousin Andy Sanders left the door, and I heard them slam the gate.

Mrar slept right along, though the neighbors talked so loud and fast; and I sat down on the lounge at her feet, wondering what she would say Christmas morning when she found out the Whizzer was my own father, that mother thought was dead since I's a year old!

I felt so queer and glad that something in me whizzed like the wheel, and while my father was not looking, and everybody sat up to the fire asking questions, I slipped over and tried to hug it around the cranks that he wiggled with his feet.

You can read pieces about Santa Claus coming on a sledge, but that's nothing to having your own father — that you think is dead and gone — ride up like a regular Whizzer and open the house for Christmas!

SONGS OF PRAISES.

By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

IN a dried old mow, that was once, alas!
A living glory of waving grass,
A cricket made merry one winter's day,
And answered me this, in a wondrous way,
When I cried, half sharply, "Thou poor old thing!
How canst thou sit in the dark and sing,
While for all thy pleasure of youth thou starvest?"
—"I'm the voice of praise that came in with the harvest!"

I went away to the silent wood,
And down in the deep, brown solitude,
Where nothing blossomed, and nothing stirred,
Up rose the note of a little bird.
"Why carollest thou in the death of the year,
Where nobody travelleth by to hear?"
—"I sing to God, though there be no comer,
Praise for the past, and the promise of summer!"

I stopped by the brook that, overglassed
With icy sheathing, seemed prisoned fast;
Yet there whispered up a continual song,
From the life underneath that urged along.
"O blind little brook, that canst not know
Whither thou runnest, why chantest so?"
—"I don't know what I may find or be,
But I'm praising for this: I am going to see!"

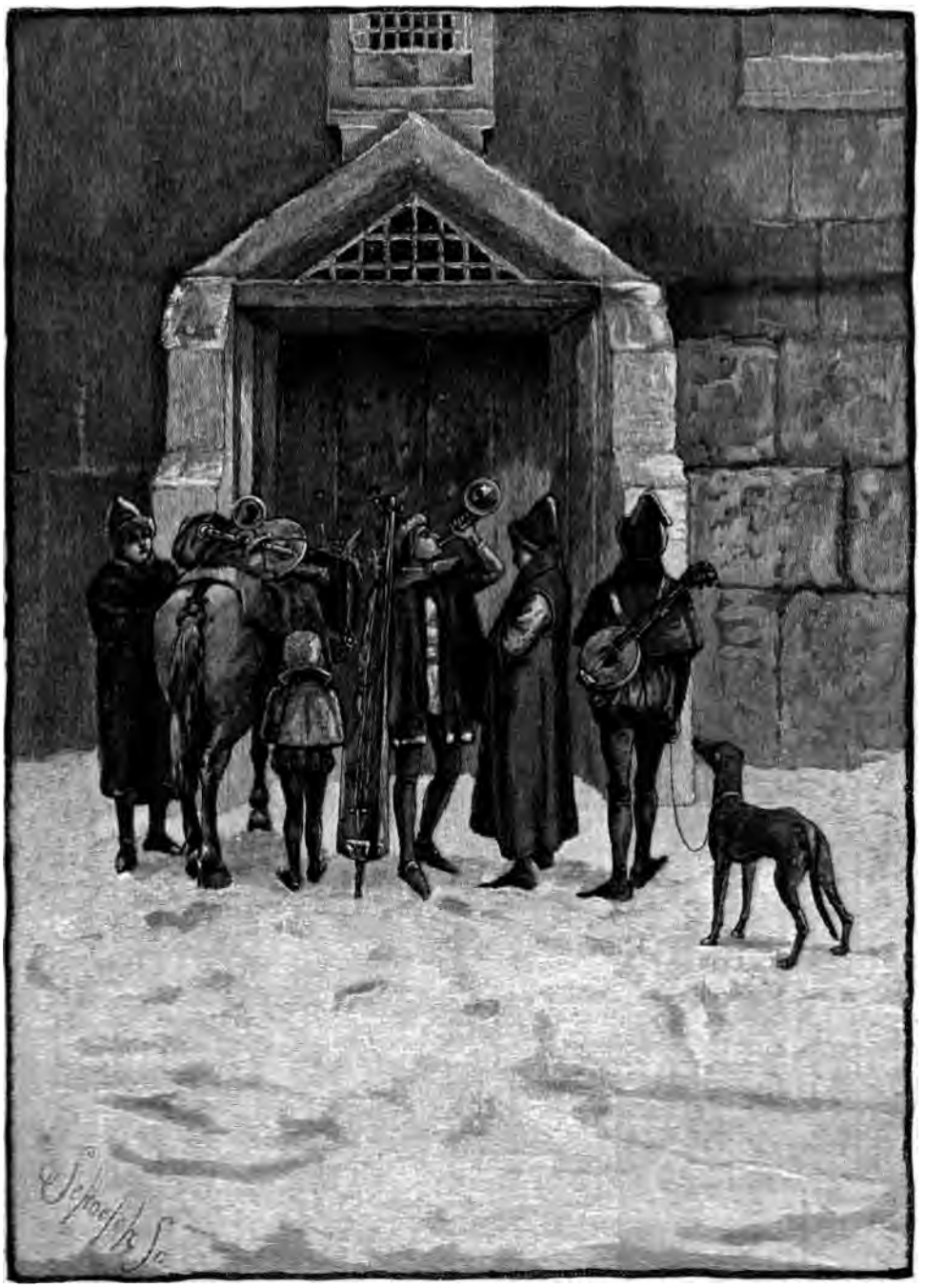
THE TROUBADOURS.

By George Foster Barnes.

PLACED in the broad light of our practical times, the history of those old days when the Troubadours flourished seems like a story, or, as Napoleon would have said, "a fable agreed upon."

The Troubadours were men who made the composition and recitation of poetry a profession. Many of them were actors, and mimics, and jugglers, and the profession was at one time a very lucrative one, its members frequently retiring from business loaded with gold and valuable goods given them by the wealthy people whom they had amused. An old song relates how one of them was paid from the king's own long purse with much gold and "white monie."

To be a Troubadour then, was to be a juggler, a poet, a musician, a master of dancing, a conjurer, a wrestler, a performer of sleight-of-hand, a boxer, and a trainer of animals. Their variety of accomplishments is indicated by the figures on the front of a chapel in France, erected by their united contributions. It was consecrated in September, 1335. One of the figures represented a Troubadour, one a minstrel, and one a juggler, "each with his various instruments." Like others occupied in a trade or profession at that time and since, they bound themselves into one great society, or "trade union;" and we are told that they had a king It is certain that they often travelled in companies from place to place in search of



BEFORE THE CASTLE GATES AT NIGHTFALL.

employment; and often in midwinter they appeared before the castle gates at nightfall, a group of crimson, and violet, and velvet-black, relieved against the shadowed snow.

The richer class of Troubadours did not travel at this season. They remained at home during the winter and composed, or learned new verses, and thus prepared themselves for a fresh campaign; and with the first upspringing of the grass they came forth like song birds, flocking joyously from city to city, from castle to castle, with their flutes and rebecs, their wonderful stories of Arthur's Round Table, of wild horses of the forest bearing fair maidens lashed to their backs forever, of towers dragon-guarded.

The life of the wandering Troubadour must needs have been one of romance and adventure. Not infrequently did he picture to the life in his lyric some well-known character of the day and the neighborhood; and it followed that if the hero of the song or recital was of a revengeful nature, the Troubadour was frequently waylaid and well pounded. It is related of one that while returning from a visit to a certain lord, having reached a deep and dangerous forest, he was suddenly set upon by thieves who haunted these gloomy shades. They took from him his horse, his money, and even his clothing, and were about to kill him, when the captive Troubadour begged to be allowed to sing one more song before he died. Obtaining consent, he began to sing most melodiously in praise of thievery and of these particular thieves, whom he so delighted with his sweet compliments and admiration that they "returned him his horse, his money, and everything they had taken from him!"

THE TROUBADOUR SINGING TO THE THIEVES.

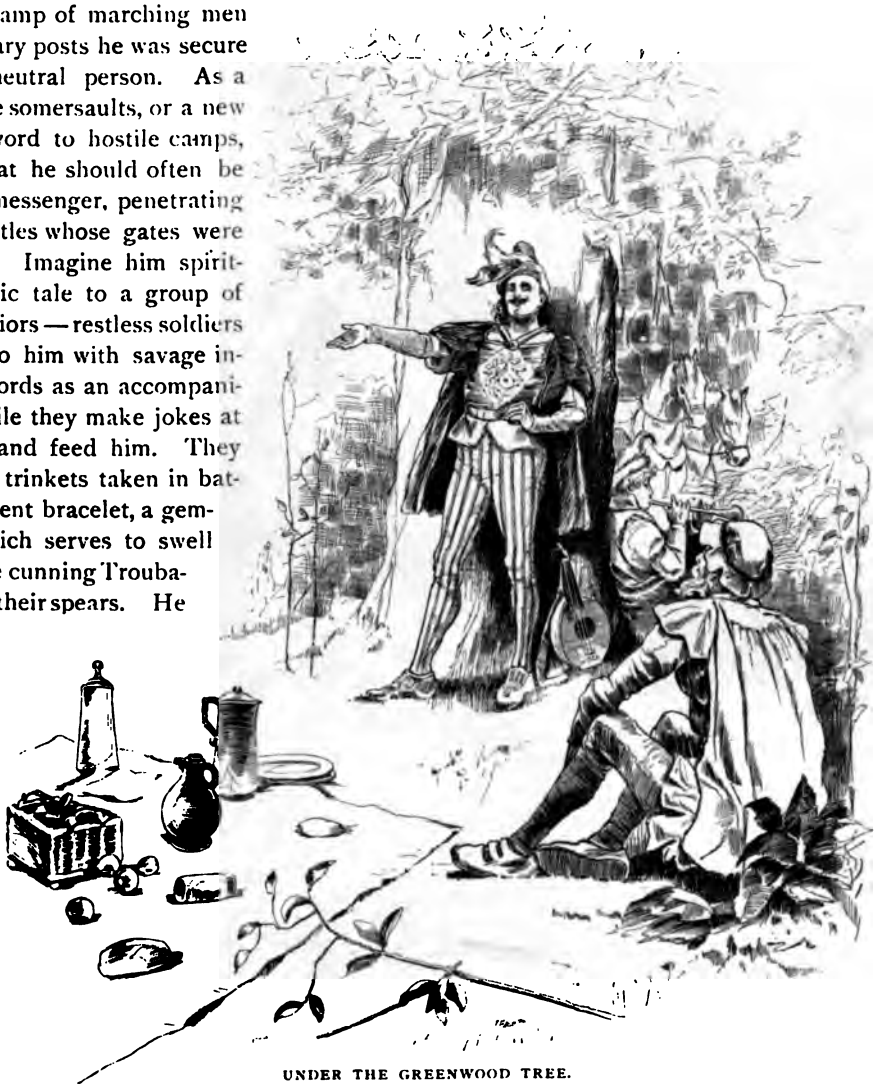
But there were often pleasanter scenes "under the greenwood tree." Picture to yourself a company of the merry singers, in fantastic array, halted beneath the broad and protecting boughs. Can you not hear the jest go round, the free laugh ring out, and echoing in the old woodland, as these Troubadours, those human songsters, revel in the joy of their out-of-door life, and breathing the

healthful airs of the forest? What is the world of war and loss, burning castles and tumbling thrones, to them? What but so much material for moving, thrilling song?

These roving minstrels were often of great secret service to armies in time of war, for they could travel where others could not, and many were the momentous missions they undertook. The Troubadour was always free to go and come, a welcome guest, a jolly good fellow. The camp fires might be burning, armies moving from base to base, but amid the tramp of marching men and the shifting of military posts he was secure in his privilege as a neutral person. As a song, the turning of three somersaults, or a new jest was sufficient password to hostile camps, it naturally followed that he should often be employed as a spy or messenger, penetrating outer lines, and into castles whose gates were closed by armed men. Imagine him spiritedly reciting some heroic tale to a group of rough and iron-clad warriors — restless soldiers of fortune, who listen to him with savage interest, clinking their swords as an accompaniment to his song. While they make jokes at his expense they house and feed him. They reward him with curious trinkets taken in battle, a quaint ring, or ancient bracelet, a gem-crusted drinking-cup, which serves to swell his possessions. But the cunning Troubadour takes the number of their spears. He spies the secret gates where the men go in and out at night bearing supplies of provisions and arms. He learns the plans for tomorrow's foraging. In short, a song, a simple story, a few amusing tricks, secretly turns the tide of battle, settles the fate of kings and queens.

Among the many unhappy queens of merry England, Eleanora of Aquitaine stands in her place. Her reign was full of trouble and misfortune, although Henry the Second was a most peace-loving king of his time. Referring to her ambitious and captive son, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by the way, was a Troubadour, she describes herself in one of her letters to the Pope: "*Eleanora, by the wrath of God. Queen of England.*"

Well, the turbulence of her reign was often due to the war songs of Troubadours; for if ever it occurred that her impetuous sons were inclined to a season of peace, the Troubadours always broke into their retirement with passionate and boastful *tensons* which urged them to revolt and battle. As the *Marseillaise* has resounded in the streets of Paris in our time, inspiring men and women with feelings of enthusiasm and reckless



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

valor, so certain subtle recitations of the minstrels roused the insurgent sons of Eleanora to rebellion and deeds of blood. The peace of a kingdom, the ties of kindred, the affairs of state, were overturned by a mere song. Chief of these political Troubadours, and a personal friend of these warlike sons of Eleanora, was the Baron Bertrand de Bosn. This French nobleman was a born revolutionist, impetuous, violent, and his verses on the lips of Troubadours, penetrated England, France, and Spain, exciting passion, distrust, and hatred among high and low. So skilful was he in creating discord and manipulating intrigue, that Dante fittingly assigned him a place in the *Inferno*. Eleanora herself was the granddaughter of one of the earliest Troubadours, whose works have reached down to our day; and many of the songs of that day are addressed to her. One of her Troubadour train, after a life of devotion to poetry and romance, became a monk and ended

IN THE REIGN OF ELEANOR OF PROVENCE.

his days amid the sober scenes and subduing influences of an abbey in the Limousin.

Retiring from the world into the bosom of the Church, seems to have been a favorite closing act among the Troubadours. Many of them did so from ignoble or selfish motives, but some were actuated by religious convictions, no doubt. Great ladies, also, whose beauty had been made famous by the Troubadours, frequently sought in the end, peaceful nunneries from which they never came forth again.

Many of the productions of the Troubadours contained from fifteen to twenty thousand verses, and therefore required much time in the delivery, especially as they were accompanied by music. When one performer became weary another took his place, and thus continued the linked sweetness to an almost endless length. The Troubadour was a reformer of manners and the creator of many pleasing offices, some of which exist to this day. For instance: In the reign of Eleanor of Provence, queen of England, we have our first glimpse of a poet-laureate; and the office since become so glorious with song, undoubtedly sprung out of the literary tastes of the Provençal queen, who was herself a singer, and had been surrounded in her youth by Troubadours and minstrels. But this kindly harboring of Troubadours came near being the death of the king, her husband; for one night a gentleman known as "a mad poet" was so well used in the hall that he got into high spirits and amused the royal household by "joculating for their entertainment, and singing some choice minstrelsy." But he seems all the while to have had another end in view, for at a convenient moment he crept into the king's bedchamber armed with a very sharp knife which he plunged into the royal couch. Fortunately the king was not there, and although the mad poet called loudly for Henry, demanding that he show himself and be killed, the search was in vain. The poor poet had to pay for this attempt, being executed at Coventry.

For many years the Troubadours continued to sing at ancient windows and in lordly halls. But their numbers gradually grew less, until few were left of all that happy profession. As times grew more peaceful, and pleasanter occupations increased, the romance of chivalry, the wild legendry of feudal courts and fields waned in interest for the people, until only an occasional stroller was seen no more in princely dress, slowly travelling along some lonely road in quest of such warmth or comfort as a charitable or inquisitive person might give him by listening to his worn-out songs. Instead of receiving a cloak of cloth of silver inwoven with gold as a reward, he was content with a bed of straw. There is much pathos in those lines of Walter Scott which describe the last minstrel as forsaken by all except an orphan boy:

THE LAST MINSTREL.

> The bigots of the iron time
> Had called his harmless art a crime.
> A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
> He begged his bread from door to door;
> And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
> The harp a king had loved to hear.

THE BISHOP TELLS STORIES.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

By Mrs. Emma Huntington Nason.

TELL you about it? Of course I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,
For mamma said *I* must be quiet and still,
And she put away my whistle and drum —

And made me unharness the parlor chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off up-stairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the Bishop is coming to town
The house must be in order, you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide-and-seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the Bishop was coming — to stay a week —

And she must make cookies and cake and pies,
And fill every closet and platter and pan,
Till I thought this Bishop, so great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well! at last he came; and I do declare,
Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice, and his silvery hair,
And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read or talked or prayed,
I understood every single word;
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
Though I never once spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right out
To see me sit quietly listening so;
And began to tell us stories about
Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain — and then
He *wasn't* disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the banister-rails in the hall sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the Bishop — he didn't care for cake,
And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honored in word and act —
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now) —
He couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!
But whispered to me to tell him how.

A BRAVE GIRL.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

CHAPTER II.

Happy Hill, Mass., March, 18——

My dear Daughter:

It is said to be inelegant to begin a letter with excuses for not writing. I hope you will remember this, and be more elegant than your mother. My excuse is the biggest part of my news this time, and must be pardoned to me.

I am sorry to have missed two mails, for I know you like to hear from me promptly on Tuesdays, but I really could not help it this time. I have had one of my blind headaches, and Slam has cut his foot badly, besides several other characteristic mishaps; and Mary Ann has gone to a cousin's husband's funeral, and Mrs. Doherty could not help me, because her Tim has the mumps; and your aunt Serena has been here on a visit; and it was my week to have the Art Club; and they have diphtheria at the parsonage, which has excited us all a little, because of Slam's being at the same school with Bobby.

Of course, we are very sorry for *them* — at the parsonage, I mean — and we feel anxious for Mrs. Burney, because she can never be induced to employ homœopathic treatment. I had also begun to clean house before Mary Ann left me in the lurch.

There has been another reason, however, why I did not get my letter off as usual. Your father has not been as well. We are so used to seeing him ailing for so many years that I really did not get it into my head till Sunday that anything special was the matter. He went about as usual, and saw all his patients, and, beyond great depression of spirits, I saw nothing to trouble me until Sunday morning, when down he came with a regular congestive chill.

For a few hours he was pretty sick. You know since his army life, he is liable to these acute attacks at any time, but they so seldom occur that they seem as remote as death to me, until they are on us. I should, of course, have telegraphed for you had he not quickly come out of it. He sent to Worcester for that little round doctor he has such confidence in over there, and was soon relieved. But of course he has been weak since, and required my care pretty closely. He saw his office patients to-day, and will be out again in a few days, without doubt. You need not feel the slightest concern about him. He sends his dear love, and bids me tell you he is all right.

Slam would send love, but since he tumbled into the river — I forgot to tell you he tumbled into the river Saturday afternoon, and was brought home unconscious, and your father had to roll him in the office for quite a while to bring him to, and when he *came* to, he said he didn't mind it as much as he did last time, but of course we had the scare all the same, though it is impossible to feel as if Slam could really do more than scare us — since he tumbled into the river and cut his foot on the hatchet, and lost his football, and sat down on the squash-pies in the dark, and traded off his stamp-album for a bicycle that won't go, and can't be mended, *he* has been a good deal depressed, too. So, in fact, I shouldn't think of asking him to send love to anybody till the state of his temper improves.

About your going to Boston: I see no objection to the plan, neither does your father. Of course you will manage to give us a *part* of your vacation. But we shall gladly spare you to so pleasant and profitable a visit if it is best for you. We want to see you sorely: but we do not mean to be selfish with our children.

The Holbrookes are truly cultivated and delightful people, and Fern is a lady in every sense of the word. It is an acquaintance which I shall be glad to have you make. Your father remembers Mr. Holbrooke at Harvard. He was in

the class above him; but they met on some college review, I believe, in some capacity.

You will please remember me affectionately to Fern, and tell her we shall depend upon her returning your visit.

I have deferred till the last the first point which will have presented itself to you. Is your father's state of health such as to cast any doubt upon the wisdom of your going to Boston before you come home?

There is, of course, a possibility that this may be so; but I really do not see any reason to expect that you will have to change your plans in the least. Doctor Stout assures me that there is no danger, and your father himself seems to have no anxiety about his own case. I think you had better go right on, and make your visit, unless I send word to the contrary.

I will write again soon. If anything occurs to make me change my present opinion, you shall know promptly.

With love from all (Slam has just come in on stilts, which he declares are easier to walk on than a lame foot, and volunteers his share of the family affection, besides adding that he had most forgotten you), I am

Your affectionate mother,
ELLEN F. ROLLINSTALL.

The days were not so many as the hopes and fears, the thoughts and words that trooped after the coming of the letter from Happy Hill, through the two girls' hearts, before it was followed in due season by a second, firmer in tone, in fact so explicit, as to leave Loto in no doubt whether her duty and her pleasure lay in the same direction. This was the second letter:

MY DEAR LOTO:

I hasten to tell you that your father is quite himself again. He is on his rounds as usual, and absorbed in some acute cases. Except for a little weakness, natural after such an attack, and perhaps a more than common sensitiveness to colds, I see no difference whatever in him.

I think therefore, decidedly, that you had better spend your week with Fern, as you have planned, and do it on your way to us, giving us the last, and so the sweetest morsel of your vacation. I fully appreciate all you say, about desiring to come if you are in the least needed. If there were really anything whatever to be thought of your father's condition, of course, you would want to be here. As it is, I honestly think it would *worry* him if you altered your arrangements. He is very sensitive about being considered ill, and averse to any allusions of the sort. I have no longer the slightest doubt about your going to Boston. Wear your brown travelling-dress, and don't get off your furs too soon. Boston aches with east winds. Is your dark silk in good condition? How are you off for stockings? I hope you will see that all your underclothing is in perfect order before you go. It is so long since I have looked over your mending, that I have my doubts what state things are in. Do you need fresh lace for your light silk? If so, let me know. I will send you that Honiton of Grandmother's; there is plenty of it. Are you out of gloves? You may possibly have occasion for evening dress at Mrs. Holbrooke's, and may not, as your visit is short. Don't expect them to do too much for you. You are only a schoolgirl, remember. Make yourself useful and lovable to your host if you can. It is not possible to be too careful about the little courtesies of visiting.

Are your shoes in good order, neat, and all the buttons on? Don't take off your rubbers while it is still damp. I will write you again in Boston.

Good-by! Father sends his dear love always. Your loving MOTHER.

Slam's foot is quite well. He broke a finger at the base-ball match, yesterday; but your father set it.

M.

And still the days were not so many as the hopes and joys, the plans and councils, the confidences and uncertainties with which the vacation was ushered into Northampton. The college was nervous now with home-longing and home-loving, and the final examinations of the studious winter term. Some of the girls laughed too much. Some cried too often. Some studied too hard. Some studied too little. The tension of the term had snapped, and it was time to let the taut cord go.

Loto stood on the steps waiting for her trunk to come down the college stairs in the artistic way not peculiar to Northampton hackmen — a surgical process as regarded the stairs and banisters, and not a religious one as concerned the hackman's temper. She and Fern were to go by the morning train to Springfield, thence by the express to Boston; an easy little journey savagely envied by the Kansas girl, and regarded jealously by the Vermonters. Fern had kissed all the teachers. Loto had cordially shaken hands with them. The matron was there, and a blur of girls — Mary Mace, and the green-and-pink Dodge girl, Daisy Dubbs, and Nelly Hope, and indefinite juniors, and the usual proportion of omnipresent sophomores, and the little frizzed freshman and the professor of physics, coming up the path. It was only the usual bustle of the usual parting; but Loto felt keenly excited. Her color was high, and her eyes bright and dry. Her curls seemed electric, and stirred nervously under her pretty brown hat, with the brown grebe's breast at one side. She tapped the muddy ground impatiently with her silk umbrella, but said little. She did not cry. Fern did, more or less. Loto did not see what there was to cry about.

Girls *will* kiss. Who can say why? Eve

to succumbed to the racial habit, and gave, or lured, according to the case, till the driver had tilated the stairs and door-jambs to his heart's ıtent, and the professor of physics had lifted hat, and the matron had asked if they had ir waterproofs, and "Good-by," and "Good-by," l "Good-by," had chirped and twittered and ıoed after them, and somebody had said they e late already, and somebody else had said y must drive fast, and the horses had started h a classical languor, and the driver had made eral remarks to them, with the repose of a man was solving a problem in the higher mathe- ics — and so we are off at last.

It does not seem possible," says Fern, who ays says something, in her lady-like, unorigi- way. It seems to Loto quite possible, and she nothing. She leans looking out of the car- e window earnestly back at the college. The iliar outlines of the buildings blur before her . The snow is melting on the paths. The sky is over all. Girls are everywhere — at open windows, in the doors, on the steps — bronze, black, red, green, gray girls, clustered flowers. They nod and smile. They wave cry. Mary Mace, apart from the others, ıds silently. She shields her eyes with her d, gazing at Loto with her steady, affectionate . She has on her economical old morning- s, that she promised her mother to wear out term. What a good girl that is! What a ıfort she will be to the hearts that are "nearest ," all her life! Nelly Hope, coming up from ind, pulls Mary's net off, and drops a very cold ıny down her neck, at which Loto laughs mer- wet eyes and all; she always enjoys seeing ıry squirm; Mary does it in such a dignified y. Daisy Dubbs is there, waddling about to ow fat kisses at Fern, and the sophomores are re, who are always everywhere, and the little zzed freshman, twirling her earrings, calls out ıt it is perfectly lovely to have vacation come — d so vacation comes. All the sweet girl out- es fade — Daisy Dubbs being the last to ıappear from view; the carriage turns the cor- r, the college buildings flash out of sight, and wn through the little busy town the girls ride ently.

At least, Loto rides silently. Fern volunteers few generalizations of a gentle, sentimental cast, but Loto answers nothing. Her thoughts take a grave, strange color. That idea about the figures on a frieze comes back to her, as the girls slip from her sight. They seem to move solemnly, like a Greek procession wending upon some sad errand. She wonders what it would be like to live a life without girls in it — unlimited girls — ever-present girls — to be without their fun, their sentiment, their long confidences and short sorrows, and bubbling frolic, and young sympathies, the sweet variety and excitement of it all — how odd! Loto thanks Heaven that she is coming back to college, dabs her eyes a little with her pocket-handkerchief, shakes her curls like a spaniel, kisses Fern in the seclusion of the old hack, and is joyously herself again in time to buy the tickets, and check the luggage, and strap the shawls, and hand Fern into the cars in a gentlemanly manner.

Fern lived in Beacon street. This might be to say one of several things, but in Fern's case it was to say very pleasant things all the way through. She had a truly quiet, unpretending, and exquisite home. Her parents had lived in the house ever since the early years of their marriage, and Fern's grandfather had lived there before them. The house was situated about opposite the lower end of the Common, or the upper end of the Public Garden, and had the best that the miserly New England March permitted in the way of a view from the front. Loto, who was country born, looked for the trees and the grass, as a general standard by which to appreciate Beacon street. She was not, she was conscious, as much impressed with the landscape as she was expected to be. But the house itself delighted her; the quiet colors of the upholstery, the thickness of the carpets, the pictures, the books, the warm, even air, the wax candles in old silver candlesticks, the open fires burning softly, with such a brilliant disregard of the price of cannel coal — all the luxurious and ordered details appealed to her taste more than any she remembered to have seen. Loto had been in handsome houses before, but Fern's home affected her differently from any she could think of. Possibly this was because Fern was in it. Possibly it was because Fern was the result of such a home.

"When you come to see me," said Loto, "you must expect to sleep on an excelsior cot, and we

don't have much but hash for dinners. Fish-balls occasionally. And pumpkin pies," solemnly.

"*Loto!*" cried Fern, lifting her pretty, perplexed face to be kissed. She never half knew where Loto's fun began and her facts ended.

"We *don't* eat in the kitchen," continued Loto, with merry eyes, "at least, only when we're house-cleaning, or Sundays, to let the cook go to church, or times like that. And we *do* use silver forks — but my goodness gracious! Fern, you'll feel as if you'd gone out for country boarding. Can't help it! Like my home for all that. Jolly home! Not ashamed of it, thank you. And my father — oh, *oh*, my father! You'll love *him*, Fern. If ever there was a gentleman — mother's another. So is yours. How *sure* she is, Fern."

"I don't know," said Fern, vaguely, as they went down stairs, arm in arm; "I like my mother, if that's what you mean."

Fern had a very likeable mother; a stately woman, who had been handsome, and carried herself still with the air which no woman ever wears who has not had beauty. She welcomed Loto warmly, never oversaying anything. She sat straight at the table, and handled the little silver teapot with a remarkably beautiful hand.

Loto perceived at once that she was going to admire Mrs. Holbrooke intensely. Fern's father was a dignified man, with courtly manners, whom Loto proudly compared with her own father, with secret exultance. There was no other in all the world like *him*. Loto chatted modestly and brightly. They talked of the college, and the election, and Beacon street, and Fern. Fern was lovely with happiness. She sat by her handsome mother, and they cooed together like two turtle-doves — the mother's voice, Loto noticed, had the same sweet monotone as the daughter's. Loto looked lovingly

GOING DOWN TO DINNER.

at her friend across the cosey elegance of the bright table. She thought how good a time she was going to have, for ten days, in this charming house.

When the soup had been taken away, apologizing for his lateness, merry, tall, handsome, hearty, like a west wind, came Egbert.

Loto looked up with interest.

The young man did not see her at first. He came up gayly, to kiss his sister and mother; he did this with a touch of his father's courtliness, and a boy's emphasis.

"Car was blocked just the other side of the bridge," he began hastily to explain. "Horse tumbled down and undertook to die, so a lot of us fellows thought we'd walk, and we — Oh, I *beg* your pardon!"

"This is my brother, Miss Rollinstall," said Fern. Egbert bowed. On second thought, he came the length of the table, and shook hands with the guest.

"I'm very glad to see you here," he said heartily, after a moment's pause.

"You can't be as glad as I am to be here," said Loto, looking up at him. She looked straight at him. Her direct, bright eyes were not like every girl's. They did not droop, or coquette. She looked at him as straight as he did at her. She thought him a nice fellow. She was glad he had come.

Egbert took his seat beside her, and began to talk with her and Fern. He joked them about the Odyssey and their diplomas, and this and that, with the good-natured patronage to be expected of Harvard towards Smith. Loto defended her *Alma Mater* with spirit and good manners. Egbert drew her out. He laid little plots to catch her direct, unconscious look. He thought again, She is not like every girl.

After dinner, when they went up into the long parlors, they still talked merrily — a charming family group by the deep-hearted fire.

The gas was lowered in the chandeliers, behind soft, many-tinted silk or paper shields, and the fire gave the principal light, except for the great Carcelle-burner behind the pale-blue glass shade which Mr. Holbrooke liked for his eyes and the evening paper. In the corner of the room, a tender dimness lurked, that was neither darkness nor light; and out of this subdued distance, the tall carved chairs looked on like people who were enjoying themselves too much to speak. The mirrors gave but did not flash back faint outlines of the subdued lights, the pictures, and the happy group. There were beautiful pictures. Loto's eye, educated at the college art-school, took in their choiceness quickly. There was a Roman girl of William Hunt's she meant to like exceedingly when she had become acquainted with it.

But most, so far, she was prepared to care for a little marine view of Norton's — one great wave, over which a lonely gull was beating joyously. Over the mantel-piece, directly before her, was an engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's great Christ. Below it, among other ornaments to which she paid little attention, stood a statuette in bronze, of two figures, which impressed her.

"May I look?" she asked, rising, and hesitating before the bronze.

"Of course you may," said Mr. Holbrooke. "Let us see if you can tell us what it is. I'll make Smith's College a present of one of my pictures, sometime, if you can."

"The Higher Education of Woman is at stake," observed Egbert, with merry malice. "The growing future watches you, Miss Rollinstall — Don't tell her, Fern."

"Loto, my dear, don't mind them," said Mrs. Holbrooke compassionately.

"I don't mind them in the least," said Loto promptly, while she carefully examined the minute bronze faces of the statuette. "I don't expect to guess — I never guessed anything right — only once, how old Methuselah was, at Sunday-school, and *sometimes* I guess in Virgil. But, all the same, it's a lovely thing. How she looks at him! I can't *help* thinking I've seen *his* face before — Cicero! It isn't Cicero? Cicero and his daughter Tullia?"

"I knew you'd know!" cried Fern proudly.

"I give in," groaned Egbert, "to the whole thing after this — I'll petition our Overseers to admit Smith and Wellesley, Vassar, and — No, at Mount Holyoke, I stoutly draw the line."

"You shall have the picture — no, you shall have the statuette itself at Northampton," said Mr. Holbrooke, laughing, "when you and Fern graduate, my dear."

"We found it in Munich — " Mrs. Holbrooke began to tell the story of the statuette, and about the artist, and so on, and so on, and then the talk

branched off into something else, and Loto sat down among them, talking too. The little bronze statuette seemed to be conscious of her — the grave, fond father, the sweet, daughterly attitude, the dearness and delicacy of the looks that the two figures exchanged — but Loto herself had forgotten, or would have said she had forgotten. We do not always know our forgetting from our remembering.

"I thought you were going to the concert tonight, Egbert?" said Fern.

"Well, I was. But it's your first night at home, Sis. I kind of gave it up — that is, unless you'll go, and Miss Rollinstall" —

"Tickets?" asked Loto, capitally mimicking a conductor.

"It is true," sighed Egbert. "Every seat in the house was taken a week ago. You could have mine, you know, and I'd stand" —

"Oh, *no*, thank you!"

"We'll take her next week," urged Fern, "and to some matinée at the Museum, and to the Art Galleries, and drive down the Milldam, and over to Sue Adamses, and" —

"And out to Harvard and Bunker Hill, and round the frog-pond," interrupted Egbert.

"Sue is going to have a party on Thursday," suggested Mrs. Holbrooke. "Fern, you must take Loto there. I'll drop a word to Mrs. Adams about it."

Loto listened to it all, dreamily. She thought how kind her friends were. She thought how many bright and beautiful things there were in the world to do. She thought how happy she was, and how happy she was to be.

While they had been talking, Fern had crept over to her father, and was kneeling beside him, with both arms clasped about his shoulder, and her face upturned. It was almost the attitude of the Tullia, and Loto, remarking it, looked over at the statuette again. A faint thought, scarcely pain, yet missing of joy, crossed her pleasure, like the shadow of a cloud upon moving water. At Happy Hill, just now, what were they all doing? Was he sitting by the fire, reading too, or had some miserable patient called him out into the night-air? Who stood by to clasp loving hands on *his* shoulder — her dear father!

A sweet mist brooded over Loto's young eyes for that moment, but the sun of her bright look shot through before one could say the haze had vanished. She looked laughing about. All the details in the warm, rich rooms were distinct. She noticed each one over again, half wondering why — the light, the blue shade, the dim mirrors, the picture of the wave, and the picture of the Christ — she noticed and will remember all her life.

A servant at the drawing-room door was saying something just then to Mr. Holbrooke, who went out into the hall with the man. Loto did not notice this. She was laughing at a joke of Egbert's. She told him it was the best thing he had said yet. It seemed that Mr. Holbrooke had occasion to consult his wife, and she too, went, leaving the young people together.

Loto was so absorbed in an account of a Harvard hazing-scrape, that she hardly noticed when Fern's mother came back, and whispering something, took Fern herself away.

So, only Loto and Egbert were left by the bright fire.

Egbert was now standing with his face towards Loto, with hers away from the doorway. It would be hard to say when Loto first observed the change that came over the young man's merry eyes. He finished his sentence, however, bravely, and then he also bowing, moved, and left her.

Then Loto turned around. Then all her eyes and all her soul asked one blind, great question. Fern was coming towards her. Fern was very white. She threw herself on Loto's neck, broken with passionate, speechless tears.

"O, Loto, dear, your father" —

"*Dead?*" cried Loto, standing back, and hurling Fern off, while she held her at arms-length.

"No, no, my dear, no!" Mrs. Holbrooke, behind Fern, came up, calm and motherly. The rest had slipped away, and left them alone.

"Only sick, Loto. Fern, why did you scare her so? It is only that they want you to come home, my dear."

"Please let me see the telegram," said Loto, in a low voice.

They showed it to her — she was so still, and she did not cry. It was addressed to Mrs. Holbrooke, and ran thus:

Send Loto home immediately. Her father is dangerously sick. *E. F. Rollinstall.*

"He will die," said Loto, looking up. She drew

n back into her arms, kissed her once, and n stared about her pitifully.

'I will go and get on my things," she said.

'There is no train till six o'clock, to-morrow rning," said Egbert, coming in, his manly voice aking with compassion. "Father has looked p. There is nothing to do, Miss Loto, but to r it till then."

'Very well," said Loto, after another silence. turned away and left them, and crept upstairs ne.

Shall I go up and see her?" sobbed Fern.

"I think not," the wiser mother said. "She will want none of us, just yet."

"But Loto has always wanted *me!*" cried Fern. Mrs. Holbrooke answered nothing. How could she explain to the young creature the loneliness of grief, which strikes so cruelly between the grieving and the sympathizing? Or how make her understand that Loto, putting her slow, bewildered feet upon the stairs, as she crept like a hurt thing away, was ascending the steep heights of experience, in which the friend of her very heart must stand below, and let her go alone?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN UNHAPPY LITTLE GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

By M. E. B.

DON'T know how it happened, but the world's gone wrong to-day!
ere's not a bit of real fun in any sort of play;
y dolly's just as sulky, my dog won't show his tricks,
y sister Lil is crosser than a pair of crooked sticks;
hen Nursey went to brush my hair she jerked it by the roots;
nd now the rain has gone and spoiled my best new Sunday boots;
he apple that I took to school was sour as sour could be —
There's not a thing but has a spite against poor little me!

And here's the hardest part of all — the tears are in my eyes —
I told mamma, and thought of course, that she would sympathize;
But when she heard the story, she only smiled and said,
"I think my little girl got out the wrong side of the bed!"
And then she went and left me there as if I were to blame
Instead of other people! And it's just a perfect shame
If a girl's only mother, who should comfort her and kiss,
Is going to say cruel words, and turn away like this!

The wrong side of my bed, indeed! I'd really like to see
What difference that could ever make to any one but me.
It's *other folks* I'm talking of, so hateful and perverse,
Who make the good things horrid, and all the bad things worse,
Like cook to-day at breakfast, who just began to scold
Because I simply told her that the porridge was all cold
And her muffins were too heavy and no tea was in the pot;
Suppose I was a little late — she might have kept them hot!

Then Kit and Sue came after school, and each one played so rough,
And talked so rudely, that at last we broke up in a huff,
And I declared I'd never play with two such hateful things;
And they said something *just* as mean, all full of pricks and stings!

I'd like to know whose fault it was, or if 'twas wrong to say
That since I was the oldest there I ought to have my way?
Now, could mamma think possibly the horrid things they said
Could have the least connection with how I got out of bed?

It makes one so unhappy! It makes one feel so blue,
To have your mother and your friends all lay the blame on you,
When any one with half an eye can see as plain as day
It's everybody else who acts in such an awful way!

Perhaps they'll all be sorry when they see me fade away —
For who would ever want to live the life I've lived to-day?
Perhaps they'll realize too late how wicked and absurd
It is to crush a person down without one kindly word,
And then, perhaps — that is, I hope — they'll turn around and see
How perfectly preposterous their hints have been to me;
For what does this big world care, when all is done and said,
For how one wretched little girl gets in or out of bed!

O butterfly
Of jet and gold!
The year grows old:
In dreams of summer,
Gay summer comer,
O flutter back,
On wings that hold
Sun's sunniest gold,
Night's blackest black;
And you and I,
Both gay together,
Will idle by
The winter weather —
O butterfly!

WHO ATE THE PINK SWEETMEAT?

By Susan Coolidge.

ONLY three pairs of stockings were left in the shop. It was a very little shop indeed, scarcely larger than a stall. Job Tuke, to whom it belonged, was not rich enough to indulge in the buying of any superfluous wares. Every spring he laid in a dozen dozen of thin stockings, a bale of cheap handkerchiefs, a gross of black buttons, a gross of white, a little stationery, and a few other small commodities. In the autumn he added a dozen dozen of thick stockings, and a box full of mittens and knitted comforters. Beside these he sold penny papers, and home-made yeast made by Mrs. Tuke. If the stock of wearables grew scant toward midwinter, Job rejoiced in his heart, but by no means made haste to replenish it. He just laid aside the money needed for the spring outfit, and lived on what remained. Thus it went year after year. Trade was sometimes a little better, sometimes a little worse, but whichever way it was, Job grew no richer. He and his old wife lived along somehow without coming on the parish for support, and with this very moderate amount of prosperity they were content.

This year of which I write, the supply of winter stockings had given out earlier than usual. The weather had been uncommonly cold since October, which may have been the reason. Certain it is, that here at Michaelmas, with December not yet come in, only three pairs of stockings were left in the little shop. Job Tuke had told his wife only the week before that he almost thought he should be forced to lay in a few dozen more, folks seemed so eager to get 'em. But since he said that, no one had asked for stockings, as it happened, and Job thinking that trade was, after all, pretty well over for the season, had given up the idea of replenishing his stock.

One of the three pairs of stockings was a big pair of dark mixed gray. One pair, a little smaller, was white, and the third, smaller still and dark blue in color, was about the size for a child of seven or eight years old.

Job Tuke had put up the shutters for the night and had gone to bed. The stockings were talking together in the quiet darkness, as stockings will when left alone. One pair had been hung in the window. It had got down from its nail, and was

now straddling carelessly with one leg on either side of the edge of the box in which the others

lay, as a boy might on the top of a stile. This was the big gray pair.

"Our chances seem to be getting slim," he said gloomily.

"That is more than you seem," replied the White Stockings, in a tart voice. "Your ankles are as thick as ever, and your mesh looks to me coarser than usual to-night."

"There are worse things in the world than thickness," retorted the Gray Stockings angrily. "I'm useful, at any rate, I am, while you have no wear in you. I should say that you would come to darning about the second wash, if not sooner."

"Is that my fault?" said the White Pair, beginning to cry.

"No; it's your misfortune. But people as unfortunate as you are should mind their P's and Q's, and not say disagreeable things to those who are better off."

"Pray don't quarrel," put in the Little Blues, who were always peacemakers. "Think of our situation, the last survivors of twelve dozen! we ought to be friends. But, as you say, matters *are* getting serious with us. Of course we are all thinking about the same thing."

"Yes; about the Christmas, and the chimney corner," sighed the White Pair. "What a dreadful thing it would be if we went to the rag-bag never having held a Christmas gift. I could not get over such a disgrace. My father, my grandfather — all my relations had their chance — some of them were even hung a second time!"

"Yes; Christmas is woven into our very substance," said the Gray Stockings. "The old skeins and the ravellings tell the story to the new wool, the story of the Christmas time. The very sheep in the fields know it. For my part," he added proudly, "I should blush to lie in the same ash-heap even with an odd stocking who had died under the disgrace of never being hung up for Christmas, and I will never believe that my lifelong dream is to be disappointed!"

"Why will you use such inflated language?" snapped the White Pair. "You were only woven last July. As late as May you were running round the meadow on a sheep's back."

"Very well; I don't dispute it. I may not be as old as Methuselah, but long or short, my life is my life, and my dream is my dream, and you have no call to criticize my expressions, Miss!" thundered the Big Pair.

"There you are again," said the Little [illegible] "I *do* wish you wouldn't dispute. Now l[illegible] talk about our chances. What day of the n[illegible] is it?"

"The twenty-seventh of November," said [illegible] Gray Stockings, who, because they hung ove[illegible] penny papers in the window, always knew [illegible] exact date.

"Little more than four weeks to the holid[illegible] said the White Pair dolorously. "How I [illegible] some one would come along and put us ou[illegible] suspense."

"Being bought mightn't do that," suggested Little Blues. "You might be taken by a pe[illegible] who had two pairs of stockings, and the ot[illegible] might be chosen to be hung up. Such things happen."

"Oh, they wouldn't happen to me, I thin[illegible] said the White Pair vain-gloriously.

As it happened, the three pairs of stockings were all sold the very day after this conversation, and all to one and the same person. This was Mrs. Wendte, an Englishwoman married to a Dutch shipwright. She had lived in Holland for some years after her marriage, but now she and her husband lived in London. They had three children.

The stockings were very much pleased to be bought. When Job Tuke rolled them up in paper and tied a stout packthread round them, they nestled close, and squeezed each other with satisfaction. Beside, the joy of being sold, was the joy of keeping together and knowing about each other's adventures.

The first of these adventures was not very exciting. It consisted in being laid away in the back part of a bureau drawer, and carefully locked in.

"Now what is this for?" questioned the White Stockings. "Are we to stay here always?"

"Yes; that is just what I should like to know," grumbled the Big Grays.

"Why, of course not! Who ever heard of stockings being put away for always?" said the the wise Little Blues. "Wait patiently and we shall see. I think it is some sort of a surprise."

"But day after day passed and nothing happened, surprising or otherwise, till even the philo-

DELIVER TO

sophical Little Blue Stockings began to lose heart and hope. At last, one evening they heard the key click in the lock of the drawer, a stream of light flashed into their darkness, and they were seized and drawn forth.

"Well, mother, let us see thy purchase. Truly fine hosen they are," said Jacob Wendte, whose English was rather foreign.

"Yes," replied his wife. "Good, handsome stockings they are, and the children will be glad, for their old ones are about worn out. The big pair is for Wilhelm, as thou knowest. Those must hang to the right of the stove."

The Big Gray Pair cast a triumphant glance at his companions as he found himself suspended on a stout nail. This *was* something like life!

"The white are for Greta, and these small ones for little Jan. Ah, they are nice gifts indeed!" said Mrs. Wendte, rubbing her hands. "A fine Christmas they will be for the children."

The stockings glowed with pleasure. Not only were they hung up to contain presents, but they themselves were Christmas gifts! This was promotion indeed.

"Hast thou naught else?" demanded Jacob Wendte of his wife.

"No great things; a kerchief for Greta, this comforter for Wilhelm, for the little one, mittens. That is all."

But it was not quite all, for after her husband had gone to bed, Mrs. Wendte, a tender look on her motherly face, sought out a small, screwed-up paper, and with the air of one who is a little ashamed of what she is doing, dropped into each stocking a something made of sugar. They were not sugar almonds, they were not Salem Gibraltars — which delightful confections are unfamiliar to London shops — but irregular lumps of a nondescript character, which were crumbly and sweet, and would be sure to please those who did not often get a taste of candy. It was of little Jan that his mother had thought when she bought the sweetmeats, and for his sake she had yielded to the temptation, though she looked upon it as an extravagance. There were three of the sweetmeats — two white, one pink — and the pink one went into Jan's stockings. Mrs. Wendte had not said anything about them to her husband.

"Well, this is satisfactory," said the Gray Pair, when Mrs. Wendte had left the room, and he was sure of not being overheard. "Here we are all hanging together on Christmas Eve. My dream is accomplished."

"Mine isn't," said the White Pair plaintively. "I always hoped that I should hold something valuable, like a watch, or a pair of earrings. It is rather a come-down to have nothing but a bit of candy inside, and a pocket handkerchief pinned to my leg. I don't half like it. It gives me an uncomfortable pricking sensation, like a stitch in the side."

"It's just as well for you to get used to it," put in the Gray. "It doesn't prick as much as a darning needle, I fancy, and you'll have to get accustomed to that before long, as I've remarked before."

"I'm the only one who has a pink sweetmeat," said the Little Blues, who couldn't help being pleased. "And I'm for a real child. Wilhelm and Greta are more than half grown up."

"Real children are very hard on their stockings, I've always heard," retorted the White Pair, who never could resist the temptation to say a disagreeable thing.

"That may be, but it is all in the future. This one night is my own, and I mean to enjoy it," replied the contented Little Blues.

So the night went, and now it was the dawn of Christmas. With the first light the door opened softly and a little boy crept into the room. This was Jan. When he saw the three pairs of stockings hanging by the stove, he clapped his hands together, but softly, lest the noise should wake the others. Then he crossed the room on tiptoe and looked hard at the stockings. He soon made sure which pair was for himself, but he did not take them down immediately; only stood with his hands behind his back and gazed at them with two large, pleased eyes.

At last he put his hand up and gently touched the three, felt the little blue pair, gave it a pat, and finally unhooked it from its nail. Then he sat down on the floor, and began to put them on. His toe encountering an obstacle, he pulled the stocking off again, put his hand in, and extracted the pink sweetmeat, with which he was so pleased that he laughed aloud. That woke up the others, who presently came in.

"Ah, little rogue that thou art! Always the first to waken," said his mother, pleased at his pleasure.

"See, mother! see what I found!" he cried. "It is good—sweet! I have tasted a crumb already. Take some of it, mother."

But Mrs. Wendte shook her head.

"No," she said. "I do not care for sugar. That is for little folks like thee. Eat it thyself, Jan."

It was her saying this, perhaps, which prevented Wilhelm and Greta from making the same offer—at least, I hope so. Certain it is that neither of them made it. Greta ate hers up on the spot, with the frank greediness of a girl of twelve who does

not often get candy. Wilhelm buttoned his up in his trousers pocket. All three made haste to put on the new stockings. The three pairs had only time to hastily whisper as they were separated:

"To-night perhaps we may meet again."

The pink sweetmeat went into the pocket of Jan's jacket, and he carried it about with him all the morning. He did not eat it, because once eaten it would be gone, and it was a greater pleasure to have it to look forward to, than to enjoy it at the moment. Jan was a thrifty little boy, as you perceive.

Being Christmas, it was of course an idle day. Jacob Wendte never knew what to do with such. There was his pipe, and there was beer to be had, so in default of other occupation, he amused himself with these. Mrs. Wendte had her hands full with the dinner, and was frying sausages and mixing Yorkshire pudding all the morning. Only Greta went to church. She belonged to a parish-school where they gave Christmas prizes, and by no means intended to lose her chance; but, apart from that, she really loved church-going, for she spoke English and understood it better than either of the other children. Wilhelm went off on errands of his own. Little Jan spent the morning in admiring his stockings, and in wrapping and unwrapping his precious sweetmeat, and taking it out of his pocket and putting it in again.

"Why dost thou not eat it, dear?" asked his mother, as she lifted the frying-pan from the stove.

But he answered: "Oh! not yet. When once it is eaten, it is over. I will wait."

"How long wilt thou wait?" she asked.

Jan said bashfully: "I don't know"

In truth, he had not made up his mind about the sweetmeat, only he felt instinctively that he did not want to hurry and shorten his pleasure.

Dinner over, he went out for a walk. Every now and then, as he marched along, his hand would steal into his pocket to finger his precious candy and make sure that it was safe.

It was a gray afternoon, but not snowing or raining. Hyde Park was not too far away for a walk, and Jan went there. The Serpentine was skimmed over with ice just strong enough to bear boys, and quite a little crowd was sliding or skating upon it. Jan could skate very well. He had learned in Holland, but he made no attempt to join the crowd. He was rather shy of English boys, for they sometimes laughed at his Hollander clothes or his Dutch accent, and he did not like to be laughed at.

So he strolled away, past the Serpentine and the skaters, and watched the riders in the Row for awhile. There were not a great many, for people who ride are apt to be out of London at the Christmas time; but there were some pretty horses, and one fair little girl on a pony who took Jan's fancy very much. He stood for a long time watching her trot up and down, and the idea occurred to him that he would like to give her his sweetmeat. He even put his hand into his pocket and half pulled it out, but the little girl did not look his way, and presently her father, with whom she was riding, spoke to her, and she turned her horse's head and trotted off through the marble arch. Jan dropped the sugar-plum again into his pocket, and felt as if his sudden fancy had been absurd; and indeed I think the little girl would have been surprised and puzzled what to do had he carried out the intention.

After the pony and his little mistress had departed, Jan lost his interest in the riders, and walked away across the park. Once he stopped to look at a dear little dog with a blue collar, who seemed to have lost his master, for he was wandering about by himself, and smelling everybody and everything he met, as if to recover a lost trail. Jan called him. He came up in a very friendly way and allowed himself to be patted, and once more the sweetmeat was in danger, for Jan had taken it out with the intention of dividing it with this new friend, when a whistle was heard which the little dog evidently recognized, and he darted off at once to join his master. So again the pink sweetmeat was put back into Jan's pocket, and he walked on.

He had gone quite a distance when he saw a number of people collected round the foot of a tree. A ladder was set against one of the lower branches, and a man had climbed up nearly to the top of the tree. Jan, like a true boy, lost no time in joining the crowd, but at first he could not make out what was going on. The boughs were thick. All that he could see was the man's back high up overhead, and what he was doing he could not guess.

A benevolent-looking old gentleman stood near, and Jan heard him exclaim with great excitement:

"There, he's got him! No, he's not; but it was a close shave!"

"Got what, sir?" he ventured to ask.

"Why, the rook, to be sure."

Then, seeing that Jan still looked puzzled, he took the trouble to explain.

"You see that rook up there, my lad, don't you?" Jan had not seen any rook at all! "Well, it is caught in some way, how, I can't tell you, but it can't get away from the tree. It has been there three days, they say, and all that time the other rooks have brought food to it, and kept it from starving. Now some one has gone up to see what is the difficulty, and, if possible, to set the poor thing free."

"Thank you, sir," said Jan.

And the old gentleman looked at him kindly, and said to himself:

"A very civil, tidy little lad! I like his face."

Jan had now become deeply interested in what was going on. He stood on tiptoe, and stretched his neck; but all he could see was the man's back and one of his feet, and now and then the movement of a stick with which the man seemed to be trying to hit something. At last there was a great plunge and a rustling of branches, and people began to hurrah. Jan hurrahed too, though he still saw nothing very clearly; but it is easier to shout when other boys shout, if you happen to be a boy, than it is to keep still.

Slowly the man in the tree began to come down. He had only one hand to help himself with now, for the other held the heavy rook. We in America do not know what rooks are like, but in England they are common enough. They are large black birds, something like our crows, but they look wiser, and are a good deal bigger.

As the man neared the ground every one in the crowd could see what had been the matter with the rook. A kite-string caught among the tree branches, had tangled his legs and held him fast. He had pulled so hard in his efforts to escape that the string had cut into one of his legs and half broken it. It was stiff and bleeding, and the rook could neither fly nor hop. People searched in their pockets, and one little girl, who had a half biscuit, began to feed the rook, who, for all the kindly efforts of his friends, seemed to be half-famished. The poor thing was too weak to struggle or be frightened, and took the crumbs eagerly from the girl's hand.

Jan thought of his sweetmeat, and took it out for the third time. Everybody was crowding round

the man who held the rook, and he could not get near. A very tall policeman stood in front of him. Jan pulled his arm, and when he turned, handed

him the sweetmeat, and said in his soft, foreign English:

"For the bird, sir."

"Thank you, my dear," said the policeman.

He had not understood what Jan said, and in an abstracted way, with his eyes still fixed on the rook, he bit the pink sweetmeat in two, and swallowed half of it at a mouthful. Fortunately Jan did not see this, for the policeman's back was turned to him; but observing that the man made no attempt to go forward, he pulled his sleeve for the second time, and again said:

"For the bird, I said, sir."

This time the policeman heard, and taking one step forward, he held the remaining half of the sweetmeat out to the rook, who, having by this time grown used to being fed, took the offered dainty greedily. Jan saw the last pink crumb vanish into the long beak, but he felt no regret. His heart had been touched by the suffering of the poor bird, and he was glad to give what he could to make it forget those painful days in the tree.

So that was the end of the pink sweetmeat, or not quite the end. The kind old gentleman to whom Jan had spoken, had noticed the little transaction with the policeman. He was shrewd as well as kind. He guessed by Jan's clothes that he was a working-man's son, to whom sweets were not an everyday affair, and the generous act pleased him. So he put his hand into *his* pocket, pulled out a half-crown, and watching his opportunity, dropped it into Jan's pocket, quite empty now that the sweetmeat was gone. Then, with a little chuckle, he walked away, and Jan had no suspicion of what had been done to him.

Gradually the crowd dispersed, Jan among the rest walking briskly, for he wanted to get home and tell his mother the story. It was not till after supper that he discovered the half-crown, and then it seemed to him like a sort of dream, as if fairies had been at work, and turned the pink sweetmeat into a bit of silver.

That night the three pairs of stockings had another chance for conversation. The blue ones and the gray ones lay close together on the floor of the room where Jan slept with his brother, and the white ones which Greta had carelessly dropped as she jumped into bed, were near enough the half-opened door to talk across the sill.

"It has been an exciting day," said the White Pair. "My girl got a Keble's *Christian Year* at her school. It was the second-best prize. It is a good thing to belong to respectable people who take prizes. Only one thing was painful to me, she wriggled her toes so with pleasure that I feel as if I were coming to an end in one of my points."

"You probably are," remarked the Big Gray. "Yes, now that I examine, I can see the place. One stitch has parted already, and there is quite a thin spot. You know I always predicted that you would be in the rag-bag before you knew it."

"Oh, don't say such dreadful things," pleaded the Little Blues. "Mrs. Wendte will mend her, I am sure, and make her last. What did your girl do with her sweetmeat?"

"Ate it up directly, of course. What else should one do with a sweetmeat?" snapped the White Pair crossly. "Oh, dear! my toe feels dreadfully ever since you said that; quite neuralgic!"

"My boy was not so foolish as to eat his sweetmeat," said the Big Gray stockings. "Only girls act in that way, without regard to anything but their greedy appetites. He traded his with another boy, and he got a pocket-knife for it, three screws, and a harmonica. There!"

"Was the knife new?" asked the Blue.

"Could the harmonica play any music?" demanded the White.

"No; the harmonica is out of order inside somehow, but perhaps my boy can mend it. And the knife isn't new — quite old, in fact — and its blade is broken at the end; still it's a knife, and Wilhelm thinks he can trade it off for something else. And now for your adventures. What did *your* boy do with his sweetmeat, Little Blues? Did he eat it, or trade it?"

"It is eaten," replied the Blue Stockings cautiously.

"Eaten! Then of course he ate it. Why don't you speak out? If he ate it, say so. If he didn't, who did?"

"Well, nobody ate the whole of it, and my boy didn't eat any. It was divided between two persons — or rather, between one person and — and — a thing that is not a person."

"Bless me! What are you talking about? I never heard anything so absurd in my life. Persons, and things that are not persons," said the White Pair, "what do you mean?"

"Yes; what *do* you mean? What is the use of beating about the bush in this way?" remonstrated the Big Gray Pair. "Who did eat the sweetmeat? Say plainly."

"Half of it was eaten by a policeman, and the other half by a rook," replied the Little Blues, in a meek voice.

"Ho, ho!" roared the Gray Stockings, while the White Pair joined in with a shrill giggle. "That beats all! Half by a policeman, and half by a rook! A fine way to dispose of a Christmas sweetmeat! Your boy must be a fool, Little Blues."

"Not a fool at all," said the Blue Pair indignantly. "Now just listen to me. Your girl ate hers up at once, and forgot it. Your boy traded his away; and what has he got? A broken knife, and a harmonica that can't play music. I don't call those worth having. My boy enjoyed his sweetmeat all day. He had more pleasure in giving it away than if he had eaten it ten times over! Beside he got half a crown for it. An old gentleman slipped it into his pocket because he was pleased with his kind heart. I saw him do it."

"Half a crown!" ejaculated the White Pair, with amazement.

"That *is* something like," admitted the Big Gray Stockings. "Your boy did the best of the three, I admit."

The Little Blues said no more.

Presently the others fell asleep, but she lay and watched Jan as he rested peacefully beside his brother, with his wonderful treasure — the silver coin — clasped tight in his hand. He smiled in his sleep as though his dreams were pleasant.

"Even if he had no half-crown, still he would have done the best," she whispered to herself at last.

Then the clock struck twelve, and the day after Christmas was begun.

DECORATIVE ART.

Lifted he his mighty pitcher, sparkling to its dewy brim:
Quoth the traveller, "Clouds are rising on the blue horizon's rim!"
Dismally the wind went moaning through the withered branches bare,
Whirled the cock upon the steeple, swept the dry leaves here and there.
And a little damsel, hurrying blithely on her homeward way,
Hushed her song, and glanced with anxious forehead at the gathering gray.

Tilted he the brimming vase till ran the crystal from its lip,
Letting one by one the big drops through his hollowed fingers drip:
"Well-a-day, the storm is on us!" quoth the traveller, looking down,
Closer drew his cap, and wrapped him closer in his cloak of brown.
And a little hurrying maiden with her satchel swifter sped,
While the thickening drops fell faster on the scarlet-hooded head.

Half in sport, and half in sudden anger, weary of his care,
With his giant arm, he dashed the cracking vase into the air:
All the landscape, blurred and blotted in the pouring rain and sleet,
Swam before the drenched and draggled traveller, toiling through the street.
Rose the wind in moaning gusts, and drove aslant the pelting rain,
Bowed the trees before the tempest, writhing as in mortal pain.

Roared a torrent in the gutters, gurgled every choking spout,
Scarce was heard the travellers muttering in the uproar and the rout.
And a little dripping damsel, blown and beaten to and fro,
Through the storm went running till her eyes and cheeks were all aglow.
Peeping down to view the havoc made by mischief-working might,
Straight he burst into a giant roar of laughter at the sight.

"Ho, the sun is shining!" cried the traveller, glancing where there shone,
Indistinct, his own reflection in the wet and glistening stone.
Twinkled every dripping tree-top, by the sudden radiance kissed,
Glittered proud the ancient cock upon the steeple in the mist.
And a little breathless maiden, looking through a narrow pane,
Smiled to see an arch of glory shine athwart the falling rain.

KRIVKRIVS:

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.

(A Romance of the Revolution.)

By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

CHAPTER II.

MASTER BRENSHAW CHANGES HIS COAT.

THE Boston for which, not very early the next morning, Gervaise Brenshaw set out, and where, in the course of the next week or two, he was to meet with some surprising adventures, was a very different place from the bustling city in which, more than a hundred years later, this account of those adventures is being printed and read.

The reader will best realize the difference by comparing the map of Boston which Gervaise had picked up outside his bedroom door at the Golden Ball (and which is reproduced here) with any convenient plan of the city at the present day. In the one case we have a complete peninsula, of an extent no greater than the eye seems easily able to take in, crossed and divided by a comparatively small number of streets and lanes about which the stranger in those times would have found no more difficulty in finding his way than he might to-day in many of our rural towns, and almost any one of which would have served to bring him out presently into view of the town common, or the staff on Beacon Hill, or the north mill-pond, or of Long or Hancock's wharf. In the other case this peninsula, extended on every side by the filling in of the flats, and joined to the mainland by numerous bridges, is no longer a peninsula at all; and the town — not separable to the eye from the flourishing communities about it — appears a solid mass of busy streets, vast warehouses and crowded dwellings, among which even the boy who is Boston born and bred has sometimes to inquire his way.

And this difference (while we are speaking of it) was not confined to the physical aspect of the town. The people were different too: different in number, for where there are twenty-five or thirty now there was then but one; different in manners and customs; different in ideas; different in dress and appearance and speech. Among other things the foreign population was different. In the month of June, 1775, the foreign population of Boston consisted chiefly of about ten thousand men, who were quartered all about the town and who wore, all of them, red coats and carried the King's muskets. And as one takes another look at Master Gervaise's map and realizes again how completely the town in those days was a peninsula, connected with the mainland only by the narrow neck at Roxbury, one can but think what a capital place it was in which to coop up a British general and his army. His Excellency Governor Gage should have thought twice before he sent out that detachment of his troop to Concord and Lexington, one April morning, to stir up the country people and bring down upon him in forty-eight hours' time some thousands of New England minute men, fierce as hornets, to occupy the neighboring heights and shut him up in the town.

As Gervaise Brenshaw, toward the hour of noon, drew near to the town, and, here and there on his way, learned more accurately the political situation, he began to realize as he had not before done, that a condition of things prevailed that was little short of actual war, and that Boston was in a state of siege. The Americans had settled themselves in camp around the town; fortifications had been thrown up and guns planted all along the shore from Boston Neck to Charlestown; and all ordinary communication with the surrounding country was cut off. Such a state of things was likely, of course, to interfere seriously with his visit to his aunt, a fact of which he was fully assured when, just on the outskirts of Cambridge village, he was roughly accosted by three men — soldiers, no doubt; although the cockades in their hats and the guns they carried were the only outward evidence of the fact — who, after questioning him a moment, concluded that it was not necessary to arrest him, but informed him that he could go no farther in that direction. "But I want to go on

into Boston," protested our hero. "I've *got* to go into Boston."

The leader of the three shook his head.

"Can't help it. You can't pass *our* lines without a pass from Gineral Ward — or Old Put."

"Old Put?" Gervaise repeated eagerly. "Is that Major Putnam?"

"Yes; that's Major Putnam, or *Gineral* Putnam. He's a brigadier-gineral too."

"Where is he? Can I see him?"

"He's down at the Inman place — down t'other side the village. One of us c'n take ye down there, I s'pose."

"I'll give one of you a dollar if you will," said Gervaise joyfully. He had good reason for believing that if he could see General Putnam the difficulties of the situation would vanish.

"All right," the man answered. "Here, Barclay, *you* take him down."

So, Barclay walking along by his horse's head Master Gervaise rode on into the village, Pompey of course, still bringing up decorously in the rear They found themselves presently in the midst of the American camp, where were gathered together in barracks hundreds of men, an inexperienced, undisciplined, poorly equipped band, as was plainly enough to be seen; but a band that had come there with a purpose, and that was doing all it could, day by day, to prepare itself for the desperate conflict that now seemed inevitable.

Going on past the meeting-house, the jail, the court-house and the brick colleges which, with the hundred or more of houses that surrounded them made up the pleasant village of Cambridge at this time, they followed the road which seemed to lead down toward the water, until presently, near a tavern whose sign was a blue anchor, it was crossed at right angles by another road. Turning here to the left they came almost immediately upon a spacious mansion standing on a rise of ground on the north side of the road before which Barclay halted our hero, informing him, with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the house, that "Gin'ral Putnam was gin'rally to be found in there."

Gervaise dismounted and leaving the horses with Pompey, walked in through the gate and up the steps. He was met here by another soldier, whose appearance also was military only by reason of the musket he carried and the air with which he demanded to know the visitor's business.

"Is General Putnam at home?" Gervaise asked by way of answer.

"What d'ye want of him?" inquired the man.

"That," said Gervaise brusquely, "I'd prefer explaining to himself if it doesn't matter to you."

"All right," said the man, not a particle offended. "You'll find him inside there — fust door t' the right."

Gervaise advanced to the door indicated, and hesitating a moment before he knocked, heard some one whistling within. Then, in answer to his rap, there was a careless summons to enter; whereupon he pushed the door open and stepped in.

On a sofa by the window sat an individual whose appearance, though neither elegant nor exactly dignified, was decidedly striking. He was an elderly man, seemingly about sixty years old, somewhat round-shouldered, though of a figure tall and powerful, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, and dressed — to give his costume complete — in a checked shirt, a faded red waistcoat, dark homespun small-clothes, coarse blue stockings and thick leathern shoes. On the sofa beside him was a three-cornered hat with a red cockade in its crown; and a calico banian or sacque coat hung over a chair near by. He sat with his legs spread wide apart, and held in his lap a bandelier which he was mending. He did not look up at once, but kept on plying his waxed ends and whistling to himself, while our hero waited, hat in hand. When he did raise his head it was to show a homely, sun-burned face marked by an expression of mingled energy and joviality. Such was General Israel Putnam of Connecticut, a man plain, frank, fearless, indomitable, true — a good specimen of the farmer-patriot of the American Revolution.

"Well, my lad?" he said; and then, seeming to perceive that our hero's appearance was not quite ordinary, he regarded him with some interest.

"Are you — may I — that is, can I see Major Putnam?" Master Gervaise was much less at his ease than was generally the case when he found himself in the presence of strangers, and the question was asked mechanically. In point of fact he knew very well that he already saw Major Putnam. There was no mistaking this queer old veteran. He had recognized instantly the hero of the old French wars, the soldier friend of his father, who had once saved that father's life and whom he had described to him a hundred times.

"Yes," was the blunt answer. "You can see Major Putnam, if you will hold up your head and look at him."

"My father said I should find you here," observed Gervaise, still a good deal embarrassed.

"Oh, he did? Well, I'm very much obliged to him, I am sure. I don't know where else I should be at a time like this. I'm blest, though, if I have any idea who your father is, my young friend."

"My father is Captain Edward Brenshaw of Virginia."

"What!" The old soldier straightened up instantly and looked at his visitor in astonishment. Then he got up fro his seat, and advancing toward him, seized him by the shoulder of his velvet coat, and turning him toward the light, gazed earnestly into his face. Then he grasped his hand. "God bless you, my boy! I couldn't get it through me for a minute, but I can see it now in every line of your face—though I haven't set eyes on Edward Brenshaw for fifteen years. Where is he?—How is he?—What are you doing here?—Why isn't he here in a time like this?"

"He's down at Philadelphia with the Congress," answered Gervaise, holding up his head manfully now. "He *would* be here, if it wasn't for that ball in his thigh. *You* know how he got that, sir. He has told me a thousand times how he'd have got it in his heart instead, if you hadn't run in and struck down the Frenchman's musket. You haven't forgotten that, sir?"

The old soldier laughed gleefully.

"Bless my soul!" he answered, "I believe I do remember. "And what are you doing up here so far from home? Have you come up to do the fighting for the family?"

"Well," declared Gervaise stoutly, "I believe I *would* do it, if it came to that. Father said he didn't think there would be any fighting; but if there was any, he said I was to keep out of it. I have come up here to visit my aunt. She lives back here in the country a bit. But I found she had moved into town"—Gervaise went on and told his father's friend all about his aunt Brenshaw and how he had suddenly found his visit interfered with by her removal into Boston. "Father said," he concluded, his tongue at full gallop now, "that if I got among the soldiery down here, I was to ask for you. He said you'd be here as sure as gunpowder. He said he knew you; you'd start and run all the way down here as soon as you heard of the Lexington fight, like as if you was going to a fire. And he said you'd take care of me if I got into trouble. I haven't got into trouble that I know of, and I don't want any particular taking care of. But I would like it, sir, if you could fix it so I could go into Boston. I do want to see my aunt and cousins, now I've come up here." He looked up with boyish eagerness as he made the request.

But the old man shook his head gravely.

"You don't know what you ask, my boy," said he. "It is risky business, going in and out of Boston nowadays, even if I could arrange it so as to pass you. I'll think about it. You may be sure I will do anything for you that is in my power and that I think your father would approve. There is nothing I would not do, my boy, for your father's son. Meanwhile you must stay here with me for the present. There's a room up-stairs. Stowell will see to it. He's the man who showed you in."

There was a knock at the door; a well-dressed, dignified looking gentleman was shown in, and Master Gervaise went off to see about his servant and his horses.

After dinner, General Putnam having business which called him to various points along the rebel line, invited his young guest to accompany him, an invitation which the boy gladly accepted. During the ride Gervaise enjoyed the honor of being introduced to General Ward, the commander-in-chief, and also to General Nathaniel Greene and General Thomas, each one of whom knew of his father, and received him very kindly. He also saw a great deal that was novel and interesting, and by putting together what he saw and the answers which his companion seemed always ready to give to his eager questions, he was able now to get a very fair idea of the situation. The Americans had gathered in large numbers and had completely surrounded the town on its land side, entrenching themselves at Dorchester, Roxbury, and all along the shore of the Back Bay through Cambridge to Charlestown Neck. They were waiting now to see what the enemy would do and what measures Congress would take; but they were fully determined that there should be no more midnight marches into the country save over their dead bodies. The English on their part held undisputed possession of the town itself, but

they were closely shut up in it, and although on the twenty-fifth of May they had been reinforced by the arrival of the three major-generals, Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, with several thousand additional troops, they did not at present think it quite prudent to venture forth. Meanwhile communication between town and country was practically stopped. There had been an arrangement made late in April by which any who wished to come into town and put themselves under protection of the King's troops could do so, while those citizens who chose to quit it might also do so, under certain strict conditions as to arms and property.

But the terms of this agreement had not been fairly adhered to by General Gage, and it had presently been abandoned. Gervaise, learning all this, fully appreciated now the difficulties that lay in the way of his paying a visit to his aunt, and reluctantly acknowledged to himself that it must for the present be given up. It was fated, however, that the visit should be made, and he should spend that very night beneath Madam Brenshaw's roof.

Just at sunset Gervaise strolled off by himself along the Charlestown road, turning off across the fields finally, thinking to make his way down to the water and then back home along the shore. He came presently upon a cart-path which seemed to lead in the right direction, but wishing to make sure of this, he inquired of a man whom he met if the path would take him to the shore.

"Wa'll, yaas," was the answer. "I'll take ye right straight down ter Lechmere's Point."

"Ah!" uttered Gervaise, and then passed on, so occupied with the information he had received that he forgot to thank his informant. "Lechmere's Point." Was not that the name written on the back of his map of Boston? He pulled out the paper and read over once more, by the now fast fading light, the words upon its outside, of which he had thought little when he had first noticed them there.

Lechmere's Pt. Rocks just N. Saturday night. From eight to twelve. Abercrombie.

Then slowly it dawned upon him that this was

AT GENERAL PUTNAM'S HEADQUARTERS.

a memorandum of some appointment, and (which gave vast interest to the fact) that the time and place of this appointment were close at hand. It was now Saturday night and nearly eight o'clock; and the path he was following led directly to Lechmere's Point. Could it be that the mysterious youth whom he had seen at the Golden Ball was expecting to meet somebody here to-night? Gervaise felt his interest in this individual revive.

"I'm blest if I don't go and see, at any rate," muttered he. "If it's for nothing but to give him back his map."

He walked on along the path, very soon arriving in sight of the water and of the town beyond. Passing through some bars and crossing a meadow of marsh grass, he found himself at length on a narrowing point of land which he knew must be Lechmere's Point; and turning to the left he almost immediately perceived, looming up in the dusk, a pile of rocks close by the water's edge, that was, without doubt, the precise locality mentioned on the paper. The place seemed entirely quiet and deserted, and he stood a few moments upon the shore looking over across the river to the town opposite, now scarcely distinguishable save by its numerous lights. Over beyond the town a mellow radiance just appearing in the east announced the rising of the moon, only a day or two past its full. And as he still stood there, pensively enjoying the scene, a gentle breeze, creeping across the water, brought faintly to his ears the distant roll of a drum and the sound of martial music. "I vow!" he cried, half aloud, "I *would* like to be over there! The idea of being within ear-shot, almost, of one's own cousins, and yet not being allowed to go near them! I wish I had a boat. I'd *go* over, allow it or not allow it."

He glanced along the shore as he spoke, as though to see if perchance there might not be a boat of some description near at hand. He started suddenly as his eyes fell again upon the pile of rocks. For one moment, close beside them and half concealed within their shadow, there had appeared against the sky the outline of a human figure. He was certain of it, although instantly it had disappeared. There was somebody there, then — some one, perhaps, who was waiting for his strange acquaintance of the day before. He turned and walked toward the place. The next moment the dark form again showed itself in the shadow and a harsh voice called upon him to halt.

"Hold! Who goes there?"

"Oh," said Gervaise coolly, paying no attention to the challenge and continuing to advance. "You are here, are you? You are good and prompt, too. It isn't five minutes from eight o'clock this instant, I'll wager a button."

"We tried to be on time, sir," was the reply, in a pleased and entirely submissive voice.

Gervaise, half in jest and upon the impulse of the moment, had spoken and acted as though he were the person with whom, he believed, a rendezvous had been appointed here; and the ruse seemed instantly to have succeeded.

"Mr. Hodges said you might be here on the minute and it wouldn't do to keep you waiting." Then the man came forward too, and Gervaise was able to make out that he wore the dress of a man-o-war's-man. The lad had seen man-o'-war's-men in plenty, on board the English ships of war that come up the Potomac.

"Then Hodges didn't come with you?" Gervaise asked with cool assurance.

"No, sir. He said how he couldn't manage it, sir. He couldn't even get a boat, so he took us three of us out of one of the *Preston's* boats and sent us over here in an old scow he picked up ashore. We are not from the *Somerset* at all, sir; but he said we should know you all the same. I was to ask you for the Word, sir, you know."

"The Word?" repeated Gervaise.

"Yes, sir; the countersign. He said you would know it."

"Oh," said Gervaise, "the countersign?" He stood looking down at the ground, sadly put to it. Then he shook his head. "Beshrew me if it hasn't slipped out of my head entirely," said he.

The man seemed perplexed. "I wish you would remember it, sir, if you can," said he. "I know, of course, you are the young gentleman that was to be here; but orders is orders, sir."

"Well, then," said Gervaise, "you'll have to *help* me to remember it. What kind of a word was it, anyway? What letter did it begin with?"

"Well, sir, you wouldn't have to go outside of your a-b-abs to find it."

"Oh," cried Gervaise, instantly remembering the word upon his paper. "I have it now! It's *Abercrombie*." Then he added to himself, "And stupid of me not to have thought of it before."

"All right," exclaimed the man joyfully. "I knew you would know it." He turned at once to lead the way around the rocks.

"The skiff is right here, sir."

Gervaise hesitated, taking a single instant to make up his mind. Should he follow this strange adventure farther? Here was a boat and its crew, quite at his service, to take him over to the town if he liked — just what he had been wishing for five minutes before. Why should he not avail himself of the chance, since he was scarcely likely to have another? With merely so much of reflection, he all at once yielded to the reckless spirit of adventure that was natural to him, and followed the man down to the water's edge.

There was a boat grounded on the beach, in which two men were sitting. Gervaise without a word took his place in the stern; and the man, pushing off the bow, also stepped on board.

"You'll find your uniform there in the stern-sheets, in a bundle, sir," said the man as he shipped his oars. "Mr. Hodges sent it along. He said how you would want to put it on before you went on board."

"Very well," returned Gervaise cheerfully. "That was very good of Hodges, I'm sure. I certainly shouldn't want to go on board without a uniform." He picked up a bundle which lay at his feet and began to unroll it.

"Shall we give way, sir?"

"Oh, yes; give way, of course."

"For the *Somerset?*"

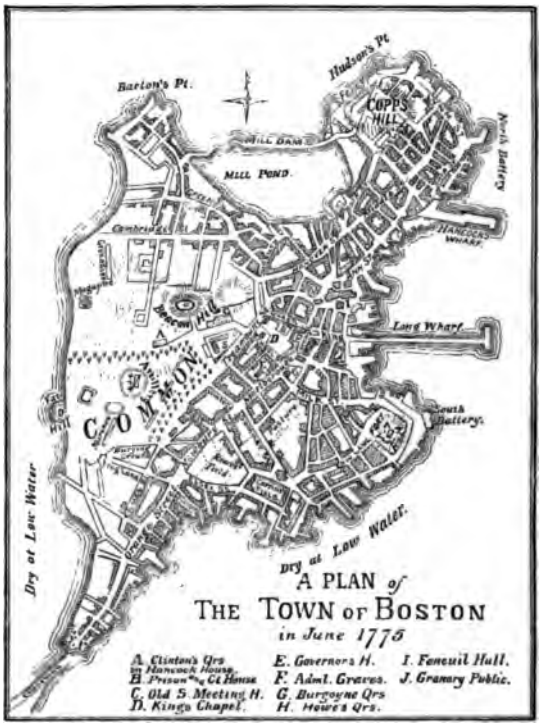
"Why, hold on, though. I've got to go over to the town first; pull directly across."

"All right, sir," replied the man, accustomed to unqestioning obedience.

Gervaise opened his bundle, and by the light of the now risen moon examined its contents. These consisted of, first a military cocked hat with a cockade, and then a short blue jacket, a white waistcoat and a pair of dark pantaloons, the outward dress of a naval officer — a midshipman, no doubt.

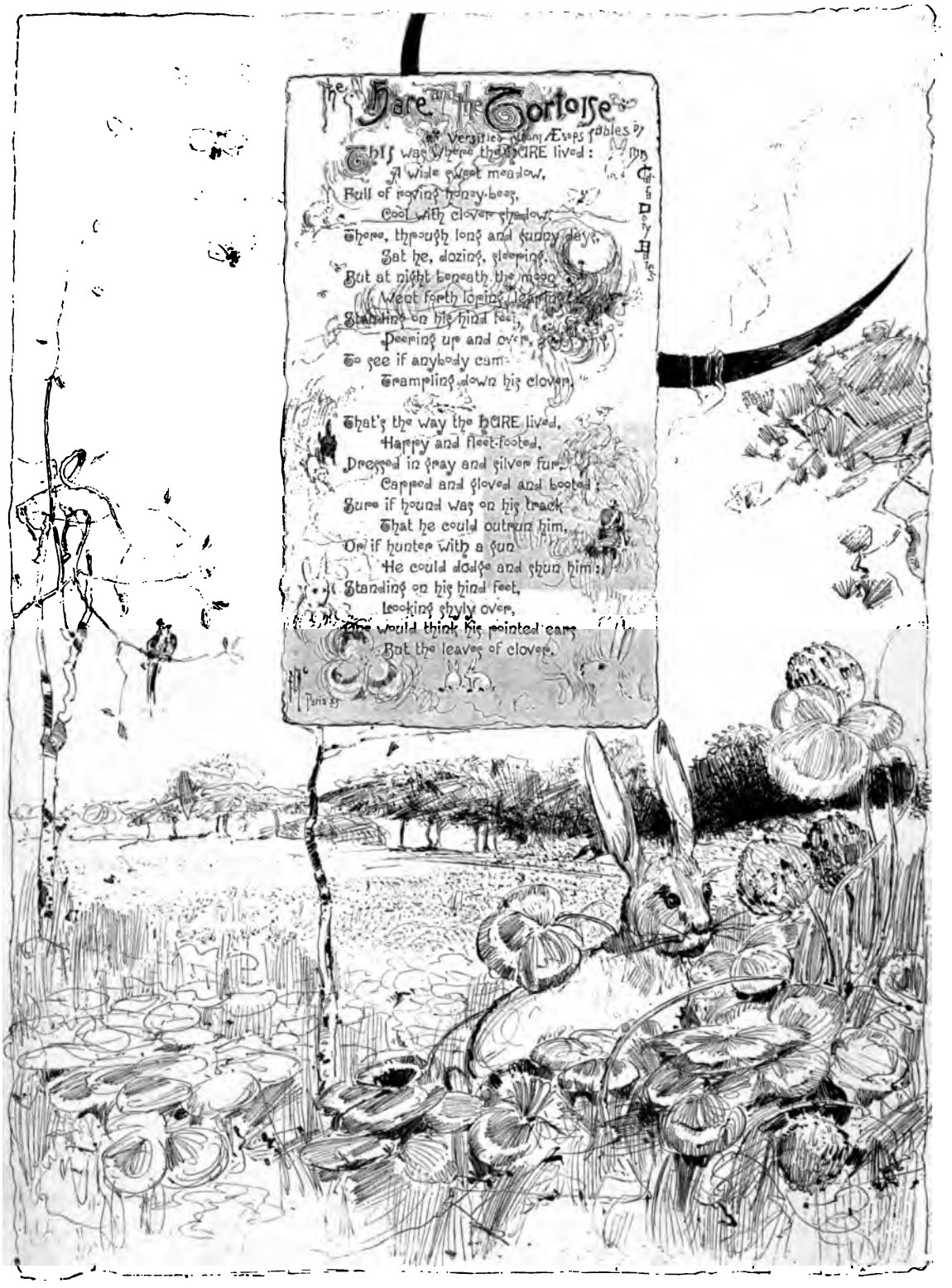
As he held them up he began to comprehend fully the position of affairs. A midshipman from one of the King's ships in the harbor had been away — either on special duty or, possibly, on some private adventure — and the boat had been sent to the Point, according to previous agreement, to meet him on his return and take him off. By a curious chance, assisted largely by his own enterprise, he, Gervaise Brenshaw, had been taken for this midshipman and now found himself in his place, with his uniform in his hands.

The situation was certainly a very romantic and funny one. To its serious side Master Gervaise



did not at the moment give much attention. He thought himself upon the whole extremely lucky. He had wanted to go to Boston, and here he was being rowed in the direction of the town as rapidly as he could reasonably desire. And since the British authorities were so very particular as to who came in and out, it would be well to consult their feelings in the matter so far as to appear in a British uniform no doubt. "At any rate," he concluded to himself, "I think I'll put it on. My aunt, at least, will think a deal more of me, I have no doubt, if I am dressed in the King's livery."

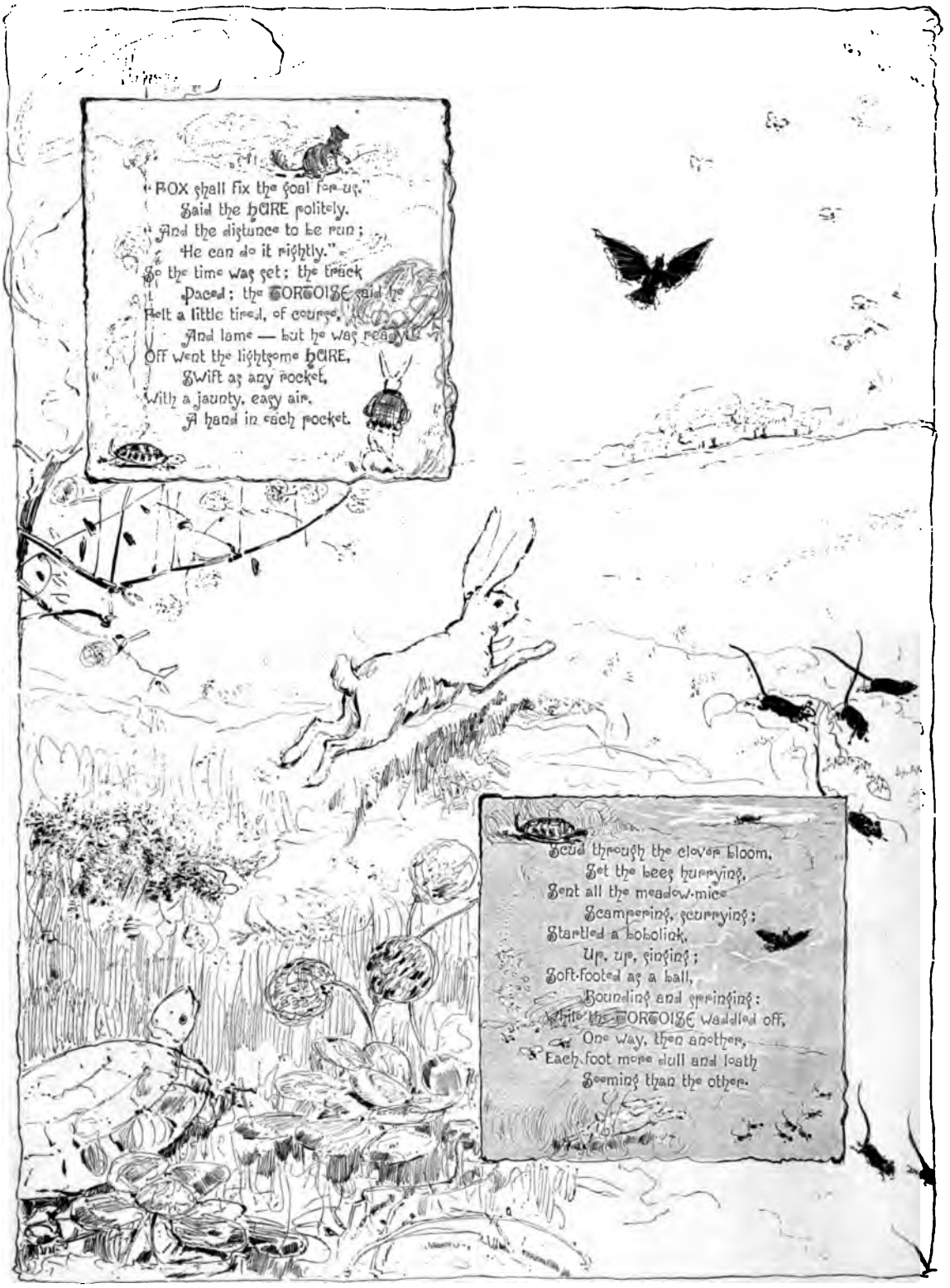
(TO BE CONTINUED.)


The Hare and the Tortoise
Versified from Æsop's Fables by
This was where the HARE lived:
A wide sweet meadow,
Full of roving honey-bees,
Cool with clover shadow.
There, through long and sunny days,
Sat he, dozing, sleeping.
But at night beneath the moon
Went forth loping, leaping,
Standing on his hind feet,
Peeping up and over,
To see if anybody came
Trampling down his clover.
That's the way the HARE lived,
Happy and fleet-footed,
Dressed in gray and silver fur,
Capped and gloved and booted;
Sure if hound was on his track
That he could outrun him,
Or if hunter with a gun
He could dodge and shun him;
Standing on his hind feet,
Looking shyly over,
One would think his pointed ears
But the leaves of clover.

Along came a TORTOISE,
Clumsily, slowly.
Poked his head out, saw the HARE,
Halted, bowing lowly.
A horny coat was on his back —
Poor awkward fellow —
Of dingy, muddy-looking black
Streaked a bit with yellow.
"Ho," called the HARE to him,
"Ho, sir, hello, sir!
When did you leave home, and where
Do you intend to go, sir?"

Up the TORTOISE raised a claw —
Salute military —
"I left home a week ago,
And am hurried, very.
Over in the field beyond
Is a pool of water,
I've a brother living there
With a son and daughter."
Then the HARE flicked his ear,
Wishing to be cunning:
"By the way, are not your feet
A trifle short for running?"

"Rather short, maybe, but still
I should like to meet you
In a race — though you were swift
As the wind, I'd beat you."
Was the dunce in earnest? eh?
Possibly but joking,
Though he tittered in a way
That was quite provoking.
On a hillock green a FOX
Heard the words of banter,
Sniffed the air for news, and then
Came up at a canter.


"FOX shall fix the goal for us,"
Said the HARE politely.
"And the distance to be run;
He can do it rightly."
So the time was set; the track
Paced; the TORTOISE said he
Felt a little tired, of course,
And lame — but he was ready.
Off went the lightsome HARE,
Swift as any rocket,
With a jaunty, easy air,
A hand in each pocket.
Scud through the clover bloom,
Set the bees humming,
Sent all the meadow-mice
Scampering, scurrying;
Startled a bobolink,
Up, up, singing;
Soft-footed as a ball,
Bounding and springing:
While the TORTOISE waddled off,
One way, then another,
Each foot more dull and loath
Seeming than the other.

Clambered amongst the roots,
Stumbled and faltered,
Even his very course
Doubled and altered.
Slow as any snail he went,
Shuffling and drawling,
Over every hump and hub
Slipping and falling;
Far in advance of him,
From the thick clover,
With an easy glance the HARE
Scanned the track over.

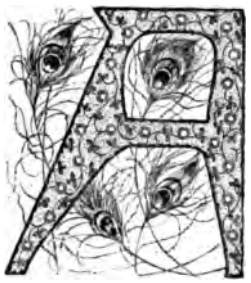
Still was the laggard one
So far behind him
He amongst the sweet trefoil
Scarcely could find him;
Made a trumpet of his paw,
Calling, "Ho, hello, sir:
This the way to reach the goal,
If you'd like to know, sir!"
Then he lay down, thinking thus:
"What's the use of keeping
Such a pace for such a race?
Better to be sleeping!"

"'Tis," he said, "but a farce;
I can surely win it
After I have had a nap
In just half a minute."
Ears lopped back, long and soft,
Head drooped and nodded:
While his rival toward their aim
Calmly, slowly plodded.
On, and on, and ever on!
The long day was waning;
On, and on, and ever on!
Gaining, slowly gaining.

Still, at length, he reached the end,
And the last step numbered,
While the poor deluded HARE
Far behind him slumbered.
Soon he woke, though; woke to feel
All his boastful folly,
And in shame crept out of sight,
Very melancholy.
There he wept and pondered long:
"Fleetness could have done it,
But — the other has the prize!
Patient work has won it!"

TO-DAY—XXX.

By Edward E. Hale.



ALL the boys at our September meeting, and some of the girls, were highly "exercised" by a discussion on the necessity of the study of Greek in a generous education. Some had read, and Hugh had heard, Mr. Adams's address at Cambridge, in which he said he thought Harvard College should not make Greek a requisite of admission.

It happened that all five of the boys who came out on that day were personally interested in the question. Two of them were just learning the Greek letters, and the others were all more advanced than they. Several of the other boys go to schools where no Greek is taught.

But, as it happened, when we met, John Fordyce was with a party of sportsmen at Good-Ground. Herman Smith was off in a mackerel schooner, Tom and his sister had had a grand chance to go with the Villard party, and Wendell and Hutchins had not returned from Europe. So the classical set had the talk all their own way.

Before our talk ended, the young people had arranged the advantages and disadvantages of the study in a table, as Robinson Crusoe did those of his life on his island. You remember that he made two columns, one for the good of his lot, and one for the evil. I will put their table at the end of this paper. His table began in this way:

EVIL.	GOOD.
1. I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.	1. But I am alive and not drowned as all the ship's company was.
2. I am singled out and separated as it were from all the world, to be miserable.	2. But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew, to be spared from death, and he that miraculously saved me from death, can deliver me from this condition.
3. I am divided from mankind, a solitary one, banished from human society.	3. But I am not starved or perishing on a barren place affording no sustenance.
4. I have no clothes to cover me.	4. But I am in a hot climate, where, if I had clothes I could hardly wear them.

"I want to study Greek," said Fanny, "and that is the reason I begged papa to send me to Miss Magill's school, the new school at West Bridgewater. I heard that the Greek teaching there would be perfect. I hate to go to church and have the minister tell me that if I understood the *original* — how they always roll out the 'original' — I should know that this and that are not what they seem to be."

I said that Fanny was quite right there. With a knowledge of Greek such as any bright girl would gain in twelve months' good work, she would feel that she was close to St. John or St. Paul. She was reading the very words they wrote, and was as near them as the people to whom the letters came. That is a great thing.

"They said in our Bible class," said Geoffrey, "that the Saviour himself spoke Greek."

"No," said Hugh, who is more precise; "they said he understood it, and that there is a very distinguished Englishman — I forget his name — who thinks he used it on all public occasions; he thinks the Sermon on the Mount was spoken in Greek."

I have no doubt that Jesus Christ understood Greek, and that the evangelists and the writers of the epistles found Greek a very fit language to convey his wishes. I once wrote a Greek grammar for ladies, which I dedicated "To that mother who chooses to read for herself, and to teach to her children, the language in which the oracles of her faith are written"

"Dear Mr. Hale," said Fanny, "where is the grammar?"

"Oh!" I said, "I never printed it. It is somewhere hidden away. You know that the best teachers say that all the grammar you need can be written on four sides of a sheet of note paper."

But I certainly should not rest the importance of

studying Greek on the reading of the New Testament. I should call that a pleasure, and so I told my boys and girls.

Jotham said that Doctor Franklin discussed the matter quite at length, and he said that everything in Greek was well translated.

Almost everything is translated. "Well" is another thing. The New Testament is well translated. Homer is well translated. Plato is quite well translated. The tragedies have not been translated very well, but are better translated than any of us would be apt to translate them.

Still I think that no person who reads Greek tolerably well — as well as the older of my girls read French — would think of reading one of the translations instead of the original. Partly the pleasure of the reading the foreign language, partly the tune of the language, partly that you feel the author as well as understand him, and then that you have as good a chance as any one — all these are reasons why people who have been well taught keep up their Greek. I said this substantially to the children.

Bedford noticed that I said "well taught," and asked why I said that so carefully.

I said that for some reason which I did not understand, Greek was always crowded in on the schools as a sort of supplement to Latin. A great many of the men who never keep up their Greek, never learned it well. They were hurried over it. Besides, people are reminded of their Latin by their French and Spanish. If they do not go to Athens, nothing reminds them of their Greek.

"But it happened to me," I said, "that I was very well started on my Greek, by Francis Gardner — a really great teacher. I was afterward taken in hand by Professor Felton, who was another. Then I had the great good luck that I had to teach it myself. All this made me fond of it in early life."

I speak of this the more earnestly because I had never been started properly on Latin. I might say I had never been started upon it at all. I had tumbled into it, and scrambled along as well as I could. And, though I had good teachers afterwards, I never as a boy felt my ground in it as I did in Greek. Indeed, taken as a language, Greek is the better language of the two.

Now, the central point in all such discussions is this: In all education, of any boy or girl, one subject must be thoroughly taught and thoroughly learned. Of course, it is better if all subjects are so taught and learned. But there must be one. In some schools they take the Latin and make that the one thing. In some schools it is the algebra. In some it is geometry. In any school where it was the Greek — if the teacher really knew Greek well himself — the boy or girl would be apt to hold on upon the language.

I do not know — I wish I did — how it is that so many of my boys and girls can read a French newspaper at sight quite well, and will read a French story quite glibly, who would never take up a Latin book or a Greek book unless they were obliged to do so. I can only guess that the average French teacher understands French himself better than the average Latin teacher or the average Greek teacher.

In the Roxbury Latin School, and in some other schools I know, they make the boys talk Latin a little. Perhaps if men who knew enough would carry this practice further, the Greek would come more easily to the scholars. I am quite curious to see some young friends of mine who have just returned from a year at Athens. I think they will always read Greek with pleasure.

Silas Gardner said that his father, Doctor Gardner, had told him that scientific words are formed largely from Greek. So are a good many other words; and a good knowledge of Greek is certainly a help in understanding, at sight, the English or French, which deals much in such subjects.

I have steadily taught the children to hold to Saxon words and Saxon roots as much as they can in writing their own language; and they were a little disposed to say that if the scientific people could not write in Saxon it was their own fault if nobody understood them. But this is not fair. "Wind-measure" and "anemometer" mean just the same thing. But the word "anemometer" would be understood by a Hungarian naturalist, and "wind-measure" would not, unless he studied English.

"Let him study English, then," said Blanche. "Why should scientific people make all the world trail after them?"

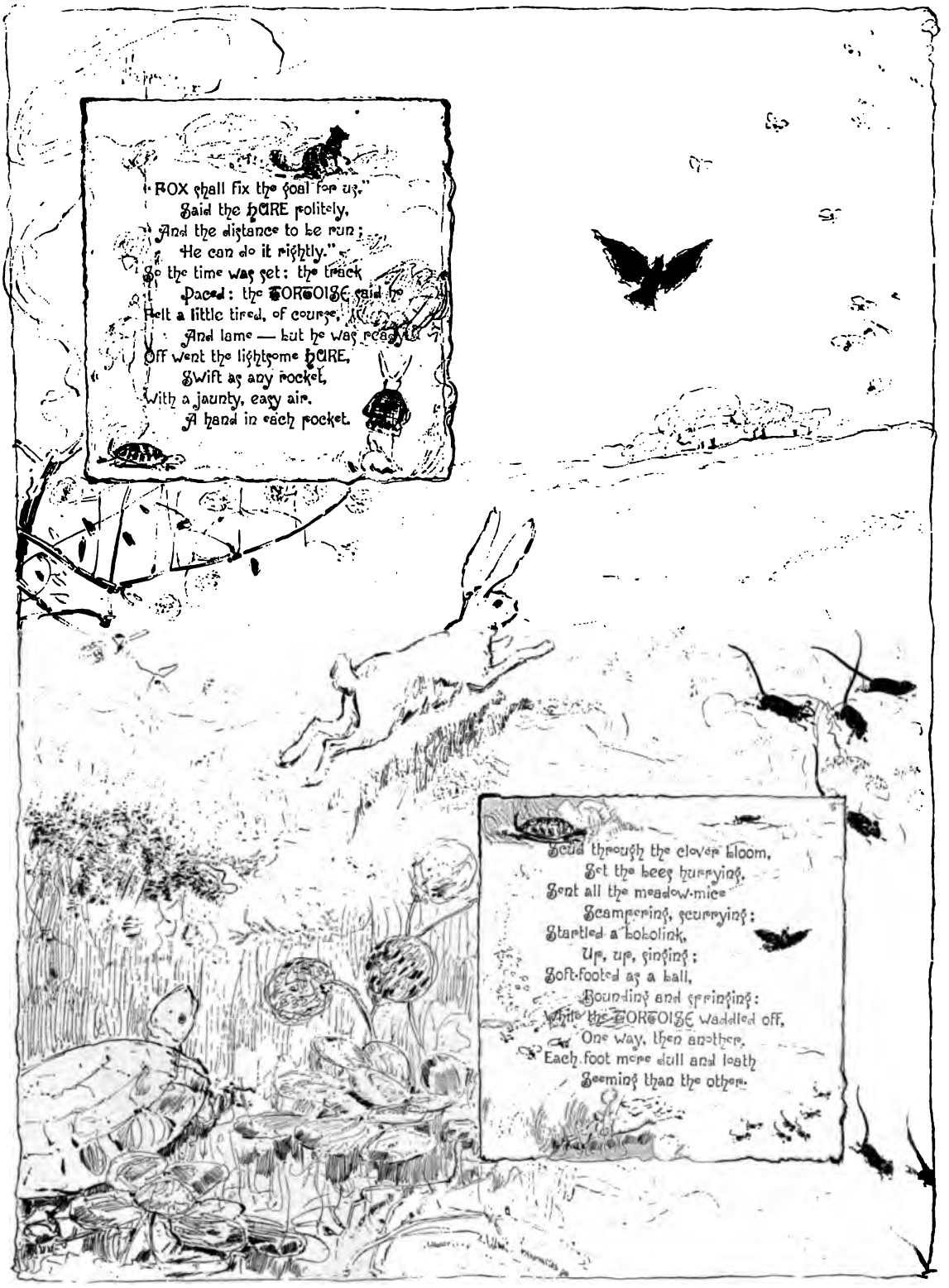
"That is fair enough, Blanche," I said. "But science, like art, or fashion, is a sort of Free-Masonry. It unites people of different nations,

The Hare and the Tortoise
Versified from Æsop's fables by
Mrs Craik
Daily Graphic
This was where the HARE lived:
A wide sweet meadow,
Full of roving honey-bees,
Cool with clover shadow.
There, through long and sunny days,
Sat he, dozing, sleeping.
But at night beneath the moon
Went forth loping, leaping,
Standing on his hind feet,
Peeping up and over,
To see if anybody came
Trampling down his clover.
That's the way the HARE lived,
Happy and fleet-footed,
Dressed in gray and silver fur,
Capped and gloved and booted;
Sure if hound was on his track
That he could outrun him,
Or if hunter with a gun
He could dodge and shun him;
Standing on his hind feet,
Looking shyly over,
One would think his pointed ears
Were the leaves of clover.
Paris 83

Along came a TORTOISE.
Clumsily, slowly,
Poked his head out, saw the HARE,
Halted, bowing lowly.
A horny coat was on his back —
Poor awkward fellow —
Of dingy, muddy-looking black
Streaked a bit with yellow.
"Ho," called the HARE to him,
"Ho, sir, hello, sir!
When did you leave home, and where
Do you intend to go, sir?"

Up the TORTOISE raised a claw —
Salute military —
"I left home a week ago,
And am hurried, very.
Over in the field beyond
Is a pool of water,
I've a brother living there
With a son and daughter."
Then the HARE flicked his ear,
Wishing to be cunning:
"By the way, are not your feet
A trifle short for running?"

"Rather short, maybe, but still
I should like to meet you
In a race — though you were swift
As the wind, I'd beat you."
Was the dunce in earnest? eh?
Possibly but joking,
Though he tittered in a way
That was quite provoking.
On a hillock green a FOX
Heard the words of banter,
Sniffed the air for news, and then
Came up at a canter.


"FOX shall fix the goal for us,"
Said the HARE politely,
And the distance to be run;
He can do it rightly."
So the time was set: the track
Paced: the TORTOISE said he
Felt a little tired, of course,
And lame — but he was ready.
Off went the lightsome HARE,
Swift as any rocket,
With a jaunty, easy air,
A hand in each pocket.
Scud through the clover bloom,
Set the bees humming,
Sent all the meadow-mice
Scampering, scurrying;
Startled a bobolink,
Up, up, singing;
Soft-footed as a ball,
Bounding and springing:
While the TORTOISE waddled off,
One way, then another,
Each foot more dull and loath
Seeming than the other.

girl to take up such a name. They couldn't know, you see, just how it was, and it wasn't strange it looked that way to them."

The tears welled up into poor Jim's eyes, but she wouldn't let them run over.

"They're just horrid! horrid!" she cried, "and I despise them. They think the world is made for them, because they are boys. Girls can't do anything, or *have* anything. Boys have everything."

Mr. Carisbrook, who had come in just here, wanted to know what all this excitement meant, and his sisters told him, while Jim who was by this time too full of wrath and tears to speak, fled from the room.

The poor man sighed as he listened. "Well, Kate," he said to his sister when she had finished, "you've gone to work the wrong way. The child is only excited by opposition like this, and I fear she'll stick to 'Jim' more persistently than ever."

"She's too old for this sort of thing, John. She ought to be reasonable enough now, or sensible enough, to know that she ought to yield, and you, I should think, would insist upon her doing so."

"She doesn't like her name any better than you do, Kate," answered Mr. Carisbrook, "and she tried to better it, I suppose, when she was a little thing, and now it is hard for her to give it up." This was a great deal for Mr. Carisbrook to say, for it was acknowledging, in a way, that he had made a mistake, and the Carisbrooks were not very ready to do that at any time. Miss Carisbrook, after this, held her peace. As she told her sisters, her tongue was tied, what with John's concession and her niece's obstinacy.

So the time went on, the tall, womanly looking girl getting taller still, her sweet face sweeter and prettier than ever, so conspicuously pretty that people used to constantly ask, "Who *is* that tall, golden-haired, brown-eyed girl that goes down Commonwealth Avenue every morning at half-past eight?" As they always asked this question of some other girl in that vicinity, the answer was invariably, not, "It is Mr. Carisbrook's daughter," but "O, that is Jim Carisbrook!" Then would follow all sorts of exclamations and questions, the conclusive answer always being: "She was christened some girl's name that she didn't like, and so she took the name of 'Jim.'" They never got the whole story, these girls, they only had a bit here and there just as older people will get things; and as older people all over the world are continually doing, they told the little they knew, putting it into form with a word or two that turned the matter into quite another affair. So it was that little by little people began to think of that tall, pretty girl with the golden hair and the brown eyes, as a queer, bold, headstrong sort of girl who had given herself a boy's name.

The schoolgirls liked Jim, for she was pleasant and generous, but they very soon found out that it wouldn't do for them to make any jest upon her self-assumed name of "Jim," if they wished for peace. Yet, liking her as well as they did, they couldn't help being somewhat affected by the older people's remark and criticism. In fact, they felt a little ashamed of "Jim."

It was just at this crisis that the great Christmas party at Miss Millwood's school came off. It was a very grand affair, all sorts of fine and funny things being in the arrangements. But the finest and the funniest of all was the stocking-hanging.

Every girl was to make a big stocking out of strong cloth and ornament it with gay bows or any other devices appropriate and pretty, embroidering her name upon it in large letters. Miss Marchant, the teacher in charge, had given orders that every stocking should be completed a week before Christmas, so that the preparations might not be delayed. These preparations were very elaborate, a big sham chimney-piece having been built up in the large hall that was used generally for a gymnasium. The stockings were to be hung all up and down upon this chimney-piece, the chimney-piece itself representing in bright pictures, various Christmas scenes in various countries. When this ingenious piece of mechanism was completed it looked so real, so solid, that it seemed as if it had always been there; and when the stockings were hung here and there upon little hooks, the girls screamed with delight. Red stockings, blue stockings, pink stockings, all the colors of the rainbow, embroidered in contrasting colors. The oddest of all was a black stocking worked with gold and red at top and toe: and all by itself in the great black space between, was one small name — "*Jim*," done in red silk. There was a general hush, and then a general giggle amongst the girls when this was spied; but no one made any remark, any remonstrance, to "Jim" herself. They had long ago discovered that she was not easily ap-

proached upon this subject, but when by themselves they whispered together both question and comment.

Well, Christmas eve came, and with it the long planned party. Not only had the parents of the children been invited, but quite an army of brothers and older sisters. There were young ladies just "out," in society parlance, and young men just "in" at Harvard, with a sprinkling of Chauncy Hall and Latin School boys, until the assemblage looked like a grand class-day at old Cambridge, with the fluttering of white dresses and the display of white neckties and buttonhole bouquets. But Cambridge never saw anything so pretty as that big hall hung with festoons and flowers, with the great decorated chimney-piece at one end, and the long procession of girls as they marched round and round in the midst of the festoons and flowery garlands. Round and round they marched to the strains of a harp and violin, and presently, on the third turn, each girl stepped out of the procession and took her place on the big hearthstone, before the big chimney. There she awaited the distribution from the hands of the principal, not only of the Christmas stockings, but of the little gayly ornamented report of her own special wisdom or unwisdom for the just closed term.

It is needless to say, however, that at this moment it was the Christmas stockings that attracted the most attention and interest. One by one Miss Millwood detached the great gay things from their hooks, and calling out the names of the owners, handed them forth with some light and bright word to fit the occasion. It somehow happened that though the big black and gold and red stocking was in a conspicuous place it was left until the last, just at the very last when everybody had got upon the *qui vive* by the delay, to see to whom it was going. Slowly, at last, Miss Millwood took it down. For a moment, a single moment, she hesitated over it. Every girl in the hall knew why she was hesitating, and not only every girl, but a good many of the grown-up people. One by one she had called out the various pretty and nice names of the others, the Grace's and Mary's and Amy's, but all at once confronted by that pert, that rowdy little "Jim," the sense of contrast, of fitness, came appallingly over her in that throng of fine people. Oh, that naughty, naughty Jemima! Had she not told her that she must embroider her proper name instead of that outrageous, unsuitable "Jim?" Had she not told Miss Marchant to see to it that she did, and between them both — Miss Marchant with her forgetfulness and her near-sightedness, and Jemima with her wilfulness — there was this ridiculous, unseemly blunder. All these thoughts went flying through Miss Millwood's mind in that minute that she hesitated. In the next moment she had passed the stocking on to Jemima, and with one grave, reproachful look, had called, in a clear voice — "Miss Jemima Carisbrook!"

The red color flushed all over Jemima's face in that instant, and in the next instant it faded away, leaving its trace in two scarlet spots upon either cheek. Tears, too, had sprung to her eyes; but she had forced them back, and the effect of all this was to heighten her beauty, to make her look like a lovely pink and white flower, in her white dress and rose colored ribbons.

"Who is she? Who is she?" ran round from mouth to mouth amongst the older sisters and the tall brothers. And the answer to this was "Why, didn't you see? It's the girl who calls herself 'Jim!'"

"Such a nice-looking girl to do such a bold, fast thing!" said one of the matrons who had before inquired concerning her.

"And she had embroidered just that one name 'Jim,' on her stocking; how horrid of her!" said another.

"Jim isn't horrid, though," spoke up little Patty Lawton. "She is very nice, Jim is. We all like Jim."

"She's out and out the beauty of the lot," said Dick Lawton at this, "and you must introduce me, Patty. She may call herself Nebuchadnezzar, if she wants to, with that face."

Tom Armitage nodded a laughing assent to this. "I join you there, Dick. Come, Miss Patty, take us round to her as soon as you can. I want to know Jim too. I'm sure she's a good fellow."

The two matrons and the elder sisters, who heard this, looked shocked and disgusted.

"I'm sure, Patty," said Ellen Lawton, "that girl can't be a nice, lady-like girl to call herself a boy's name, so that young men can speak of her in the way that Tom and Dick do."

Patty stood up valiantly for poor "Jim," but it was of no use. Patty was "a little girl," and "didn't understand." So the tide rose, and set

toward poor wilful, mistaken Jim who had no real harm in her, who was, indeed, as refined and sensitive as the best of them.

By and by, when the contents of the stockings had all been looked over, and Jim was standing a little at one side by herself, turning over and over upon her wrist one of those jingling bangles that girls love — her aunt Kate's present to her — she heard Patty Lawton's voice at her elbow:

"Jim, I want to introduce my brother Dick and Mr. Armitage to you."

Lifting her head she met the smiling gaze of the two young men.

"This is my brother Dick, and this is Tom Armitage," blundered Patty, who didn't know much about introductions. The young men bowed and laughed.

"I suppose Patty doesn't mean us to be very ceremonious, as she has only given us your christian name," remarked Dick Lawton with a smile.

"I'm sure nothing could be nicer than 'Jim,'" spoke up Tom Armitage airily. "One gets so tired of the Grace's and Maud's and Eva's. I think it very jolly of you," looking admiringly at Jemima's flushed face, "to take one of our names — to — to become one of *us* as it were; and I'm sure I shall be very glad to welcome you as a comrade, and to" —

"To call her Jim?" interrupted Patty, beginning to think she had done something amiss in her introduction.

"Yes, yes," assented Dick Lawton, "to call her 'Jim,' of course, if she will let me, and will return the compliment of dropping my Mr."

The beautiful bright color had all left Jemima's face by the time this word was spoken. Suddenly, in the last minute, there had broken upon her the meaning of a great many things. The meaning of what it was to be a young girl and not a child to others; of what was expected of her; and of how things might be misunderstood to her disadvantage. She had wilfully set herself in opposition to her aunts, to her father's remonstrance — she had thought she knew better than anybody what she could and what she *would* do; she had taken her way, and this — this was the result: that these — these boys — oh! they were nothing but boys, though they were Harvard students — had thought that she was a silly, forward girl, whom they could chaff and ridicule and make game of — a girl who had not the sense to resent such ridicule, or to see that it *was* ridicule. One after another these thoughts chased each other in headlong fashion through her mind; in such headlong fashion that at the last, when Tom Armitage had finished his speech about calling her "Jim," in a little fire-spirt and fury of feeling, without a breath of waiting, she lifted her eyes straight to his, and said in a clear, almost a savage tone:

"I am Miss Carisbrook, if you please!"

Tom started. Dick Lawton forgot the gay speech he had on his lips and involuntarily stepped back, and made a sort of obeisance to this tall, indignant young girl whose eyes, for a moment, seemed to smite them like a flaming sword. Tom, the next instant, began a little flippant apology, half jesting, half serious; a mocking little speech, that showed he did not yet comprehend. It stung Jemima anew.

"How dare you talk to me like this!" she flung out impetuously. "How dare you!" then a little sob broke into her voice, but she rushed on in spite of it, and in a minute more she had somehow revealed to her listeners the whole story of her wilfulness, all her mistake and theirs, all her childish foolishness and wrong headedness, which was never wrong heartedness. The little group was so separated from the others, and the others were so busy over their own affairs, that there was no general observation of this little scene. Only two or three people outside of the immediate parties concerned heard anything of it, and of these, one was the matron who had been so strongly prejudiced against Jemima; and she, as Jemima's passionate words came to an end, all at once took a swift step forward towards the girl, and holding out her hand spoke with a soft, odd quaver in her voice:

"My dear, we all of us make foolish mistakes sometimes and misunderstand each other, and the best thing we can do then is to forgive and forget, don't you think so?" Then without waiting for Jemima to reply, she bent down and kissed her.

Jemima never could quite understand how everything suddenly seemed to change; how instead of a cold criticism, she felt a sense of friendliness and kindliness; how even Tom Armitage no longer appeared so dreadful, so detestable, but the foolish, blundering boy he was, as he came forward and hoped she would forgive him.

"I told you Jim was nice," said little Patty, who saw all this without entirely comprehending the whys and the wherefores of the situation. Dick Lawton and Tom Armitage smiled, but Tom rather quickly remarked:

"I believe you, Patty; but hadn't we all better call her Miss Carisbrook?"

Throughout the rest of the evening, it was Miss Carisbrook here, and Miss Carisbrook there; the two Harvard boys had taken the hint with a will. But at the very last the kind matron who had been so good to her, spoke again to her smilingly:

"Good night, Jemima!" and Jemima blushed and brightened all in a breath. She didn't know that "Jemima" could sound so sweetly.

When next term came round it was noticed that there was no longer any "Jim" Carisbrook; Jemima Carisbrook had taken the place, and when it wasn't "Jemima," it was "Miss Carisbrook."

Jemima's father was delighted, and the Carisbrook aunts were astonished. They knew nothing of the Christmas episode that had taught the child so much.

"She is growing up very like her aunt Jemima," said her father one day. Then laughingly, "Shakespeare says 'what's in a name,' and 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' but I don't think our little girl would have been half so sweet or half the girl she is, if it hadn't been for her name." Jemima laughed also, and blushed a little at her own thought.

"Perhaps it's true: perhaps I wouldn't have been the girl I am, if it hadn't been for my name, and the fight I have had with myself and the things I have found out for myself through it."

Two years from that time Jemima graduated. Everybody who can, goes to the graduating exercises at Miss Millwood's school, and the hall was full. "Such a sweet-looking, nice-mannered girl," people said as Jemima came forward. But after the exercises were over, a flock of her father's friends came up to congratulate her, and every one of them said, "You're so like your aunt Jemima, my dear. You don't remember her, of course; she died before you were born, but she was one of the sweetest women in the world." Jemima, turning just here, saw her father's face shining with happiness. How could she ever have been so bitter and disagreeable about the name he loved, she thought; and presently when one and another came up and called her Jemima, she began to wonder how she herself could ever have thought the name ugly.

It was only the other day that Jemima was eighteen, and down on the Back Bay there was a big birthday party at her father's house. All her old school friends, and a great many other friends were there. Amongst these was somebody's friend from New York.

"Such an ugly name — 'Jemima' — for such a charming girl!" he commented, after he had seen his young hostess.

"No — really, do you think so?" responded Grace Armitage, with a little tone of surprise. "Why it doesn't strike me so. You see we have such an admiration for Jemima herself that we like everything about her; but I recollect, we used to think it rather a queer old name. But now — well, Jemima is so sweet she has made even her name sweet."

A PRETTY AMBITION.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

THE mackerel-man drives down the street,
With mackerel to sell,
A-calling out with lusty shout:
"Ha-il, Mack-e-rel!"

When I'm a man I mean to drive
A wagon full of posies,
And sing so sweet to all I meet:
"Hail, Hyacinths and Roses!"

THE CARLISLE INDIAN PUPILS AT HOME.

By Alice C. Fletcher.

IT was a bright autumn day when the Omaha children gathered together to take a long journey across the continent, to Carlisle in Pennsylvania. They were going to the Government School. The boys were to learn to make tinware, and wagons, and harness, and to be carpenters and shoemakers, tailors and farmers. The girls were to learn how to cook, and make all kinds of clothing, and to be taught how to keep house. Both boys and girls were to study arithmetic, geography, history, and at the same time acquire a new language — English — and all their school books were to be in the strange tongue.

No Omaha has ever seen his own language; he has only heard it. It is not a written language, although it is completely organized, and has its nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech, bound together by fixed rules, which the Indians are careful to maintain. They regard with disdain any one who speaks inaccurately, or ungrammatically, as we would say. It was a difficult thing these boys and girls were to do at school; and some of them knew it was going to be hard, but nevertheless they were anxious to go. They knew that the welfare of their tribe depended on the education of children like themselves — a serious thought for such little folks.

The Omaha Indians live on the banks of the Missouri, about eighty miles north of the city which takes its name from this tribe; they sold to the government the land where now the broad streets, stately mansions, and vast industries find place. The Reserve is very picturesque, the bluffs are heavily wooded, and great elms and oaks make deep shadows over the creeks that slip between flowery banks to the muddy Missouri. A few miles back one comes to the vast, undulating prairie, watered by the Omaha and Logan and their branches. The land is rich in its soil, and it is also rich in promises to this people, for Congress has passed a law securing the land to them, and each Omaha child has now a home which no one can take away. It is the joy in this security which makes them eager to leave home, to study, and to learn how to work.

Many of these boys and girls now bound for Carlisle had gone to the agency and mission schools on the Reserve. They had not always been so ready to study; sometimes they played truant. One day, as I came to know, a number of little friends met not far from the schoolhouse. Wa-they-da-he stopped the party. He said meaningly:

"I can get the drum; nobody is in the lodge, and we can have a big dance."

"Are you telling true?" asked Ma-stay-ska, with big eyes.

"I am telling true."

"Then we will not go to school!" shouted a dozen voices.

The girls huddled together to wait. The boys ran off to the mud lodge, where the Great Drum used in the dances of the Omahas is kept. As the boys neared the lodge they became cautious.

Wa-they-da-he and Ma-stay-ska stole forward, and looked in, and entered. The other boys dispersed to watch and give the alarm if any one came. In a few minutes the two rogues emerged from the long entrance to the lodge, bearing the drum between them. It was quite a tug, and they proceeded slowly, stopping to rest and take breath, but sometimes venturing to roll the drum along the ground to gain time, and save labor, until at last they reached the girls.

Setting the drum down on end, four boys volunteered to be drummers, and soon the wild song of the Hek-ga-ner dance trembled through the tall sunflowers which border the trail. The other boys danced, but drummers and dancers kept their eyes on the lookout, while the girls gathered round the dancers in a circle to admire the daring feat. But of course the sound of the great drum at this hour in the morning was sure to startle some-

body, and to betray the children, and before long a tall Indian came striding in among the sunflowers. Quick as a flash the girls hid in the high weeds and grass; the boys made off on a run, but tried to keep possession of the drum and carry that off too. But they were obliged to drop it and run, and run they did, so fast and far that no one cared to pursue. The capture of the Great Drum is a favorite piece of mischief. But twice only have the boys succeeded in keeping possession of it for a good game.

This way of beginning seemed to make it needful to play truant all day. So the boys started for a hunt. Not far away lived an Indian who had a number of pigs that ran rooting through the woods and grass. It was fun for the little Omahas to mount sunflower stalks for horses, and play the pigs were buffalo. The hunters would charge, and the pigs would switch their curly tails and squeal lustily. If a little pig stopped suddenly in the chase, it was immediately caught, turned on its back, its legs in the air, while the hunter boy would play slaughter, using the side of his hand as a knife, making the passes just as he had seen the men cut up a buffalo. The astonished pig, at first silent, all at once would begin a series of noises, which would result in its release, owing to the undue laughter of the boy.

I noticed that the little Indian girls delighted to fix up tiny tents and play housekeeping. These tents were made by binding tall, stiff weeds or shrubs together, and throwing a shawl or a piece of cloth or skin over the tied stalks; or else the girls will deftly stand up such sticks as they can get for tent poles, and put the shawl over them. Sometimes the mother will help make the baby tent, and then it will be preserved for a whole summer or even longer. Such little structures are often seen on one side of the family tent or lodge. Here the girls play all day long. They gather wood, they go to the creek for water, they cook imaginary meals, making dirt cakes, fashioning them after the shape used by their mothers. The women in different tribes have their peculiar fashion of cutting their cakes; some can tell what tribe the woman belongs to by the cut of the cake. Dolls are made out of corn-cobs. Both ends are broken off; the smaller one is designed for the head, and wrapped up separately, and bound on the straight, armless body by colored rags. If a flat piece of board can be found, then the doll is tied on by strips of cloth, much as the baby is prepared for sleeping, and the dolly set up against a tree, or in some safe place, while the little mother is busy about her cooking. If the doll baby cries, it is at once taken off the board, and swung on the mother's back; then the shawl is laid over it, and the ends held tightly across the breast in front, and also gathered very close about the waist to prevent the baby slipping down. In this way the little mother walks about, shaking as she goes, and uttering a long, low sound, like the wail of the wind, to hush the baby's crying. But it is only when the girls are alone, or with favorite girl companions, that they indulge in playing mother. If the boys come around, the dolls change at once into little sisters, for the family relation is never mimicked by boys *and* girls.

Then, too, in the winter, "going to school" is sometimes attended with danger. Sudden and terrible storms come up, the wind blows with a fearful roar, and tears loose even the crusted snow, the air becomes thick, and one cannot see an arm's length. People going out of their houses, even a short distance — and no one dares venture far — tie one end of a cord to their person, and fasten the other end to the door, so that they can find their way back. Lives are not infrequently lost during these blizzards from the bewilderment and extreme cold. One day a storm threatened while the children were in the mission school, and the teacher bade them run for home. Sa-they-da-mone was a little boy, and lived with his grandfather not more than a quarter of a mile off. His cousin went to school with him. She said as the other children left: "Wait; let us get very warm by the fire before we go out in the snow."

So the children lingered while the tempest came on with increasing violence, and the deepening gloom warned them to start. They held tight hold of hands, bending their little bodies to meet the violence of the wind, and ran and plunged down the hill, guided more by instinct than by sight. There was another hill to climb, and in the valley beyond was the grandfather's tent. Up the hill they struggled. At the top, instead of the sight of home, there was nothing but a thick cloud of flying, freezing snow. Bewildered and numb,

they sank in the drift. The little girl strained her shawl about the two, and silently they sat, waiting and hoping some one would come; neither one cried, or called, or struggled, and the cold was fast depriving them of all power of feeling. It chanced the grandfather had gone out early in the storm to secure his horses, and he was groping his way back, when he stumbled over the bundle of children. They were unable to move. He lifted the girl on his back, binding her there with her shawl, and taking the boy in his arms, he made a desperate fight for life, and reached his tent just as his strength was giving away.

Not very long ago, Ma-tha-ne-ke's father started to take a woman and her children home. Suddenly a blizzard came up, the woman and the children began to suffer greatly, and death seemed imminent. The man found some sticks, dug a hole, put the family in it, adding his own clothing to make them more comfortable, and started in the storm to find help. He pushed steadily on, and at last, with hands and feet frozen, reached a lodge, and gave the alarm. The woman and children were rescued, but the man who had saved their lives, died shortly after from his exposure.

However, snow storms have their merry side, as any one would think if he could see the coasting parties of Indian boys and girls who skim over the hills. Sleds are often primitive; blocks of ice taken from the edges of the holes made in the frozen creeks, so as to water the horses. Many a boy gets a cold, wet, but swift ride, ending in a crash and tumble from his icy seat. A flat piece of wood will serve, but the real sled with runners is generally of the boys' own rude manufacture, and varies from less than a foot to nearly three feet in length. Sometimes a boy makes a sled for his sister; but generally the girls are successful borrowers from the boys. One day Da-nee-ta-the and Me-ten-ah could not find anything to ride on, but dauntless in the determination to have a slide, Da-nee-ta-the caught sight of a shovel. Seating herself in the bowl, and stretching her legs stiff on either side of the handle which she firmly clasped with both hands, she called to Me-ten-ah: "Come!"

She came, sitting down in Da-nee-ta-the's lap, and duplicating her attitude. A few dexterous kicks, and away went the girls, their white teeth glinting as they laughed at their audacity, and the fun of the thing. The shovel gave a sharp plunge, a sudden swing round, and in an instant nothing was to be seen but a heap of calico.

Horse races often are held by the little Indians in imitation of the elder folks. Each boy mounts for his horse a sunflower stalk, with a blossom left on near the head, and draws another stalk by his right hand. This is a led horse, on which he will return when the race is over. Two horses can make more dust as they scratch the ground, and dust adds a desirable and imposing quality of the race. At intervals, along the trail, which is the course, the boys seat the girls. No girl is permitted to choose her own place. The boys agree secretly among themselves to yell when they reach a certain girl. Everything being ready, one of the elder lads chooses six horsemen for the first place. These stand abreast at the starting point; the other competitors fall in the rear as best they may. At the cry "Ah — hu!" off start the riders, with sudden dash. Every one is silent until the allotted girl is reached, then each boy yells, turning his head toward the child, who sits silent and astonished. First, second, and third prizes of sunflower horses are awarded winners of the race.

Another favorite game is going on the Hunt, when the children have all manner of adventures, just as they have heard their elders tell of what used to happen. The great-grandmother of one of the boys was once on the Hunt when the Sioux came on the Omahas. The women and children were placed in the rear for safety, and they began at once to dig pits and jump into them to escape the arrows. This woman had her three grandchildren with her, and they pretty well filled up the pit. The Sioux pressed forward and came toward the place where the children were. The grandmother had no time to conceal the hole, so she threw herself over it as if dead. The Sioux passed her, but she dared not stir, for the shouts of fighting were all about her. Soon the Sioux returned, and two warriors discovered her.

"She's dead," said one. "We'll soon see," said the other, drawing his knife and stabbing her in the shoulder. The woman never winced.

"She's dead," they said, and off they went, leaving her in her pain and joy, for her grandchildren were safe. When the three little boys were taken out of the pit, they were nearly frightened to death, but they all grew to be men, and

lived to see their children's children, and tell many times the story of the loving grandmother.

Some of the Omaha children live in log houses, built by their father's hands, monuments of an earnest struggle to adopt the "white man's way." Others live in the old historic and pre-historic mud lodge. These are built of posts set in a circle, like a stockade. Willows and grass are packed close against the outside of the posts, and over all earth is thrown and securely tramped. An entrance like a long narrow portico projects from one side. A skin is hung for a door at the outer end, and another skin at the inner end, which opens into the lodge. A fire burns brightly in the centre, the smoke escaping through a hole in the dome-like roof. The air and light make their way through this same hole. The interior of a mud lodge is often very picturesque, lights and shadows, points of color being brought out here and there by a slanting sunbeam slipping down through the opening in the sombre roof. The outside walls take on verdure, and are sometimes gay with asters and golden-rod. The children love to climb to the top, and play their pranks, looking down upon the sober group of elders inside as they sit about the fire. Of course they get scolded for their capers; and woe betide a dog which looks down on the people in the lodge — he is at once killed, for otherwise he will bring death.

From these homes, from this life, the children gathered to make ready for their departure East; but before any one could be entered upon the school list, a rigid medical examination had to be passed, so that only strong and healthy ones should enter the school. Many girls and boys were rejected, and there was sadness and crying among parents and children in consequence. A lad whose father had never allowed any attendance at school, determined to go to Carlisle. He made a bundle of his scant possessions, hid it in a tree, and then presented himself to the doctor. Poor boy! his disappointment was pitiful at his failure to pass; he stood pleading before me, but I was powerless. He was in danger of blindness, and ought not to be of the number educated for the good of the tribe. When he heard the final word he went out to the hollow tree, and stood by his bundle, weeping bitterly.

The parents gave up their children willingly, but it cost them many a pang, and tearful eyes were on every side. But pressing back their sorrow, many of them travelled forty miles to bear their sons and daughters company. At last the parting came, and no one present can ever forget it. As the train moved from the depot at Sioux City, thirty-six brown young faces looked from the window of the car, and watched the waving brown hands of father and mother, until in the distance they grew small as autumn leaves.

Several of the children had never seen a train of cars. The locomotive they called "the head," the wheels "queer little legs that never get tired running," the tunnels they said were "big snake holes," and so with fancies bred of their former life, and in the Indian fashion, they gave names.

The Mississippi created great excitement. Chicago, with its huge lumber piles, and endless lines of houses, its thronged streets and whirling bridges, was nearly incomprehensible. The white man's way and life were on every side, and they closed about these boys and girls with a power that would have frightened had it not stunned them.

It was impossible to prevent our car from intrusion. One night a man persisted in walking to and fro, and commenting on the waking and sleeping Indians. When requested to desist, he declared he would do as he pleased, go where he pleased, say what he pleased. Some bystanders were becoming irate at this insolence, when one of the older boys said: "If I wasn't going to be civilized, I'd knock that man down."

"Don't do it," remonstrated another. "People will think we are on the war path."

As the train sped over the Alleghany Mountains, wonder and delight increased. Mining of coal and iron was explained, and the children watched eagerly for the low, angular openings leading into the slopes. The furnaces and vast iron works excited their curiosity greatly, but when the cars slipped round the Great Horseshoe bend, many of the children fled from the windows in terror, being sure that nothing could prevent our immediate destruction in the abyss below.

Five days and nights of company and travel, with all the unavoidable discomfort and fatigue, failed to elicit a cross word or unkind look. The boys and girls that at our journey's end ran pell-mell races from the station to the school grounds, now march in blue uniforms, and are learning to keep step with the new life of civilization.

IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE ELECTRIC BOY LIVED ON THE EGG-SHELL SEA.

"YOU don't know how queerly I felt," Ruthie said afterward, as she related her adventures, "when I jumped off from that little speck I had been standing on. I went dropping, and dropping, and all the time I felt inside of me — here," putting her hand on her heart — "a sort of goneness with a kind of a comeness on top of it; just as when you swing up real high, you know."

But as soon as Ruthie's feet touched something more substantial than air, the "goneness" and the "comeness" both ceased. She did not, however, stop as quickly or land as suddenly as she had expected. Her fall "kind o' tapered off to a point," as she expressed it, and she came down as lightly as a feather. Opening her eyes, she saw all around her a heaving and billowy mass of something white. It was not water; it was not earth; what was it? where was she? She did not, however, stop to deliberate or investigate, but cautiously and carefully picked her way across the billows as daintily and as gingerly, she thought, as if she was treading on egg-shells.

But which way should she go? She was out of sight of land. On every side nothing to be seen but this vast heaving field of white billows.

"I don't seem to sink at all," she said to herself, "although it does seem as if I must 'slump through' every minute. But, dear me! I can't walk very far on this stuff, for I am so afraid that I shall go through that I have to nerve myself up not to step too hard; and it seems as if trying not to do a thing hurts just as much as to do it."

While she stood a moment considering which way to turn, a voice sang gayly out, it seemed almost beneath her feet:

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Under a summer sky,
Over the sea,
Happy and free,
Went sailing my love and I.

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
I shouted a loud "Ahoy!"
Over the sea,
He answered me,
The Bonny Electric Boy.

And after each verse the air seemed filled with merry voices, shouting out the rollicking chorus:

Then sing we "Ahoy!"
And shout we "Ahoy!"
At the top of our lungs so free;
Till with jolly "Ahoy!"
The Electric Boy
Answers back o'er the Egg-Shell Sea.

"Why, sure enough, they are egg-shells," said Ruthie, as she stooped down and took up a handful of the white particles at her feet. "I don't see how they can bear my weight."

"Ho, ho! you're only light weight," said the same mysterious voice.

"Well, I shall grow, sir," Ruthie responded tartly, looking all around for her invisible companion.

"Ho, ho! a grocer shouldn't give light weight," shouted a myriad voices in chorus.

Ruthie was completely mystified. "O, sirs," she said appealingly, "will you please tell me how to get out of this Egg-shell Sea?"

But for answer came again the chorus.

Then Ruthie remembered that one summer when she was with her father among the Hamptons, she had heard the men at the life-saving

stations shout "Ahoy!" to each other, when they wished to attract attention. So she rounded both her little hands into a speaking trumpet, and shouted through them, "Ahoy! ahoy!"

Listening intently, she thought she heard, far in the distance, the smallest possible reply: "A-hoy — your-self!"

She tried it again: "Ahoy! ahoy!"

This time the answer came back in great thundering tones: "AH-HOY — YOUR-SELF!!" while the strong, clear beams of an electric light flashed full upon her face, and a broad pathway of brilliant light gleamed across the Egg-shell Sea.

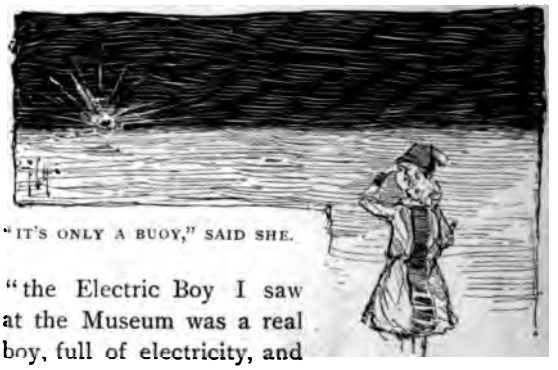
As Ruthie walked towards the light she saw that it proceeded from a curious white, black and red looking object that bobbed up and down with every swell of the Egg-shell Sea. "Why, it's only a buoy!" she said.

"The Electric Boy, ma'am, at your service,"

"SURE ENOUGH, THEY ARE EGG-SHELLS," SAID RUTHIE.

said the buoy, bobbing a respectful welcome, and as Ruthie looked, it certainly did seem as if she could see in the buoy a resemblance to a jolly and puffed-out human face.

"Well," she said, regarding the object critically,



"IT'S ONLY A BUOY," SAID SHE.

"the Electric Boy I saw at the Museum was a real boy, full of electricity, and whoever touched him, really got a shock. While as for you" —

"Oh, I trust you won't be shocked if you happen to touch me," interrupted the buoy.

"Oh, no! Ruthie hastened to assure him. "You look like a nice buoy, and" —

But the buoy interrupted her again. "Ah, but I'm not an ice buoy," he said; "it never freezes here, you know."

"I suppose not," replied Ruthie; and then as she looked across the tossing mass, she asked, "What goes on this sea?"

"Well — *I* don't," the buoy replied, with a sigh, and then he sang dismally:

Girls may come, and girls may go,
But I go on O, never, never — I go on — O — never!

"I don't know about that," said Ruthie. "You go on so that I don't have a chance to get a word in edgeways. But what I meant was, do you ever see a sail here?"

"Well, not often," the buoy answered. "You see I don't get a chance. There's never any one around that I can sell — except perhaps an inquisitive little girl, now and then;" and his electric light twinkled so merrily that Ruthie, who was about to answer sharply, thought better of it and said, "But how do you keep your light going? where is the battery?"

"The Battery! you a New York girl, and ask where the Battery is? Well, I am surprised!" said the Electric Boy.

"You know I didn't mean that!" Ruthie exclaimed hastily. "I mean the battery you are connected with."

"Oh, there is an Electric eel I am acquainted ith, who lives just below me, and of course here's always a current between us, so it is easy keep up the connection," explained the buoy.

"But he must swim away, sometimes," said uthie; "then, how do *you* do?"

"Me? Oh, I'm pretty well, I thank you," the uoy replied, so heartily, that his light actually eamed with good humor.

Ruthie looked at him suspiciously. "What a iddy thing you are!" she said.

"Well," said the buoy, "I may be light-headed, ut I'm no blockhead like the common wooden uoys. I know how to make light of my surundings, and I am considered a safe guide."

"Then, sir," said Ruthie, "perhaps you can irect me to the shore. Where am I? Where an I go? and how can I get there?"

"There, there," protested the buoy; "I am not wholesale dealer in questions and answers. One uestion at a time, please."

"Well, then," said Ruthie, "Where am I?"

"You are in the centre of the Egg-shell Sea, ff the coast of No-Man's Land, and in the State f Perpetual Buoyancy — I'm the Buoy, and here's he sea all around you," he responded glibly.

"Well," said Ruthie, looking around at the heavng white billows, "and where do I go from here?"

"Let's see," said the buoy, turning his light full pon her; "you are a girl, and — about twelve ears old?"

"Ten, sir, the fifteenth of last September."

SHE MISSED HER NOSE.

"Then you go straight across to No-Man's Land," the buoy stated.

"But why is it called No-Man's Land?"

"Because no man lives there."

"Why, how is that?" asked Ruthie.

"Well, I declare: you're a regular interrogation point, aren't you?" said the buoy. "But I'll tell you," he added, "no man can see just what the children see, nor in just the way they see. So, as no man can put himself in the place of the children, no man can live in this country of the children to which you have come — the Region of Childish Fancies. Now, then, if no man can live in it, isn't it No-Man's Land?" And quite exhausted by this display of information and reasoning, the buoy bobbed nearly out of sight.

"But who does live there, then?"

"Now, see here!" the Electric Boy broke out, while his light snapped and sputtered indignantly.

"My business here is to furnish light matter to passengers on the Egg-shell Sea, but to furnish replies to your endless questions is no light matter, and therefore it is not my business to bother with you any longer."

AWAY FLEW THE BLACKBIRD.

"Well, I am sure," said Ruthie in a reproachful tone, "you needn't get mad about it. But there was one other question you were to answer, you know. I should be perfectly happy if I could only step foot on shore. Now, how do I get there?"

"Follow your nose," said the Boy shortly. "Here comes the blackbird!"

Ruthie was just conscious of a dark object sweeping before her eyes. She felt a sharp and sudden tweak of her little nose, and uttering a quick cry, she clapped both hands quickly to her face and knew at once that something was missing. And so there was, sure enough, for the blackbird had darted at her face, and, in a second, had nipped off her nose.

There was another whir of wings, and as the Electric Boy turned his stream of light towards the shore of No-Man's Land, away flew that thievish blackbird with poor Ruthie's precious little nose. What did she do? Why, she followed her nose, as the Electric Boy had directed her.

But not without some anxiety as to the loss of that important feature, did she chase along the path of light, following the blackbird who, with her nipped-off nose in his beak, kept just far enough ahead of her to be out of her reach.

"Oh, say!" she panted, "do please give me back my nose: won't you?"

And that wicked blackbird actually looked back and winked at her.

"Oh, I do wish he would sing," she said, remembering the fable of the crow and the piece of cheese. "Perhaps I can get him to."

So she tried one of her pretty little school songs,

THE FRIENDS CHANGE INTO FROGS.

which, however, did not sound exactly right to her, even as she sung it:

Little blackbird on the sea, on the sea, Egg-shell Sea,
Little blackbird on the sea, sing a song to me!
Sing about the noses — have you nipped them all?
Sing, and then of course, dear, down my nose will fall.
Little blackbird on the sea, on the sea, Egg-shell Sea,
Little blackbird on the sea, sing a song to me!

But no song notes came from Mr. Blackbird's throat; and Ruthie, in despair, tried a new appeal:

"Perhaps if I speak, *Douglas, Douglas, tender and true*, to him, he will like it as much as our examiner did at school last week, and give me back my nose as a reward of merit," she said hopefully; and making a sort of running courtesy, she spoke in her prettiest manner:

Could you come back to me, blackbird, blackbird,
And put my nose on again where it grew,
I would be so thankful, so thankful, blackbird,
Blackbird, blackbird, slender and few.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as ever I knew —
Never the salt on your tail I'd scatter,
Blackbird, blackbird, slender and few.

Stretch out your beak to me, blackbird, blackbird,
Drop down my nose like the gentle dew,
As I lay my hand on these eggshells, blackbird,
Blackbird, blackbird, slender and few.

"Somehow that sounds kind of ridiculous," said Ruthie gravely; "but it is what I mean, anyhow; and my teacher says that our language should be the expression of our deepest thoughts."

Just then the blackbird, turning around to give her another friendly wink, laughed so loudly at Ruthie's perplexed face that the nose dropped from his beak. She, of course, darted forward to pick it up, and as she joyfully clutched her lost treasure, she noticed that she was once more on solid ground. Far out, across the swelling Egg-shell Sea, she saw the gleam and flicker of the electric light, and over the billows came the Electric Boy's jolly farewell. He seemed to have entirely recovered from his attack of ill-humor:

Good-night, Ruthie,
Good-night, Ruthie,
Good-night, Roo-thie —
I'm going to leave you now!

With that, out went the light, suddenly and completely, and the Electric Boy was lost in the gloom. But on shore all was brightness and beauty. Flowers were nodding and laughing, birds were singing, and so broad a smile wrinkled the great face of nature that Ruthie was considerably shaken up by the jolly convulsion.

"I declare," said Ruthie, starting, "everything is so bright and beautiful that I really forgot all about my nose," and she hastily clapped it on.

"Hey, hey! Not that way! not that way!" cried the blackbird, perched on a bush near by. "Dear, dear Ruthie! you've got it on wrong side up; and let me tell you, there's nothing in No-

Man's Land for a little girl to turn up her nose at!"

Ruthie hurriedly twisted the misplaced nose around to its proper position, and then asked:

"But why did you nip off my nose?"

"Well, you see," the blackbird explained, "the King of the Land of Nod has offered a fancy price for the nose of a perfectly happy girl. He wants to add it to his collection of *bric-à-brac* in the Royal Museum, and he is in his counting-house now, counting out his money to pay for it."

"But surely I wasn't a happy girl when you nipped off my nose," Ruthie said.

"I know that," replied the blackbird, "but you said distinctly that you would be perfectly happy if you could only step foot on shore, and so I thought I'd make sure of your nose first and then ask you for it afterwards; when you were perfectly happy, you know."

"Oh, but I couldn't be perfectly happy without my nose!" protested Ruthie. "How could I? How could any one be happy without a nose?"

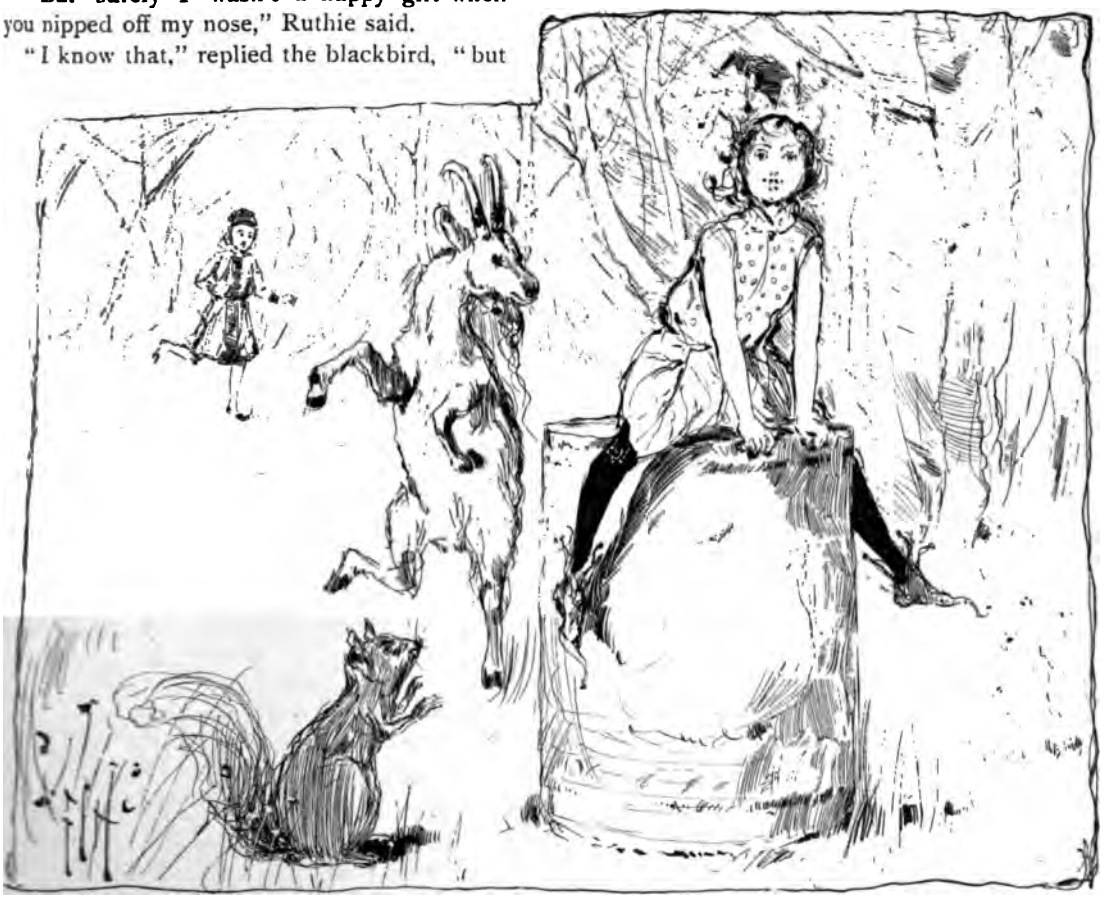
The blackbird looked at her thoughtfully.

"No one knows till he tries," he said, "but you are not 'no one,' so of course you don't know. Well, you can keep your nose. You haven't much of one to spare anyhow; so trot along. Your chariot is waiting just beyond to take you to the city."

"The city!" said Ruthie; "what city?"

"Why, the great city of Play-Day Town, of course," replied the blackbird. "It is the chief town in No-Man's Land, and is such a capital place for sport that they call it the Capital City. You'll have lots of fun there."

Ruthie was all excitement at once. "Oh, how do I get there?" she asked.



RUTHIE SPIES HER THREE OLD FRIENDS PLAYING LEAP FROG.

"Just around that bend in the road you will find your chariot waiting," the blackbird answered, "so good-by till I see you again;" and as Ruthie said "good-by" in reply, the blackbird flew far away over the Egg-shell Sea.

When Ruthie came to the bend in the road indicated by the blackbird, she saw no chariot, to be sure, but, to her great surprise, whom should she spy but her three old friends, the squirrel, the goat, and little Jumping Joan, playing at leap frog over the tomato can.

They called loudly to her to come and join in their game, and she, always ready for a romp, hurried towards them.

"Take your turn! take your turn!" they shouted. "It's no fair jumping out of turn."

Over the can went the squirrel, over the can went the goat, over the can went little Jumping Joan, and following quickly, came Ruthie. But, just as she was in the act of leaping over the tomato can, she seemed to be held in mid-air while her old friends, the squirrel, the goat, and little Jumping Joan, seemed to change into great green frogs. With them were a dozen other green-backed croakers, and leaping and tumbling over each other they all went, in a boisterous game of real, live leap-frog. Then the tomato can, above which Ruthie was suspended, changed into a gorgeous chariot, all glittering with gold and jewels, and lined with crimson velvet, in which Ruthie reclined at her ease, very comfortable and happy. Before her in great leaps went twelve great frogs, in silver and crimson harness, their emerald coats gleaming in the sun as in a mighty game of leap-frog they drew the golden chariot swiftly over the ground. Eight other frogs leaped as a guard of honor on either side of the chariot, and four more closed the jovial procession. And so, in royal state, with music, and laughter, and song all around her, little Ruthie rode gayly up to the great gate of the city of Play Day Town, the capital of No-Man's Land.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HER PROOF.

By M. E. W.

SHE lifted her finger solemn and slow:
"'Tis true, for certain and sure, *I* know,
And I think when I say so you ought to believe —
They kneel in their stalls on Christmas Eve.

"The red one, the white one, the speckled and brown,
When the clock strikes twelve, will all kneel down,
And it happens so every Christmas Eve,
— Well, I'll tell you this, if you *won't* believe:

"Once, ages and ages ago it was,
I thought I would see for myself, because
I doubted a little, just like you,
Whether or no the story was true;

"And so one Christmas Eve I staid
Awake till twelve — O I was afraid!
The wind was a-blowing, and no moon shone,
But I went to the stable myself, alone.

"And when I had slid the big doors back
I couldn't go in, it was so black;
But — solemn and true — I do declare
I heard the cows when they knelt down! There!"

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Words by GEORGE MACDONALD. Music composed for Wide Awake by ALBERT JUNGMANN.

Maestoso. *mf*

1. We praise the Life of
2. praise the Life of
3. praise the Life of
4. praise the Life of

Maestoso. *f* *mf*

All, From bur - ied seeds so small Who makes the or - dered ranks of
Light Who from the brood - ing night Draws out the morn - ing, ho - ly,
Work Who from sleep's lone - ly dark Leads forth his chil - dren to a -
Good Who breaks sin's la - zy mood Toil - some - ly plough - ing up the

p

Au - tumn stand, Who makes the or - dered ranks of Au - tumn stand; Who stores the corn
calm, and grand, Draws out the morn - ing, ho - ly, calm, and grand; Veils up the moon,
rise and stand, Leads forth his chil - dren to a - rise and stand. Then go their way,
fruit - less sand, Toil - some - ly ploughing up the fruit - less sand; The fur - rowed waste

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mf

In rick and barn, To feed the win - ter
Sends out the sun To glad the face of
The live - long day, To trust and la - bor
They leave, and haste Home, home to till their

cres. *mf*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

of the land. To feed the win - ter of the land.
all the land. To glad the face of all the land.
in the land, To trust and la - bor in the land.
Fa - ther's land, Home, home to till their Fa - ther's land.

mf

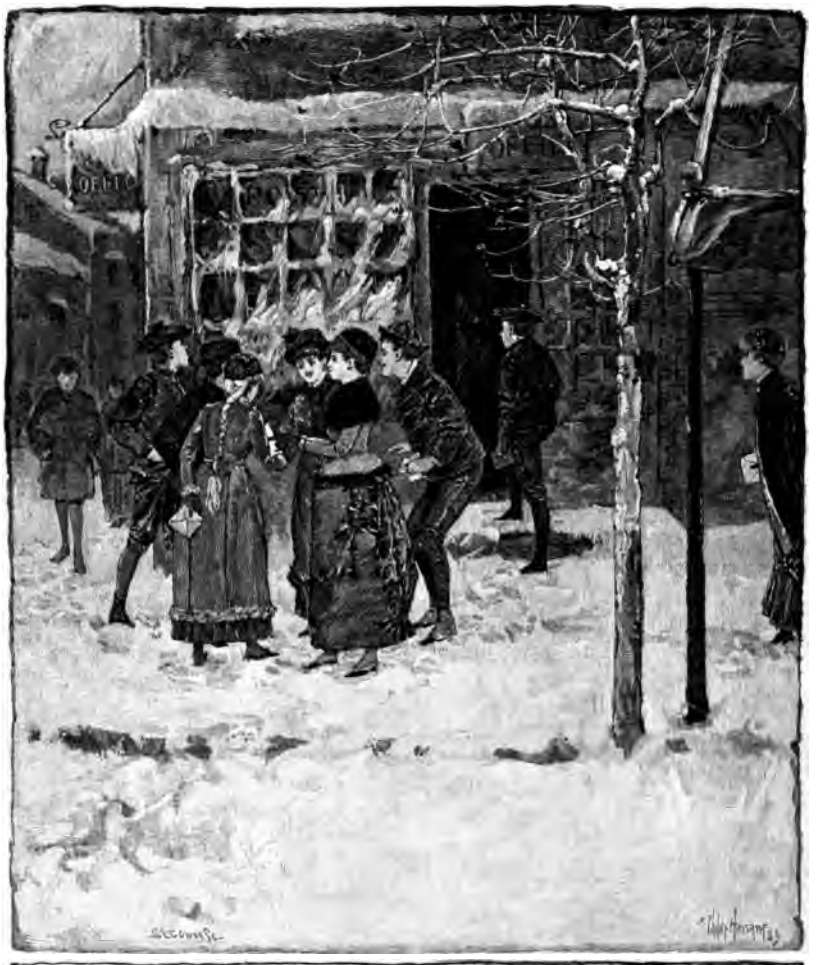
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* *

2. We
3. We
4. We

riten. *Fine.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *



St Valentine's Day.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 18. FEBRUARY, 1884. NO. 3.

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

HAD you been waiting at the entrance to the First Church of the town of Dexter, on a certain Sunday morning in December, you would have seen a curly haired boy come running up the street in a very week-day fashion. He pushed by some orderly and inconsiderate persons who were taking up a good deal of room on the sidewalk, as if he were in a great hurry, and scurried up the church steps at last, and disappeared behind a little door which led to the organ loft and the belfry.

He had some difficulty in unlatching this door, and I am sorry to say that he slammed it a little, so that an old lady near by was startled out of her composed frame of mind, and the old sexton who stood close at hand pulling the bell rope slowly and watching everybody go into church, shook his head gravely, and grumbled that the young rascal was late again.

The organist had begun to grow uneasy. He had been listening for some minutes for the creak of the organ bellows, and had again and again touched a key gently, in hopes that he might have missed hearing the boy come in, and that his instrument might already have got its breath.

The minister arrived a little earlier than usual, and wondered why he was allowed to walk up the broad aisle unheralded by the beginning of the voluntary. The parishioners looked around one after another to see if they could discover the cause of the silence, but there sat prim old Mr. Edwards on his perch, with his back to the congregation, as if it were none of his fault. He was the chief music master of the town and had played the organ of the First Church for more than thirty years —a very good little man indeed, though sometimes short tempered, and he wore a nice curly wig of a reddish tinge, as was suitable for a person of his disposition.

He sat before the silent keys, growing more and more disturbed, but the singers whispered together near him, and he did not hear Tom Lester come up the stairs, and left his finger upon one of the keys that presently sent forth a high, sharp note as the organ filled with wind. Tom worked away at the bellows as hard as he could, and Mr. Edwards began to play, somewhat angrily, giving the melody a reproachful expression, but all anxiety was at an end, and the church service went on in its usual fashion. Tom Lester sat on the broken

backed chair in the dusty little organ loft and gradually cooled off after his hard run, and took a long breath as the old organ had just done, and then sat looking about him.

There was a great deal of dust everywhere and all the church spiders of that summer and many others had spun their webs and caught their flies unhindered. The back of the organ was very unlike the front; it was a rough-looking thing, and one would never have believed that any music would come out of it. The front was very fine, although it was an old and rather small organ, for it had shared in the general restoring of the church not long before and had been varnished and gilded in its woodwork and pipes. It made Tom think of some of the houses in Dexter, that were quite grand on the street-side and quite uninviting as viewed from the back alley.

He found the interior of the organ very interesting. for ever since he had discovered that it was the habit of the tuner to creep in to tinker at the pipes and stops, he had followed his example from time to time during his seasons of leisure in the long sermon. There were a good many little shelves and ledges in the woodwork, and Tom had stored away many of his belongings for safe keeping. It was sometimes awkward to have to wait from Sunday to Sunday to get some treasure or other.

Tom did not like to go to church in the evening. There was always a service at that time, but the sexton, who was a grumpy person, and who prided himself as he should, on being very careful, would not allow a lamp to be carried into the organ loft for fear of fire. Some light came through the chinks between the pipes, but Tom sat in a dismal twilight, except when the full moon shone through the odd-shaped window over the front door of the church. The sexton sometimes opened the door at the foot of the crooked belfry stairs while service was going on, but he quite as often forgot it.

As for the preaching, it was difficult to hear it clearly, and Tom was not apt to be a devout listener, at any rate, but the music he loved dearly. From the first he had listened delightedly to Mr. Edwards' playing, which was, to tell the truth, uncommonly good. He knew most of the voluntaries by heart; he liked, as he would have said himself, to hear the old organ creak and sing with all its might, and beside, he had his favorites among the psalm tunes, and used to hum them to himself softly, and even take an unsuspected fifth part in the quartettes.

On this Sunday morning he did not take much notice of the music, though after the first angry notes the organist's fingers had touched the keys more gently, and when the last strains were finished Tom went on blowing until he found the lever refused to make another downward stroke and the aggrieved instrument began to groan of its own accord. The minister made a short prayer and then began to read the Bible to his congregation, to which everybody lent an ear but little Tom Lester in the organ loft. He sat still for a minute or two, and then went to one corner of the organ framework and got down on his hands and knees before a mouse-hole. So far as one could see, it was the doorway to a deserted residence, but Tom put his face down as close as he could and made a soft little chirruping noise with his lips, and then he leaned back again and watched anxiously. There was always a time of suspense and fear lest something might have happened to his small friend, and before any answer came to this summons, Tom noticed that the minister's voice had ceased and he took his seat again to have the organ ready for the singing of the first hymn.

But that was hardly over when something appeared in the mouse-hole — the church mouse itself, with bright, bead-like eyes, and it came out to the very tip of its tail, and looked at Tom, who nodded and pushed one foot toward it playfully, but it did not run back into its hole again; it ran toward the foot instead and climbed up the trousers leg, and Tom poked its back with his finger and pushed away eagerly with one arm at the bellows, as if he thought he could hurry up the hymn, and with the other hand he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out the very piece of bread which had made him late to church.

For you see he had to run back just at church-time to Mrs. Dunn's, where he lived, to get it, since he had for once forgotten to save it from his breakfast. But Mrs. Dunn had locked her door behind her and gone out, and then he went to the Duncans' where he sometimes did errands, and though he pounded and rapped away at the back door, the two good-natured Irish girls had gone to mass together, and Adeline, the nurse, who was keeping house, was sitting at the parlor window, under

pretext of amusing the baby, watching new winter bonnets and cloaks go by. And there Tom was at his wits' end. The bell was tolling its very last strokes, and he started to run to the church with a heavy heart inside him because he should disappoint the church mouse of its Sunday breakfast. Whom should he see at this unhappy moment but little Nelly Jacobs, the old watchmaker's grandchild, and she stood just inside the gate of her small side yard, eating a large piece of bread and butter.

"Oh, give me a piece of that," says Tom in a tone of command, and because he was a big boy and not very friendly looking, she obeyed, and he stuffed the hastily broken half-slice into his pocket and ran on well satisfied, for he told himself that she could get plenty more where that came from, and he would do her a good turn some day as payment.

Now I should like to tell something about the previous history of Tom Lester, and also of his friend the church mouse. Having presented them both to the reader, we will imagine that the long sermon has begun and that Tom has broken the bread into a great many small bits and laid some of them in a long line on the floor. The mouse has eaten two, as if it were very hungry, and has since been industriously carrying them down into its hole to stow away in its larder, wherever and whatever that may be. Tom has wondered why it would not be just as well for them to be left where they were, in fact, he used to have surprises for the mouse just before he left the organ loft, until it came to his mind that there might be other church mice, and that they, and not his friend, had found the bits of bread and cheese that he had carefully placed on the little ledges of the organ, both within and without.

To tell the honest truth, Tom himself was a church mouse as much as if he had four legs and a furry back, and lived down in a hole and gnawed hymn books. His father was dead, and his mother was dead, and he had no brothers or sisters His mother had been a good and useful woman, and a respected member of the church, and when she died, after a lingering illness, it was promised her that her child should be looked after, and provided for, until he could take care of himself. So while he was very small, his board was paid, and he was sent to school; but within the last year he was thought able to earn part of his own living. The organ boy's family was going to leave town, and Tom was put in his place, which made a saving to the church, because his salary went toward paying his board. He did himself great credit, too, it being his first public position, and he held out splendidly against the bribes offered by some of the boys at school, and refused to open the church doors to the rascals who wished to ring the bell from twelve to one o'clock in the dead of night before the Fourth of July. It must be confessed that on the second Independence Day of his term of office, he did not prove so staunch against besiegers, and Old Norris, the sexton, never has known to this day how the boys got up into the belfry.

Fourth of July was on Monday that year, and Tom came boldly down the belfry stairs and went out of the church front door Sunday night, but while Norris went back up the aisle, to blow out the pulpit lights, our friend crept back again and went up with two cronies, and all three hid themselves, in the twinkling of an eye, in the cobwebby organ-loft and up the belfry stairs.

Such a pealing as the old bell gave three hours later! They turned it over and over, and hustled it dreadfully, first one and then another tugging at the rope, until Bob Larkin was overtaken with a perilous attack of bleeding at the nose, and the noise of firecrackers and the light of bonfires proved so enticing that they went tumbling down the crooked stairs again, and let themselves softly out of one of the well-fastened windows to the ground.

But I must assure you that little Lester was seldom found fault with, and besides his church duties he did errands, and light work in the gardens, and was growing up fast, and almost every dog in town would run up to him or wag its tail when it saw him, and he whistled at the canaries as they hung out-of-doors in the summer, or patted the horses' noses, and gossiped with the two or three wicked old parrots who had long since lost their claims to being strangers and foreigners. In short, he was very fond of animals, and was always good friends with them — and I suppose this was the reason he had become so particularly intimate with the other church mouse.

Indeed, it was a tame creature; it would run up his jacket sleeve and down his collar, and squeeze itself into the smallest possible cracks and crevices,

and would hide away in an instant, and puzzle Tom astonishingly while he tried to find it, and then in another moment it would appear again, with its shining little black eyes looking up fearlessly into his. Tom had seen it peering out of its hole one day, as he blew the organ, as if it wished to inquire what all that noise was going on about. It was very young, then, and had not learned the dangers of trusting human kind, so when Tom found some crumbs in his pocket, and threw them down, it darted back for a moment into its shelter, and then, strange to say, came back again and took possession of a bit of gingerbread which had fallen at the edge of its door. Next Sunday it was not to be seen, but it found the fresh crumbs a little later, nevertheless, and perhaps it remembered Tom, and perhaps it didn't; but it is true, at all events, that in course of time, it was as tame as he, and one was no more afraid than the other was.

But, on the contrary, a friendship grew up between these two that would have caused great surprise to such persons as are terrified at the sight of a mouse, and who even jump upon chairs and shake their petticoats, and shriek if one is so much as spoken of. Tom fed his mouse generously; you could not say poor as a church mouse, and have meant that one. He really kept it in great luxury, and there was no excuse for the bad habit it had of gnawing the leather backs of the choir-books, and even the hymn-books in the pews. It had travelled, on one occasion, as far as the pulpit, and had taken a sinful nibble at the cover of the great red Bible, which had been the gift of a deceased parishioner a great many years before. This was so very small a nibble as to be unsuspected — for the morocco was very dry and bitter to the taste — but Sexton Norris, who might well play the character of church cat, at last discovered the other depredations, which were also spoken of by different members of the congregation, and set a trap, well baited, for Tom Lester's church mouse.

"It's them Downing children," said the old sexton indignantly. "One would think that they could get time enough to eat without keeping it up all through meeting time; but they munch candy and sweet stuff straight along — and that's what draws the mice in, plague take 'em!"

So, on this December Sunday morning, while Tom Lester blew the organ, and played with his small pet by turns, his heart was very heavy, for he feared as he strewed the bits of Nelly Jacob's bread on the floor, and watched the quick creature whisk them away, that it might be the last time he would ever have the mouse for company. He was a lonely boy — and would have loved a real home dearly if he had had one — and since he was only a boarder and a pensioner, and a church mouse, he took his bits of homelikeness wherever he could find them. And as he had opened the door that morning at the foot of the belfry stairs, his heart had sunk at the sight of a great old-fashioned mousetrap all ready for service on the second step. It seemed a cruel thing to make war against so tiny and defenseless a creature, and Tom racked his brains to think how he could save it from destruction, while he hated Old Norris more vigorously than ever.

It was the Sunday before Christmas, and before the sermon began, Tom heard the minister ask that the contribution which was to be taken up for the payment of the debts which had been incurred in shingling and painting and decorating the old church, might be a very generous one; indeed, he hoped it might be the last. Also those persons who were ready to hand in their money subscriptions for a Christmas supper might do it that day, envelopes having been provided in the pews.

Presently there was a clinking of silver in the plates as the deacons went up and down the aisles, and Tom could hear it where he sat, and he wondered if he should have as much money when he grew up, and what he should do with it, and what was likely to become of him anyway. He wished that he belonged to somebody, like the other fellows. He wondered what he should do about that mouse-trap, for it was the kind that chokes and kills — a trap to be dreaded and feared.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to hide away, and then after Old Norris had gone home, to take the bait from the trap, and get out of the window afterward, as he had on the Fourth of July. Accordingly, he came to church dutifully for the evening service, and as he came early, he had time to pick out the piece of cheese, and the wire caught his fingers and hurt them, which made him all the more intent upon marring the sexton's plot.

The service went on as usual, and Mr. Norris had good-naturedly put the lantern half-way up the stairs to make it pleasanter for Tom. The lights in front of the organ shone through the pipes, and made long stripes of brightness and shadow on the unfinished wall behind. Just before service began Norris put his head inside the door and called our hero in a loud whisper, and told him to mind his steps coming down, for there was a trap he was going to set in the aisle after church was over. Tom could hardly keep himself from laughing aloud — that bungling Old Norris! — and here there was a minute of silence, while the noble sexton held his trap up to the light and found the cheese was already gone. Tom's spirits rose as he heard the grumble, and thought that his mouse was safe until next day, at any rate. Perhaps he could damage the spring so that it would not catch! But just as this wise thought flitted through his mind, he heard the door shut, and when he snatched his first chance to go down, he found the sexton had taken the trap away.

The boy grew sleepy, and was glad when the last hymn was sung and he could go. Often the organist and even Old Norris, had asked him why he did not come down from his dusty corner while the sermon was preached; but there was a sense of freedom there which could not be enjoyed in the pews. As he descended, having left a good store of bread, and the stolen bit of cheese, beside a piece of apple for his small defendant, Old Norris stopped him, and asked him to wait a minute. There was often some help needed about closing the church, and Tom went inside the inner door to seat himself in the back pew to get out of the cold.

The minister tarried to speak with some people who waited for him as he came down the aisle, and last of all the sexton stopped him.

"I don' know what the folks will say," announced Norris, in his odd, gruff voice. "I don' know's we could do any better, neither. It's the collection money that was took up this forenoon. Deacon Tasker always carries it off, and counts it over, and sees to it; but you may remember he was called out o' meeting just toward the end o' the sermon. I stopped here a while, thinking likely he'd be back after it, but I didn't see nothing of him, and I wanted to get home to dinner, so I just unfastened the little cupboard under the pulpit, and set the plates in there, top of the communion chist. I didn't want the charge of it — you know I always keep one key, and the deacon the other — in case of fire or anything. I s'pose there's no need to do anything about it? I'll open the door in two minutes, and get it out, if you say so. Mis' Tasker's mother lays very low. I s'pose you know all about it? She had an ill turn this morning, somebody was saying. I don't think likely the deacon means to come back to-night; it's quite a ways to Plainfields these short days. But perhaps you'd better take the money?"

"Oh, no," said the tired minister, shivering all this time in the open doorway. "It'll be as safe as the bank, and you can remind the deacon of it, or bring it to me if he isn't home by nine or ten o'clock in the morning."

Tom heard all this, but nobody noticed him — indeed the sexton almost forgot him, and then was savage because he was suddenly reminded of the trap. "You just stop here five minutes whilst I step across the road for a bait of cheese," he said; "I promised I would see to those pesky mice." But when the old man returned he was hardly surprised to find no trace of Tom. The outer door was shut as if he had been tired of waiting and had run away. Norris had been delayed; his wife had gone to watch with a sick neighbor, and after scolding a little while he put the cheese in its place in the trap, and after he put that instrument of vengeance on the floor in the broad aisle, he scuffed about — the honest old fellow! — blowing out the lamps one after another, until the church was dark, and then he took his lantern and locked the door and went away home. The fires in the great stoves at the back of the church were burning low — there was no danger in leaving them to quietly fade into ashes.

Tom listens from his hiding-place in the organ loft. It is very dark, and the church seems very large and empty; it is not half such good fun alone as it was with the other boys for company on a summer night. But he thinks of the mouse's danger, and goes bravely down into the aisle and feels about all the way along, and wonders if he will have to hunt in all the pews, and stops as he hears a footfall outside in the street, and then suddenly his one foot strikes the trap and he hears it spring, and laughs softly as he picks it up and

again steals away the bit of cheese. He goes back again and throws it up into the organ-loft, and thinks with joy how angry Norris will be and what a good breakfast the tame mouse will have; and then he goes to the window from which he can step out to the top of the low horse sheds.

The window is fastened tight and close. He feels it carefully after he has pushed and pulled and shaken it, and finds that the careful old sexton has nailed some slips of wood alongside, and has made it fast against the winter weather. The

TOM AND THE CHURCH MOUSE.

church is built on a hillside, and the other windows are all high from the ground.

So there was nothing to do but to stay all night, and after being perfectly sure he was going to cry, Tom told himself that it would be warm enough, and he could be let out in the morning, and after considering the situation, he went up into the singers' seats where the benches were wide and well cushioned, and laid down with his head on his arm, and tried to go to sleep, until presently he succeeded. If he had not been such a lonely little fellow he would have been missed. Sometimes he spent the night where he had been boarded in his early childhood; so each household thought he was with the other, and neither missed him.

While he slept there, the church growing colder and colder, and the starlight glistening brighter and brighter on its frosted windows that winter night, Tom dreamed about the mouse-trap, and thought he heard it snap and catch his small pet in its firm hold. He started up and did not know where he was. The strange bluish light of the great square windows was very awful, and strange to say, the snapping of the trap seemed to go on. Then he was wide awake, and found that the noise was at one of the windows, and he wondered if the boys had come to let him out. No; it was somebody breaking the panes. He heard the glass shiver and fall inside, and he listened until he heard voices whispering.

What could robbers want in that empty church? He wondered more and more, and for answer he remembered the little closet under the ponderous old pulpit, with the chest of quaint old solid silver which some rich man had left the First Parish when he died a hundred years before. Tom had seen part of it taken out and set in order a great many times. And beside the contribution money was there in the two plates, as Old Norris had left it. He wished he were in the organ-loft, but the door to the stairway opened and shut with a whine.

This is what he does: He waits until the two men on their evil errand creep in at the broken window and go up the aisle with a muffled lantern that seems to leak a little light as it is carried along. Then Tom pulls off his shoes and leaves them, and half slides down the few steps from the singers' seats, and along the aisle to the open pew door, and scrambles out carefully through the window, making only one click as he does it. The thieves stop in their work, but presently say to each other it was only a piece of glass falling from the sash, and go on prying open the little door.

And Tom is running down the street. He pulls this door-bell and that; in a very few minutes he has waked up John Fastnet and Henry Dennett, and two or three others, and has told his story, and they dress in a hurry, and take a pistol if they have one, and are out in the street, and before long a small company of strong men are in the old meeting-house and up the broad aisle, and the thieves are caught. As for Tom, he has been running about at the edge of the crowd, frightened

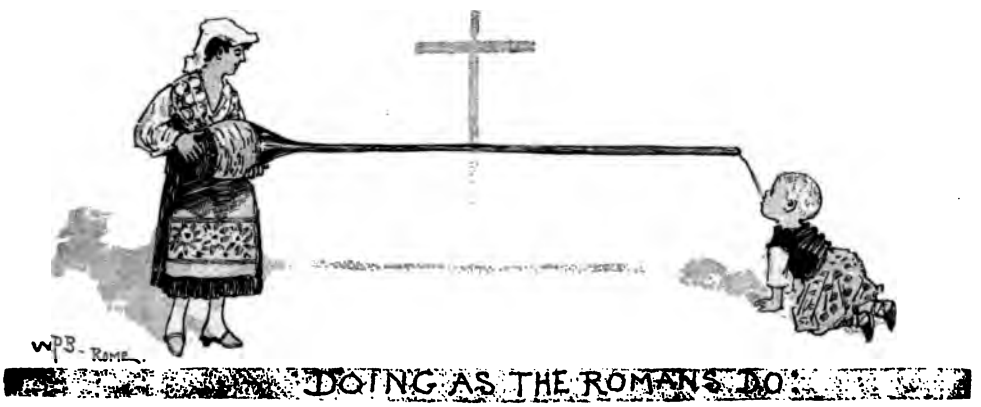
enough, and at last his feet are so cold he thinks of his shoes, and after the robbers have fought and been mastered, he goes into the church and comes out again with his shoes, sees what else is to be seen, and then goes home to bed.

But in the morning he is well remembered, and is almost afraid at first to tell why he was in the church, but at last is made to confess about his dear church mouse, and some of the listeners laugh, but one kind-hearted man, whose grandfather it was who gave the silver, makes up his mind to look after the lonely boy, and so Tom has won a good friend by his night's work.

There is something else to be said after I have told you about a suit of clothes that the ladies of the Sewing Society made for Tom that winter — even to the pocket handkerchief and as many stockings as if he were a centipede — and that is he was sent to the best school in town by Mr. Duncan, and promised a place in his office later if he did well.

The mouse was an object of great interest that winter, and people insisted upon going up into the organ loft to see it, but it was frightened away by so much attention. Tom fed it and teased it out of its hole when he could, but at last it came no more, and the chances are that it found its life very dull, and longed for constant society and daily provision of something beside hymn-book covers. So it strayed out of the open door on a spring evening, and now follows the dangerous career of a ravaging house mouse.

Just at that time Tom became the proud owner of a puppy, so he missed his former playmate less than one would suppose — though the puppy behaved disgracefully the only time it was ever taken to the organ-loft, for it whined every minute while Tom blew the organ for the voluntary — and caused great amazement in the congregation.



THERE came a beggar to my door
Upon a Thursday, fair and sunny;
She said she'd like some wheaten bread,
A jar of jam, and one of honey;

Also, she said, a pie of larks,
A cake with icing on the top,
Some custard, and a crock of cream —
I wondered would she ever stop.

I gave the beggar all she asked;
She hobbled off across the green —
She begged for such fine food to eat,
I think she must have been a queen!

A GLANCE AT THE BEAR FAMILY.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

NOT soon shall I forget one day of wild travelling in that splendid region of Wyoming, which lies just south of Yellowstone Park. We broke our camp at sunrise, and the first ten miles lay across rolling grassy hills, whence the eye could take in a wide view of mountains, savannas, and woodland. The whole length of the mysterious and majestic Wind River range stood out behind us, blue-black as far up as the timber grew, and above that all white with snow, many of the peaks showing not a fleck to mar their sparkling cones. Before noon we could see the storm-clouds chasing each other through the chasms, and puffs of cold fleecy mist drifted away from the summits like smoke from the mouth of a cannon. Listening to the low growling of the far thunder it was easy to imagine Storm Kings really at war among those tempest-breeding heights.

Turning in from the plains to the entrance of a long east-and-west valley which gave passage through the mountains on the western side of the Green River basin, we happily struck an Indian trail, and followed the well-trodden pathway up a long ravine, along an exceedingly picturesque brook, where trout were sliding through sunny shallows or leaping miniature cascades, and the willows that arched over the deep beaver-ponds were full of singing birds. We scarcely knew when we had reached the highest point of the pass, and wound about through open groves of evergreen with an ease which was luxury after our experience of the tangled, log-obstructed forests encountered the week before. Finally, as the sun declined, we ascended a little way the bed of a torrent which came down a narrow, tortuous valley at the side, where black-tailed deer were common, stopped in a spruce grove, and made us springy beds of boughs, while the cook prepared supper.

But we soon found that we were by no means the first who had slept there. Here, in a sort of natural log house, where several spruces, by falling criss-cross, had formed a pen for which the far-reaching boughs of the great trees still standing furnished a good roof, the floor was dug down, and the leaves and rubbish which had been blown in by the wind were crushed and matted together. A glance told us who this pioneer was who had found his cabin ready and his bed made — Mr. Grizzly Bear! Further on we could trace where he had walked, perhaps that very day — certainly yesterday — by the herbs which he had crushed under his heavy step, and we knew that he had crossed the brook at a certain place by the broad, human-like track in the muddy margin. Here he pawed deep down among the leaves after roots; there he overturned a heavy log, probably searching for insects underneath; and then, as the sun grew warm and the flies troublesome, he had made straight for the high, rocky uplands, to get a taste of snow, and let the breezes, cool from Frémont's glacier, blow strong against his shaggy sides.

It is very curious that bears should be so fond of these great altitudes. Down in the San Juan Mountains of Southern Colorado, which lift their thin, sharp pinnacles of brittle rock thousands of feet above where even the humblest little sprig of a spruce can grow, we used to hear, and sometimes see them, scaling the highest points; and in climbing one very lofty and precipitous spire, Mr. A. D. Wilson suddenly came upon a bear, lying on the very tip-top, where it could gaze a hundred miles in any direction. There actually wasn't room for both on that narrow peak, and, as Mr. Wilson was far too polite a man to dispossess a friend of so excellent an outlook, he just apologized for the intrusion, and moved hastily downward.

The bear was not to be outdone, and it scampered, rolled, slid and leaped down the steep loose rocks on the other side, with the most amazing celerity. Why it didn't break its big neck, tumble over some

precipice, or crush through some treacherous snow-bridge into a crevice whence it could not have climbed out, is a wonder to everybody who saw that headlong, panic-stricken rush. It is curious to us what in the world the bear could have been doing all alone on that bleak, lofty pinnacle of barren rock; but then, no doubt, it wondered just as much what *we* wanted up there!

One of the first technical words I ever learned was "plantigrade." I was told that the bear was a plantigrade animal; that is, he walked on the full length of his foot, just as I did. This set me to studying how this was, and I was surprised to find that the large majority of animals never touch their heels to the ground at all, but walk on their toes. You can understand this easily if you look at a skeleton, or the picture of one. At the lower (or hinder) end of the backbone is a large circular mass of very solid bone which supports the trunk of the body, and is called the pelvis. Attached to this, like two pillars supporting it, are the bones of the legs. These consist of the thigh bone (*femur*), the double shin bone (*tibia* and *fibula*), the bones of the heel and ankle (*tarsus*), those of the instep (*metatarsus*), and the toes (*phalanges*). Now all these bones of your leg and mine occur in a dog's leg, but in different proportions. The thigh bone is very short and heavy, and nearly wholly hidden in the body; it is the *tibia* and *fibula* which makes the upper part of the external leg, and the slender lower portion is not the shin, as it seems to be, but it is the *metatarsus*, stretched out and standing erect, instead of lying flat down as it does in my foot; the dog's "ankle" and "heel," therefore, are half-way up his leg, where you have supposed was his knee (not noticing that it bent the wrong way), and it is only his toes that support him on the ground. He is "digitigrade."

A SUDDEN MEETING.

In the bear, on the contrary, the heel is brought down to the ground, and the *tarsus* lies flat as in ourselves; but as this bone is proportionately very long, and the leg bones are very short, you have that awkward great foot which is so characteristic. It is because of this structure that he is able to get about so well with his enormous weight, climbing and descending the roughest of mountain-sides, pushing his way through dense jungles, and, in the case of the smaller species, shinning up to where the best fruit and nuts are to be found, or the bees have hidden their sweet stores in some hollow tree-top.

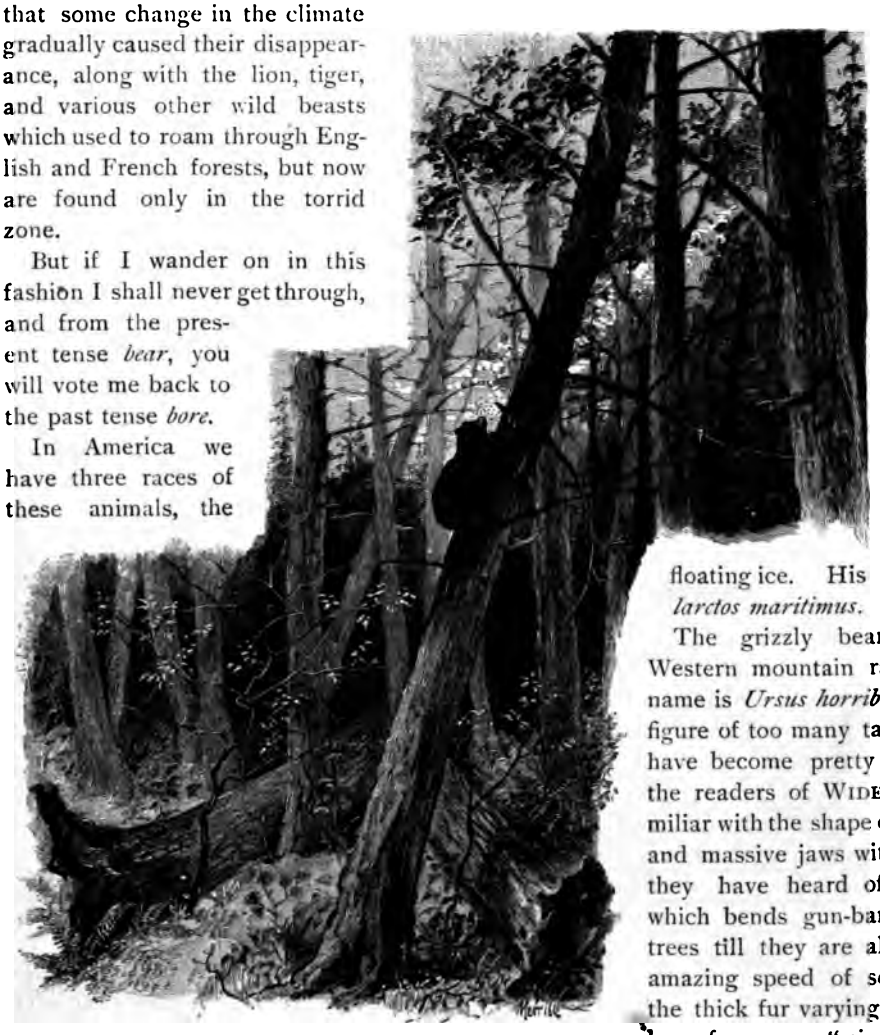
Bruin inhabits all parts of the world, from the farthest stretch of land or ice toward the poles, to the vast forests that encircle the equator, except in Australia. There are not many different kinds, but in former ages there seem to have been more species, and some of a greater size than any now existing. The soil on the floors of many caves in England and Southern France is full of the bones of bygone animals, among which, it appears, flourished a giant of a bear, much larger than the grizzly, known as the cave bear. The grizzly, by the way, was also an inhabitant of Europe and Asia in those days, together with the brown bear, which still exists in the colder parts of the Old World.

We know the huge cave-bear certainly lived late enough to be killed and eaten by the savage

men who, with stone implements of warfare and the chase, hunted them in those early years when the sites of the great capitals of Europe were unmarked in tangled forest; but we do not know what cause led to its disappearance, any more than we know why the grizzly has survived in abundance to the present here in America, but has wholly died out on the other side of the Atlantic. It is hard to believe that those wild ancestors of ours were able to exterminate them with their rude weapons of flint, and we must probably conclude that some change in the climate gradually caused their disappearance, along with the lion, tiger, and various other wild beasts which used to roam through English and French forests, but now are found only in the torrid zone.

But if I wander on in this fashion I shall never get through, and from the present tense *bear*, you will vote me back to the past tense *bore*.

In America we have three races of these animals, the polar, the grizzly, and the black bears; the first and last are also inhabitants of Europe, and, as I said before, the grizzly used to be.



UP A BEE-TREE.

The polar bear has the longest body of any bear in the world, but since he is more slender, does not exceed, if he equals, in weight, the grizzly, which sometimes tips the scale at eight hundred pounds. His head is narrow and pointed, and the whole frame is extremely muscular. The fur of the polar bear is of a dirty white color throughout; the hair is very long, also, and close to the skin is a woolly down which helps to make the exceedingly warm coat necessary in those high latitudes where it is winter pretty much all the year round. Another peculiar feature is the almost webbed condition of his broad feet, enabling him to swim with ease. He is a denizen of the whole Arctic zone, wandering southward at least to the limits of tree-growth, and northward to the very pole — unless there really is an open sea there; and even then he may sometimes drift to that mysterious point where all longitudes and latitudes converge, on floating ice. His scientific name is *Thalarctos maritimus*.

The grizzly bear — that giant of our Western mountain ranges, whose expressive name is *Ursus horribilis*, has been the central figure of too many tales of adventure not to have become pretty well known already to the readers of WIDE AWAKE. They are familiar with the shape of the heavy square head and massive jaws with its formidable teeth; they have heard of the gigantic strength which bends gun-barrels and shakes stately trees till they are almost uprooted; of the amazing speed of so ponderous a beast; of the thick fur varying in tint from the bright bay of a young "cinnamon" to the grizzled, yellowish-brown of an aged inhabitant of the northern sierras; and they know just where they can put their hand on endless stories, all of which they firmly believe, of dreadful encounters and marvellous escapes with this king of

American wild beasts, for which every boy has born with him an interest as absorbing and instinctive as is his sister's dread of a spider. "Oh, hurry up!" I think I hear him call out impatiently; "hurry up! We know all about the grizzly. Haven't we read Mr. Adams and Captain Mayne Reid?" All right; if you have read those books attentively you ought to know something about it, and I *will* hurry up to tell you about a bear nearer at home.

I doubt if there is a State in the Union (unless it be Delaware, Rhode Island, and possibly Connecticut) where it would not be possible to shoot a black bear; and very good fun it is to do it, too, though hard work. Now it is about this "little black bear," this *Ursus Americanus*, that I want especially to tell you, though I have been a long time coming at it.

Did you ever see one wild in the woods? You are sitting on a side-hill, perhaps, gazing off across the valley, when your eye is attracted by a curious black spot on the opposite slope, which does not look precisely like either a burned stump or shadow of a jutting rock. There is no particular shape to this small blot on the sunny hillside, but somehow it attracts your attention, and in a few minutes you see it move, shuffling along through the bushes without any seeming hurry, yet at a pretty good pace, and finally disappearing around the corner of a ledge, or going off into the woods. Then is your time to hurry cautiously after it and get a shot.

The bear is born in the winter time, and usually has a twin brother or sister, but generally his first sight of the world is not until he is several weeks old, for he is born in the den in the rocks, or the half underground burrow where his mother has spent the winter in one almost continuous sleep. This is called the *hibernation* of bears, or, as the hunters say, their "holing-up;" and it is a habit of all those species that live in cold countries, where the ground freezes so hard that they are unable to dig for the roots which form the staple of their food, while there is little of anything else to be had. In warm climates bears are abroad all the year round. The most remarkable example of the hibernation of these animals is the case of the female polar bear.

As soon as the winter shuts down, when snow begins to fall heavily and the shortening of the days indicates the approach of that long night which reigns in the frigid zone, the female polar bear seeks some nook where there is a comfortable carpet of moss, and lies down. She has had a long summer of seal-catching and cranberry-picking, and under her hide are thick layers of fat. She feels fatigued and drowsy, and stretching herself in the lee of a rock, goes to sleep. Perhaps that very first night the leaden clouds shake down the thickly flying flakes, and for days and days it not once stops snowing; but the bear never looks out to see what is happening. She is contentedly asleep and sucking her paws — so it is said, but I won't vouch for *that!* — and lets the snow drift over her until she is buried a dozen or more feet deep in that fleecy mound. But the snow by no means lies close upon her, as it would upon a buried log. The heat of her body keeps it thawed for a little distance, so that she is in a snow-cave rather than immersed in a drift, while the warmth of her breath keeps open a little chimney up through the roof so that she is in no danger of suffocation.

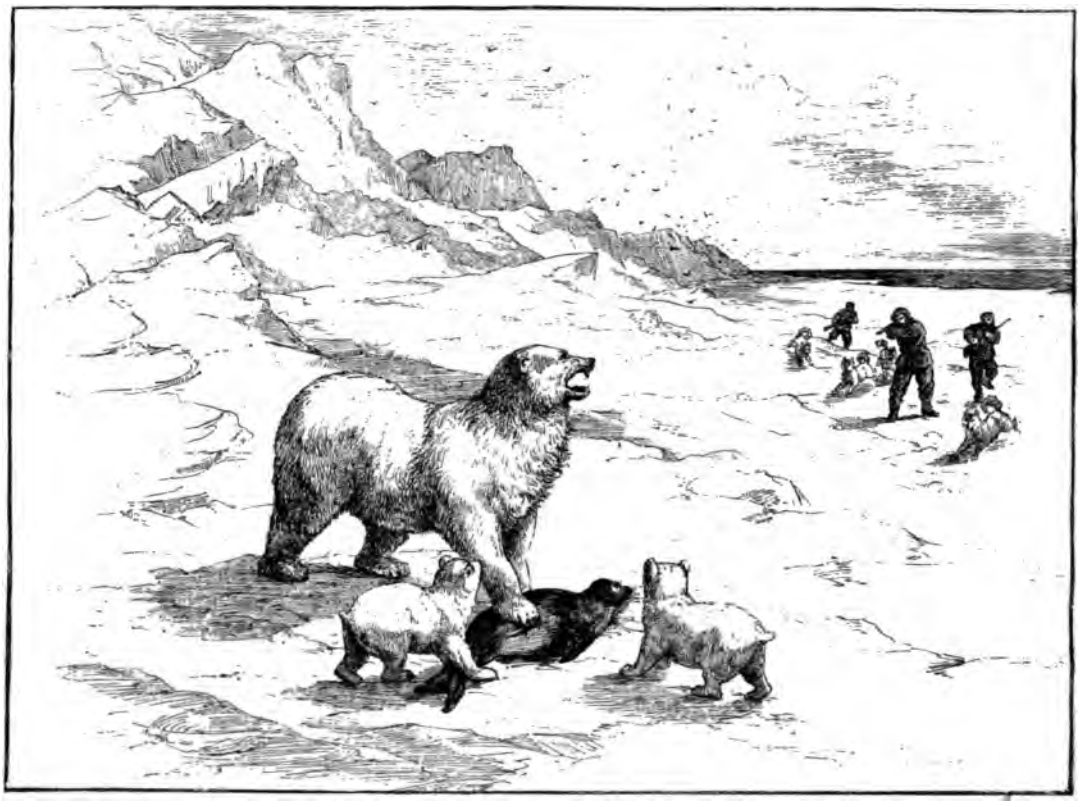
Do you think she is cold there? Not a bit of it — too warm, no doubt, at first. I have never been so uncomfortable from heat as some nights in sleeping out of doors when two or three inches only of snow had spread its blanket over my bed, and I did not dare move until I was ready to get up, for fear of spilling a lot of it down the back of my naked neck. Arctic travellers find a hut of snow the best possible protection against cold, while the Eskimo houses, built of blocks of ice, are so warm that the family go almost entirely unclothed, although they have only a curtain of sealskin for a door and the climate outside may be severe enough to freeze whiskey, so that, instead of drinking, they must break it up with a hatchet and eat it like rock candy. The male polar bear hibernates also, but not with the constancy of the female, for he is often noticed abroad on fine days in mid-winter.

In the spring, when the advancing sun begins to weaken the icy shell over her, the female bear, now a mother of two little fellows about as big as Spitz dogs, rouses herself, breaks out through the snow, and leads forth her little cubs into the world; but sometimes, when repeated meltings and freezings have caked the surface of the snow above her unusually hard, she is too

weak with her long fast and the suckling of her bairns to break through, and so all three starve to death in their snow-prison.

This is the extreme of hibernation. The grizzly and the black bear are not pushed to so hard conditions, finding plenty of hollow trees, sheltered cavities in ledges of rocks, and hollow spaces under windfalls of trees, where the leaves have drifted in, to make a bed in which they may sleep away the colder day, and where they may afterwards return as to a sort of home when night overtakes them in that vicinity.

When, in the spring, the bears first come out of their winter lairs, they are lean and hungry. It often happens that the season is delayed, or food extraordinarily hard to get; and at such times they become very bold, walking openly into settlements, seizing sheep, calves and pigs, and even attacking children unprovoked. As a rule, however, the bear is good-natured and rather timid, almost always turning tail and trotting unconcernedly off when you come suddenly upon him. He does not show the reckless courage of the cat-tribe, whose cold yellow eyes never confess a craven spirit in the presence of an enemy however new, or a peril never so threatening; yet when cornered the bear will fight terribly. The bear's mind, like his body, is thick and heavy. It takes him a long time to get hold of an idea, or, when once he has got it, to let it go. Though sluggish and not very inquisitive, Bruin is playful. He likes to find a warm mud-hole and wallow in it with other bears, covering himself completely with the soft muck. Then he lies down in the sun and sleeps, little disturbed by the flies and mosquitoes that otherwise would annoy him. In the Catskills, I have seen such bear-wallows at the spring-head of some stream which had been resorted to by these animals for generations, and regular paths came down to them from the adjacent heights.



THE POLAR BEAR. — AN INTERRUPTED DINNER.

When taken young, bears make pleasant pets for a time, though it is hardly ever safe to trust

them after they get their full size. They seem to have little real love or gratitude in their dispositions. You have all read Mr. Bret Harte's capital story of Miggles and her pet grizzly "Joaquin." That is not an exaggeration, nor is his beautiful tale of "Baby Sylvester;" there are many such bears kept as pets in the West. One I saw at Rawlins, Wyoming, years ago, was an exceedingly amusing fellow. The funniest of all his tricks was to see him sit up on his haunches, and holding in his paws a bottle of soda water, tug away at the spring wire fastenings of the stopper, until at last, with a sudden pop which always astonished him, the "fizz" burst out into his face. Then he would fall over on his back and greedily drink down the last drop of the sparkling liquid with the most comical air of intense delight, after which he would carefully lick off every bit of the foam which had dripped upon his fur.

All bears seem to like sweet things. I have heard of a pet black bear which found the cellar door open one day, and making his way to the molasses cask, succeeded in turning the faucet and then let the sticky stream run into his mouth until he was completely gorged with syrup. Meanwhile, he had tipped over a box of ashes, and when found, was lying sound asleep in a pool of molasses, his long, fine fur completely matted with ashes and treacle, the sorriest Bruin ever seen! The wild bees find in him their greatest and almost only enemy besides the wasps. He is in high luck when he discovers the hollow tree where their combs hang, and he despoils the treasure in spite of all their attempts to sting his nose; farmers frequently suffer from his attacks upon their hives also. The general food of bears, however, is vegetable. They eat fruit and green corn when they can get them, devour the beechnuts, and other "mast," and search under the leaves for roots and tubers. Down on the southern slope of the Rocky Mountains, where those sparkling rivers form, which, after their brief play in green meadows and under picturesque crags, flow away through the hot and dreary sands of cactus plains, southwestward to the great cañons of the Rio Colorado, the foothills are clothed with wide tracts of dense oak-bushes only three or four feet high, through which the narrow Indian trails wind. Up in the mountains, the oaks grew to good size, and I was greatly puzzled to account for these thick bushes until one day an old hunter explained it to me.

"You see," he remarked in his big voice, "the Injuns keep 'em down by burnin' on 'em over every little while. The trees ain't got no chance to grow high then, and the limbs all come out close to the ground. That makes it easy for the bears to get at the acorns, on which the grizzlies mostly feed in the fall, and they come here in droves sometimes. Then Mr. Injun, he comes too, and his squaw gets her b'ar meat to jerk for winter stores."

"Oh, I see!" said I. "The Indians bring the acorns by keeping the oaks dwarfed, the acorns bring the bears, and the bears bring the Indians. It's a sort of merry-go-round every year."

"That's about the size of it," said he.

Except by his attacks on the barn-yard, I doubt whether our Eastern black bears get much flesh to

THE BEAR AND THE SODA WATER.

eat. But the grizzlies make way with a good many of the very young and very old antelopes, deer, and smaller game of their mountains, while the polar bear lives almost wholly on seals, which he steals upon while they are dozing upon the ice, or catches by fair chase in the water, for he can dive and swim with great skill and speed.

AT FREIBURG GATES IN THE POURING RAIN.

AT FREIBURG GATES.

By Celia Thaxter.

SOFTLY the warm rain pattered down,
As we crossed the bridge and the hillside steep,
And came to the gates of the quaint old town
Nestled close in the valley deep.

Men and women along the way,
Tree and flower and fence and wall,
Shrines for the weary to kneel and pray,
Strange and charming were each and all.

Scampering out from the archway old,
Children danced in a noisy band
With cries and antics manifold,
Each entreating with open hand.

Into a storm of pleading they broke,
Not to be slighted and not to be stayed;
Very poor were the little folk,
Very eager they begged and prayed.

Out of a picture of Teniers' they
With life and motion seemed to have stepped;
The eldest boy, in a coat of gray,
Caped and hooded, close to us crept.

And into his hand we straightway slipped
A bright new silver *groschen* fair.
Away to the edge of the road he slipped,
To look at his treasure in quiet there.

Never in all his life before
  Had such a treasure been his to keep;
And he turned the wonderful money o'er
  In a daze of joy — did he wake or sleep?

His heavy, round, dull turnip-face
  Broke into a smile from ear to ear.
Still as a stone he stood for a space,
  You never saw aught so droll and queer.

And swift he ran, like a thing possessed,
  Till he came to a statue close to the wall —
The Holy Mary, who stood and blessed
  Every one passing her, great or small.

Down before her he went, and then
  In twenty somersets, round and round,
Tumbled this queerest of little men,
  In a rapture of capers all over the ground.

Never a word to us did he say,
  Not, I'm sure, that he meant to be rude.
But that was his very curious way
  Of showing his joy and his gratitude.

To the Holy Mary he took it all,
  She had on him that gift bestowed;
So he rolled at her feet like a human ball,
  And darted off down the dripping road.

Often that picture does memory paint,
  And I stand with the strange little crowd again,
And laugh to think of the scene so quaint,
  At Freiburg gates in the pouring rain.

A BRAVE GIRL.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

CHAPTER III.

THE noon express was whistling into Happy Hollow. It was called the "Express," perhaps for the express reason that it accommodated everything and everybody on the road between Boston and Happy Hollow Station, and arrived with hungry passengers and sensitive tempers an hour behind its time.

"Better look out, there!"

The station master said this, springing forward to clutch a girl in brown, who had been riding nervously on the platform between the last cars for a mile past, and who now came headlong down and off the train before it had "slowed up." She came with the lithe, gymnasium spring elastically upon the toes; but even that did not save her from the shock and whirling overthrow of balance in which the stout official arms caught her, and the severe, official voice reproved her thus:

"Ain't you old enough to know better'n *that?* How'd you like to be sawed in two? Or dragged a mile, like the last one we had? Say! *Never* you git off a train till it's slowed up — never! Why, it's *against* the ORDERS!" cried the railway man, by way of climax. "You, too?" he added, as he squared the girl on her feet and took his first fair view of her face. "I thought better of you, Miss Loto! I vow I did!"

"I was in a hurry," said Loto meekly. "I — never — did so before. It was very wrong, I know."

"You'd never have done so again, if I hadn't ketched you," muttered the station-master, as she hurried away.

She did not wait to speak to him. She dared not. The question which she could not put he should not answer. She pleaded with herself for delay, as if delay itself were life.

No one was there to meet her. She did not trust herself to think what this meant, or if it

meant anything at all. She would not take the coach; she forgot to leave her check; she avoided the neighbors whom she saw on opposite sidewalks. It seemed to her that the one thing she could not bear was to hear a word from any of these people about the dreadful or the blessed fate that awaited her at home. Not to know, was to hope and believe. Her respite from the truth seemed to the poor girl like the respite of a condemned criminal on the brink of execution. She tried to comfort herself with it, and in it, as she walked up the hill.

She walked rapidly at first, and nervously, like one whose heart flies before her feet. But when she came in sight of home, she stopped short. She drew in her breath, and held it, and all the color left her fresh young face. After that moment's arrest, she moved on, but slowly now. Her feet dragged after her, like a half-frozen child's. It seemed to her that her life itself stood still.

Yet all looked natural enough. There was the great white house peacefully regarding her through the soft spring afternoon. There were the two wings that she always thought looked ready to fly; the kitchen on one side, and at the other the office, with the patients' door. There were the green blinds, all open with winter generosity to the sun; and the northern one, in the spare-room closet, closed, as it had been since she was a little girl. Somehow it seemed to make everything right and safe to see that blind. So, too, the washing on the line in the yard rather comforted her, until she remembered that it was not Monday; and so, half-startled, lost ground with her hope again.

What a dear old home it was! An old-fashioned house, of the best that were built in its day; capacious and calm and solid; without pretence, as it was without parsimony; erected for ease and for comfort, and looking as sure of itself as good breeding looks. There were the generous grounds, the great elm in front, the horse-chestnuts and arbor vitæ in cool clumps, and the lawn growing pleasantly into the garden and orchards beyond. They had some famous orchards, for the doctor made a hobby of his apples, and petted his pears, and loved his cherries. Snow lay everywhere now, melting in patches under the gentle sun. Dash was on the granite steps. Dash was the setter, but he was old — almost as old as the house, the children thought. They had never expected much of Dash. He was a part of the place, like the steps, but hardly a more active member of the family. Dash had rheumatism, and presumed upon the privileges of an invalid, taking no trouble for anybody. Loto always said that he carried some secret grief besides, which gave him an unsocial turn of mind, and Slam had even suggested that he was disappointed in love.

Dash, grave and dignified to the last degree, sat on the steps, as he always had. No one else was to be seen. It was impossible to say whether the dog recognized Loto as she came slowly up the slope. He would not have come so far to meet her, if he had. That he looked steadfastly in her direction was to be admitted. What did Dash know? Oh, what could he say, if he would? If he had been any other dog in North America, he would have come to tell her by this time. She would have known by one look at his ears or eyes. But what was to be expected of Dash. Yet Dash loved his master to infatuation. Would he not give some sign? Why was he not in the sick-room?

Loto looked up, dizzy and blind. The windows of her father's room were closed, except one at the top, a little; the dark shades were drawn on two; at the other light poured in.

The girl came in at the white gate, and up the winding walk, feeling a sick faintness. She scorned fainting girls, and her scorn steadied her. She roused herself, and in a low voice, said:

"Dash?"

Then, indeed, Dash met the emergency. Since Loto had come to him, as it was proper that young people should seek the old, Dash was not above the ordinary courtesies of society. He rose and regarded the girl. There was a certain dignity in the old dog's attitude.

"Dash," repeated Loto softly, "is papa alive?"

The girl and the dog looked steadily into each other's faces. The brute eyes and the human eyes exchanged a long and mute response.

"If he is dead," thought Loto, "Dash will not wag his tail for anybody."

"Dash," more distinctly, "is papa *alive?*"

Dash looked kindly at her. If he just missed of a compassionate, bright smile, it was because his mouth was not made for it, not because his heart wasn't. His big brown tail stirred, and solemnly moved to and fro; it would be a species of indignity to say that it wagged.

"*Is* he, Dash? Oh, tell me better than that! Don't torment me, Dash. Is papa" —

"*You bet he is!*" said a loud voice at Loto's elbow.

She turned, with a gasp. A boy stood there, whittling. He was a very good-looking boy, of perhaps twelve years. He had handsome clothes, well splashed with March mud. His head was tied up with a handkerchief, and he had a bump over one eye, picturesquely adorned by brown paper. One of his hands, too, was cut, and bandaged, and he wore a boot and a slipper, as one who may be supposed to have some disability of one foot not worth mentioning beside other afflictions. It was Slam.

Loto, in that first moment, when her breath came and went like a spent wave, held her brother off in both hands, and searched his face.

"Slam," she began solemnly, "are you telling me" —

Then her tortured head cleared, and she remembered that even Slam would hardly be equal to playing her a practical joke upon a question so awful as this. Even Slam, and even to her, must have told the steady truth.

"How long has he" — she began again.

"How long has he been alive?" interrupted Slam, whittling composedly. "About fifty-seven and a half years."

"Solomon Rollinstall," said Loto, trembling, "if you don't tell me *everything* this *minute*, I am afraid I shall cry!"

She sank down, and got her face on Dash's great warm neck. She had borne about all she could, as long as she could, and her relief for that moment, so acutely did every nerve quiver with it, was hardly to be distinguished from sorrow itself.

Now Slam had not seen his sister cry since he was too small a boy to remember it. It had never occurred to him that Loto could cry any more than he himself, or any other fellow. He dropped his jack-knife, and regarded her with a puzzled expression.

"Oh, I say! Ho! Hum! See here! Get up, won't you? See here! Hum! Oh, yes! Why, of *course* he's alive! He got better this morning. He ain't out of bed yet, you know, nor he don't see patients, but mother says he's better. Don't you see? You don't catch my *father* fooling round, and dying like common people! He's too good a doctor! I shouldn't wonder if he got up and dressed to-morrow. I expect him to. He won't let 'em fuss over *him* long, I can tell you. Why, they've had to take care of *me* all day most, you'd better believe!"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Loto, faintly smiling, as she made little dabs at her face with her handkerchief, trying to get herself into a state fit to go into the house and be seen by the dear, motherly, anxious eyes which she must meet bravely. And she had not absolute faith in Slam's impressions of the danger in the shaded, silent room up-stairs.

"Oh, nothing," said Slam carelessly, "only I chopped the end of my middle finger off with the hatchet, and that last sprain hasn't got well since the foot-ball match, and then, you see, this morning I tumbled down the well; that's all."

"Tumbled down the *well?*"

"Head foremost," said Slam, easily. "Banged down. Banged up, you see, to pay for it. Like to have drowned. Did, really. Nobody heard me. Hollered and kicked a good while, you see, and got my lungs full of water, too; and so S'reeny — that's our new girl — S'reeny heard, and mother heard, 'n they all heard; 'n father wanted to know what was the matter, 'n a man going by had to come and haul me out. My head aches," added Slam plaintively; "if you were any kind of a sister, you'd be anxious about ME."

"There, there, Slam! Kiss me now, and let me go. I must go. I must see him."

She slips away, and in. The house is still; unnaturally still. The great clock ticks loudly in the great hall. The wide, comfortable rooms open silently on either side. How pleasant, how quiet, how dear it is! Loto looks about with swimming eyes. It is not possible yet to dare to think— There is his hat on the hat-tree; and the heavy overcoat worn on night rides, and the ivory-handled whip the young lady patient gave him.

She takes her things off softly, tossing down hat and sack and bag upon the deep-elbowed hall-sofa, and stands looking puzzled, like a guest in a strange house. How still, how still it is! S'reeny, in the kitchen, is scrubbing, as one might say, under her breath. A strange woman — a nurse, perhaps — passes over the landing above, velvet-

footed. She is carrying a dish of something, and glances at Loto calmly, as she flits. Soft footsteps follow the nurse; there is a gentle stir, and gliding down the stairs, pale and sweet and cheerful, worn with watching, bright with hope, there at last comes —

"Mother!"

"Dear Loto! How early you have got here! He will be so glad. He has talked and talked of you."

The daughter and mother clasp, and kiss, and weep, and smile, and stand a moment holding fast

"SLAM," LOTO BEGAN SOLEMNLY.

by each other, as if they stood alone even now in the world.

"Oh, so much better, Loto! Yes; thank God! You shall see him very soon."

"Not this minute, mamma?"

"Not this minute, Loto. He is very weak. We must plan and think about it. You shall go soon. There has been great danger — another of those congestive chills. We have had three doctors here, and last night we thought — but never mind, now, girlie!"

"The danger is over, of course," said Loto, in her decided way. "There is no more to be feared."

"There is everything to be hoped," said Mrs. Rollinstall quietly.

Loto is astonished to see how quiet her mother is. She wonders vaguely if growing old means to learn to bear trouble and be still. In spite of her happiness and relief she feels awed at her mother's manner.

By and by they call her, and take her to see him, as he has asked. The room looks unfamiliar and dark with the green shades down. The strange nurse moves about, but she turns her back as Loto enters. The sick man, thickly propped with pillows, turns eager eyes towards his little daughter, and smiling, lifts his hand.

Loto creeps in, and creeps up and slips her own fingers into his quietly. She does not try to kiss him, as she has been warned that he is too sick for this. Like the little woman that she is, she sits calmly, self-possessed and cheerful, looking bravely at his poor, changed face.

"Well, my girl!" he says weakly.

"Dear papa! Isn't it nice?"

"Yes; I am better — this morning. I am glad to see you, Loto."

"I took the very first train I *could*, papa. There wasn't any night-train on our old branch. I thought it was mean of them, don't you? I'm glad you wanted to see me, papa."

"I — missed you, my dear. Yes. But we wanted you to have your visit out. I'm sorry to spoil it — this way."

"If you don't hush, papa, I shall cry or something, after all, and then that nurse will send me off. They won't let me come if I don't behave."

"Was it pleasant at the Holbrookes, my dear?"

"Oh, jolly, papa! I'll tell you all about it, an inch at a time, while you're getting better."

"Is Holbrooke as gray as I am?" asked the sick man, musingly.

"Grayer. Twice grayer, papa. He looks ten years older than you do."

"He is two years older. But he hasn't lived such a dog's life as we country doctors do. I'm glad you had a pleasant time there."

"Don't talk too much, papa. I'm just hei you know."

"Yes; I know. I'm glad of it! I'm glad it."

The sick man closes his eyes wearily, and L

says no more. He does not release her hand, and she sits on happily, cramped and blessed, on the edge of the bed, watching him through the grateful tears that start, and are dashed away, and start again.

Loto tries to think how it would have been if she had been too late. She tries to understand what it would have been if he had not been getting well. She tries to say her prayers — for it seems wrong not to thank the Lord as soon as possible — but all the words that heart or lips can frame are:

"Dear papa!"

Was all this only yesterday? In the pearl-pink of the growing dawn, Loto was wakened, she knew not why, or by what. Having supposed herself for an hour or so to be climbing Bunker Hill with Fern and Egbert Holbrooke, she was startled by the familiar outlines of her own room. So Fern was not, after all, adorned with a bandage and brown paper from having fallen into the frog-pond. And, really, Egbert had not contemplated a leap from the top of the monument because a young lady (name unspecified) had refused him? Rather here were the calm, sweet things known and loved since one had known and loved anything: the white curtains at the window, with the little tassels that Grandmother Rollinstall made when she first kept house; the cherry-tree tapping outside; the tall old wardrobe, because there was no closet in the tiny room; the pale ceiling, blue, with faint stars, and the plain walls, still blue, with harebells on the dado; the blue cottage furniture, and carpet; all the pretty notions that had been birthday presents from time to time; the cushion with white bead fringe, and the cover for the clothesbrush, and the cretonne chair, and the pretty lambrequins, and the toilet set, all blue to match; and the candle-stick and extinguisher — itself a harebell, with a broken stem.

In her start between the dark and the day, astir betwixt the dream and the deed, Loto saw all these things as if she had never seen them before. Poised on the edge of the bed, with a sense that she had been waked by a rattling blind which would trouble her father, and that she must get up and shut it, and that while she was up she would steal out and see how he was, and so sweetly to sleep again and finish her dream, and find out if Egbert really did jump off Bunker Hill, or if the girl (name still unspecified) thought better of it and accepted him — poised, as I say, in the confusion of these thoughts and sights, Loto's still half-dreaming ear detected suddenly a sound which put all dreams to flight at once.

It was a footstep in the hall.

Thoroughly awake — awake all over, sense and soul — Loto sprang. The keen nerves that grow fine in the house with sickness, were hers, and every nerve listened.

Her father's room was quite removed from her own, at the width of the house, hence the ordinary cares of the sick-room could hardly have been audible where she was. She had longed to be of use in what she called "watching," but the physician's wife was too well trained in the good sense of sickness, to allow this, and Loto, with a calm, motherly smile was patted off to bed like a little girl. The nurse was there, and a man-watcher, if needed, a neighbor by the appropriate name of Wake, who slept in the house. Jake, the doctor's driver, was on hand for emergencies, and S'reeny was devotion personified.

"You are not needed," her mother had said to the excited and exhausted daughter. "All goes well. Go to bed, and sleep sweetly."

But now — surely! a step, another, coming near, stealing nearer, not a very quiet step. How it squeaked and creaked on the old complaining stairs!

After a moment's listening, Loto opened the door, and looked severely out into the great gray hall. There could be but one person in the house who *could* make so much noise as that, at dead of night, with dangerous sickness under the roof.

"Slam!" called Loto, in a hoarse, reproving whisper.

The steps stopped cautiously.

"Solomon! Solomon Rollinstall! Is that *you?*"

"Oh, you hold on a minute!" whispered the unseen. "You just wait till I get there. I've got something to tell you. I'm only walking softly; that's what's the matter with *me.*"

"Walking *softly!*" wailed Loto. "What would you call walking — oh, there, *there!* Slam, you'll *kill* him!"

For Slam, in the darkness, stumbling painfully on tiptoe, every stair moaning, and every rail of the balusters shrieking under his determined grip,

had tipped over a coal-hod left unguardedly on the landing by S'reeny on her way to bed, and with a crash like the last trumpet, that coal, to every point of the compass, went wildly clattering. For a minute it was dreadful. Then, as nothing happened, and no one appeared, Slam gathered courage, and came creaking on again, meekly, to Loto's door.

"Well, Slam," said Loto calmly, "you've done it now. At the very least, you've *killed* him."

"Oh, you look here," said Slam, hurriedly, "no, I haven't, either. Don't you see they're too busy to notice? That's the worst of it. I came to tell you. I waked up and heard 'em. I thought I'd let you know. I didn't expect to be treated *this* way," aggrievedly.

"Oh, let me know what!" cried Loto. "What has happened, Slam? Tell me this minute!"

"Well, you see," chattered Slam — the boy was really frightened, as Loto now saw, half-dressed, too, and cold — "they're all stirring about, Wake, and Jake, and the round doctor; and I guess he's worse, for I heard 'em say, '*Shall we call the children?*"

"Who said that?" asked Loto.

Her heart stood still.

"Mother said it," said Slam mournfully, "and the nurse says, 'Wait a spell.' I heard 'em. My door was open. So I thought I'd let you know. *I* wasn't going to be bossed round by that nurse, if my father was dying!"

Slam towered superbly, choked, and turned away.

"I will come," said Loto. "Wait for me. Don't do another thing, Slam. Don't move a step. You'll trip over something if you do — till I come too."

She threw her wrapper over her head, and got her bare feet into her slippers, and so out into the hall, where the grayness was turning to pinkness, and hand in hand with the trembling boy, she made her way (through the scattered coal) across the house, feeling dizzy as she went, and wondering if it were right to go. Dash came from his bed in the hall as they went on together, and sleepily kissed their hands. As they approached the door of their father's room, the two children saw the light of the sick-lamp streaming out. Hurried steps could be distinctly heard, and orders and answers, and — Oh, terrible! — his groaning voice.

At this moment, standing tall against the light, a form moved toward them. It was the nurse. She came on with the composed, incredible manner of those whose profession it is to care for the sick who are not personally dear. It was the best manner in the world for the poor children just then. Slam was trembling still heavily and more heavily, and Loto felt herself faint all over. The nurse advanced, and took the girl by the arm gently.

"They have just sent me to call you," she said. compassionately enough. "Your father is dying — after all."

"He has asked for you," she added, as Loto hurried, dashing past her. "Go quietly. Do not distress him. The dying are thankful to folks for not seemin' to care too much."

Not seeming to care too much? — When he had said good-by to all the others, he called for her.

"Now I want my little daughter. Where is she?"

She did not cry. God must have helped her. She was so still, her quiet helped the dying. He smiled when he saw her fine, unyouthful self-control.

"Papa! dear papa!"

"Brave girl!" — he lifted his hand to her bowed head, "My brave girl!"

"Don't you worry, papa. *I'll* look after them." He looked at her peacefully; as if he believed her, it seemed; but after that, he said no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BONNE NUIT!

PAR SOPHIE CHESTER JOHNS.

Il est si tard, si tard,
Mon cher petit;
J'entends Marie!
Vite! elle s'en va, s'en va!
Bonne nuit!

Le joli merle, le merle,
Est dans son nid;
S'est endormi,
La tête sous l'aile, sous l'aile,
Bonne nuit!

Les petites fleurs, les fleurs,
Repos ont pris;
Leurs yeux jolis
Elles ferment cette heure, cette heure!
Bonne nuit!

Et toi, mon fils, mon fils,
Cherche donc ton lit!
Voilà Marie!
Point de caprice, caprice!
Bonne nuit!

THROUGH FRANCE IN SABOTS.

(*See Following Pages.*)

FROM THE SAME PROVINCE. Every second man ie meets in Paris is in soldier's uniform. The ung men of the provinces come in to serve the rm of years demanded by the Government. This mand is enforced with rigor. Should a young an emigrate without having served his time, and terward return to France, he is shot as a deserter. s most of the upper servants and nursery maids me from the provinces also, the meeting of "old iends" in the Garden of the Tuileries and on e public promenade is a very frequent and joy- is matter.

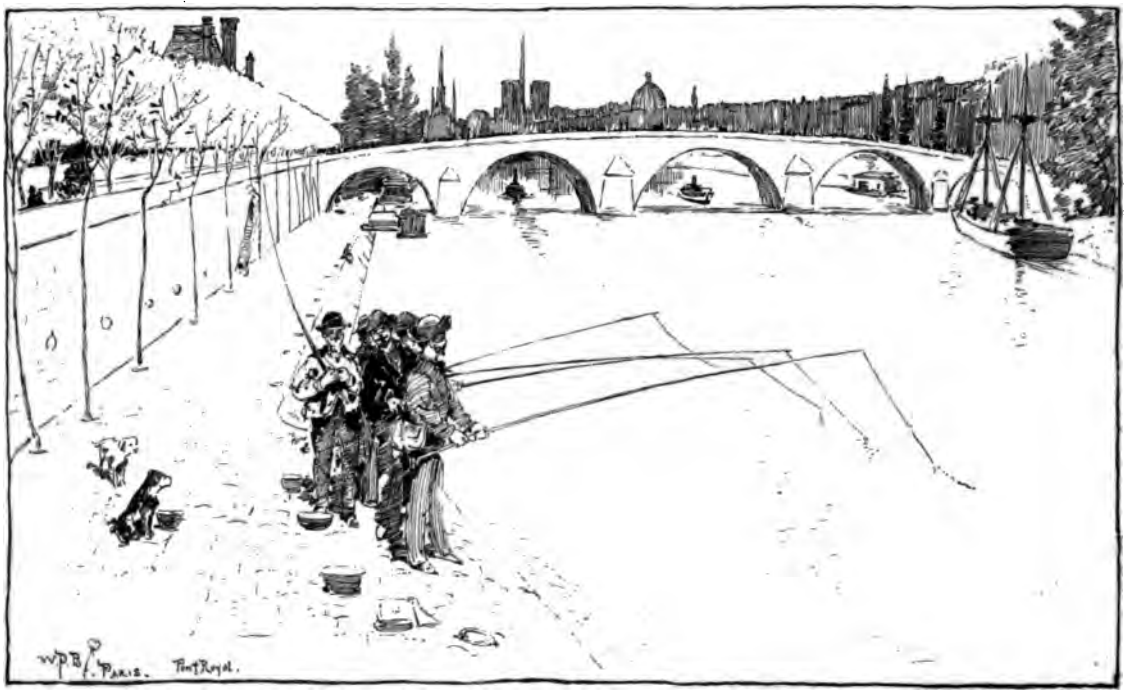
MUCH OF HOPE, LITTLE OF FISH. Sun or oud, the Frenchman goes a-fishing. It is a mat- r of moment. He makes elaborate preparations. le provides himself with the most scientific lines, ds, hooks, creels, bait, bait-bags, and fish- askets. He wears a natty fishing costume, and shing cap with large visor, to protect him from the sun. He is joined by his friends, likewise in fishing costumes, and the party fish industriously, earnestly, all day long. Few instances of a fish being caught, however, have been preserved in tradition, although groups, like the one depicted here, dot the banks of the Seine every day.

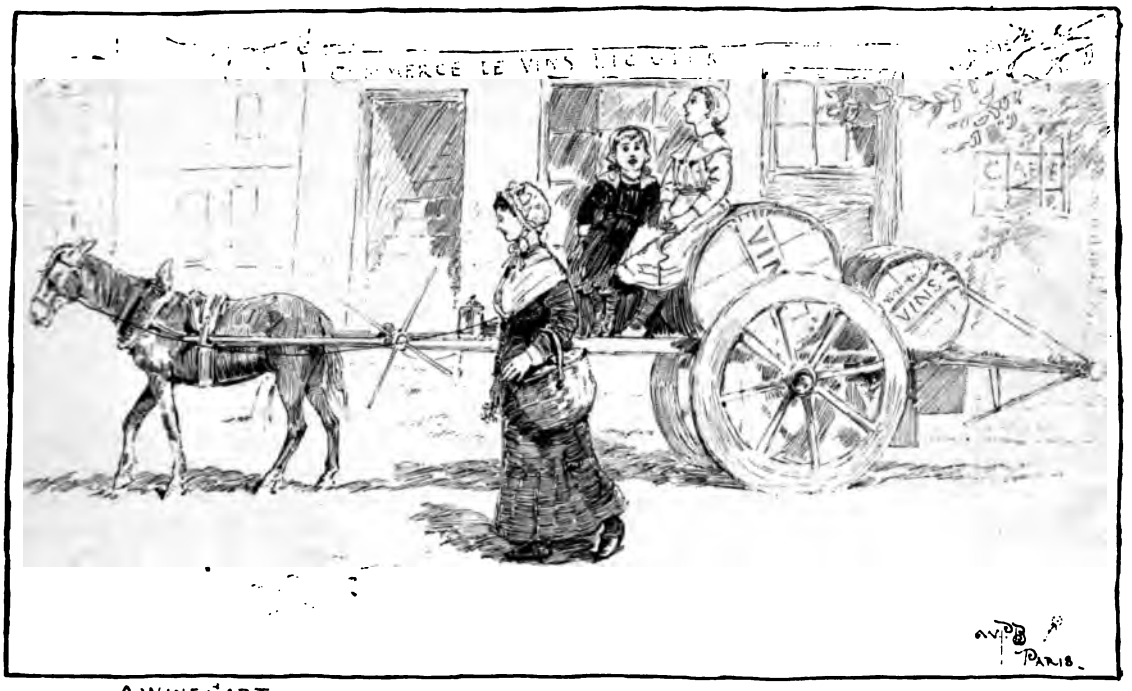
A WINE CART. The manufacturers store their wines in great wine vaults outside the city, to avoid the tax at the gates, and send it in by the cask as ordered by the cabarets and inns. It is not an uncommon sight to see young girls driving the quaint two-wheeled wine-carts.

THE EVENING MEAL. The French peasant's wife frequently works all day long with her husband in the field. She goes to the house only to cook and bring the meals — breakfast, dinner and supper — for the twilights are bright, and they can stay a-field until late in the evening.

FROM THE SAME PROVINCE.

"MUCH OF HOPE, LITTLE OF FISH."





A WINE CART.

(IV)

THE EVENING MEAL.

LITTLE LUCKIE.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

GET into a warm and nest-like place, my dear reader, perhaps in the sunshine, perhaps by the fire, precisely as Winnie Meadows would have done if she had been going to read stories in winter; and then I am ready to begin to tell you about this little girl, whom the villagers did not call Winnie, but Luckie.

She herself is in no warm place, but is out in her gray knit hood, with its smart rosette at the back of the crown that says to any one behind her what her eyes say in front, namely, that Winnie Meadows is on the alert, and having a good time.

The snow looked golden and blue and white, and the leafless trees had an air of holding up their hands with pleasure in the three o'clock sunbeams, while an empty wood-sledge, with its tall poles and two brown horses, was skimming over the singing ruts, and Luckie was standing with her hands in her jacket pockets in the centre of the sledge, not holding on by anything but her rubbers. Right in front of her was a little yellow basket, containing a night outfit, for Luckie was on her way to her particular friend's to stay over Sunday. Beyond the basket was an old man in a yellowish coat, crouched close by the swinging tails of the horses, and by name Peter Crumple. He looked something like a very much enlarged oak leaf, strayed out of the winter woods, curled over there; but his young charge behind never thought of that, though she wondered what made him so queer.

Dainty Price, Winnie's friend, was standing at the door long before her approaching guest could see any eyes and nose in her round face; and the bird-like voices of the two children soon called out through the clear air:

"*Hal*-lo!"

"Hal-*lo!*"

I wish you could have gone (unless you have one like it) into the warm sitting-room at the Prices', as Luckie did; and she almost tumbled over the nice hand-made rugs on the floor, because they were so delightfully thick, and startlingly bright with red, blue and green. I wish you could have seen the eider-down cat, for so she seemed, who took occasion to get up and stretch her fluffy white back into an arch, as the children came up to the stove to warm Luckie's fingers. Mother Price looked somewhat as if she had been made for her long white apron, instead of its being the other way, as she took the gray hood and the red tippet and the buff jacket from Luckie's agile little person; and as for the flowers in the west window, they were really as bright and glistening as artificial ones.

Then Luckie had to be shown up to her small, cold room, adjoining Dainty's, of the same size, and each quite as liable to turn one's nose pink as the other. And then the two children had to seize hold of hands and confide several new secrets in whispers, which, of course, will never be heard in the outside world.

"It was delightful to have Peter come along, bound for home, just as I was starting out," said Luckie, presently. "But he would not stop a minute for me, and I almost fell down in jumping in."

"You are always so fortunate, you know," replied Dainty. "I suppose I *should* have fallen, except that to begin with, Pete would not have come past in time for *me*."

"That is probably very true," said Winnie Meadows, with a slight stiffening of the neck. "It is getting to be tiresome, this having all the girls so much less lucky than I am!" With these words she gave a skip and a run down the stairs, steep as they were, and Dainty followed cautiously, like a lazy pussy cat.

The two little girls at once set to work on their favorite winter amusement, which was painting paper dolls and the immense wardrobes for them. Queen Elizabeth of Merrie England was a dame

in need of clothing, if compared with Luckie's Mary, Queen of Scots, in her thousand and one trains, which were speckled with gold filigree, or pricked into flounce upon flounce of lace. Luckie's dolls never squinted, and their arms were never too long, for she had a knack at drawing; but Dainty made a set of pale-faced young folks, who seemed to say, sadly, "Don't be too polite to tell the truth about our appearance."

"Who knows where Adolphus is?" queried Dainty, after they had got fairly into their paint and doll boxes. "I took him out to make him a pair of new skates, and a steeple-crown felt, and now he's nowhere to be seen!"

"I am sure I cannot imagine," hummed Luckie, painting away with her head on one side.

"Well, it's very unaccount-fortable," mused Dainty, with motherly qualms of heart. "I named him A-dol-phus because he gave me so much trouble about getting his knee-breeches the right length (they were always either too long or too short), and now those legs of his have carried him off entirely. I do believe, Win, you have him among your things, after all."

The only answer Winnie made when thus attacked was to call in her sweet tones, "Dolphus, Dolphus! here we are, come along!" But that did not bring him.

Now Dainty was a dear little round girl, but she had a little round temper which she exhibited for nothing; and she began to use saucy language to Winnie, and attempted to muss Mary of Scots' wardrobe in a treasonable manner, as if Dolphus could have hidden in that sovereign's clothes-press. But Luckie, who was now painting away still more vigorously, knew that she could supply accidents to the queen's dresses in a twinkling flourish of her brush, and so did not bemoan herself over Dainty's hurried handling of the things, and said a few sympathetic words.

LUCKIE WAS ON HER WAY TO HER PARTICULAR FRIEND'S.

It must be recorded that the eider-down cat was on the table, watching the children as she smoothed off her paws; and Dainty remarked, by the way, on the admirable neatness of the dear creature, and was putting out her hand to stroke her in approval. But she cried with a sob:

"Winnie, only see! It's Dolphus's head!"

"To be sure," says purring pussy, and looking up with puffed-out cheeks, "I am washing the sweet boy!"

It was too true; pussy's soft paw was holding her young prize, while she faithfully scrubbed him. Dainty's lips and eyes expressed all she had to say on the subject. Dolphus was dead.

"Don't cry, Lovie," Luckie exclaimed; "I am painting you another." And so she held up what she had been bending over with her pretty curling pate, and there was a rosy urchin in process, the sight of which made Dainty's sobs tumble back to where they came from with a gulp of astonishment.

"You are always so encouraging and nice," she cried, throwing her arms round Luckie's neck. "Nothing goes on as badly when you are with me; for if I am unfortunate, you know how to help me to be happy again!"

It was not very long before a cheerful sound interrupted the rapid adornment of the new Adolphus, and this jingle, at six o'clock, could hardly be other than the tea bell. Mrs. Price's foamy biscuit and fragrant jam was too good to hurt, and too nice to eat with quite a proper air of stoicism, and the children hurried from their chairs to the dining-room. Big Dean Price, Dainty's brother, showed himself at table, and made the little girls merry by taking some notice of them.

"Well, Luckie," said he, "how do you do? I suppose you have found some diamonds among the snow while coasting, even if they melted away again, haven't you? — No? Well, I sha'n't call you Luckie any more, then. But perhaps you've opened an old cracked teapot in your mother's closet, and pulled out a few hundred dollar bills? No? Well, you had better tell me what you *have* been doing, in the line of good fortune!"

"I've been first in my class all the time," said she, smiling joyously. "That is one of the things I tried for; but I never should think of trying to find dollar bills in dark places, Dean. Sometimes I find coins on the ground."

"We make money come out of the ears of corn," said Father Price, setting down his cup cheerfully, as if his tea had tasted to suit him. "It looks a little like bags of money, don't it, children, as well as the peas and beans in their pods?"

"And I make my money come out of golden eggs — only their golden inside instead of out, like the goose's," Lucky cried, forgetting that she had one teaspoonful of raspberry left. "People say my hens are quite wonderful, even when eggs are scarce all over the village."

"I suppose you take the best of care of them," said Mother Price, giving the little girl one of her best smiles. "Hens thrive on kindness, like everything else that moves."

"And besides everything else, Luckie is queen on May-day every year," Dainty chimed in. "And that's because she is the prettiest of us all. And at dancing-school she" —

"O Dainty," interrupted her guest, "I like dancing better than any of the others, and that is all!" And as Luckie was blushing red with all this praise, Father Price turned the conversation, by saying that Peter Crumple had carried the load of wood to David Dumpty, as he had set out to do, and had reported that it was as quiet in the woods as if the earth was caught on a bush!

After supper they all gathered together cosily in the sitting-room, where the old barred rocking-chairs were tilting themselves backward or forward, as if they had had a very good time of their own while people were absent. Very soon, however, the rocking-chairs were busy again; and not one of the family — father, mother, brother, sister and guest — failed to set up a great rocking, except pussy, who might just as well have had an ordinary arm-chair, but preferred the little old rocker which had once served the purpose of making small Dean as comfortable as his betters. The nice open grate, about which they all clustered, let one see the big bed of coals in the stove, which set out to be almost as jolly as the sunshine, now that the household warmth was left entirely in its charge. Luckie sat right before the glow, rocking with the tips of her toes, and trying to count the coals that shone like drops of the sun.

"Come, Luckie," said Dainty after a while, "tell us a story. One of your own good times would do."

"What Mr. Price said about the quiet woods set me to thinking," Winnie replied (as if she were still thinking hard). "of the time when I got lost on the hill behind our house. Dear me, what big woods those are up there!"

"How in the world did you get lost, Winnie?" said Dean. "We really *can't* call you Luckie any more if you are going to have misfortunes."

"Oh, I assure you this wasn't a misfortune!" exclaimed the girl. "I enjoyed it ever so much. But I will tell you how it happened. I went up on the hill, late one afternoon, to eat huckleberries; and I went further than I ever had before, and all at once I found that I had left my hat somewhere, because I'd taken it off for just a second. Then I tried to find my hat, and it grew darker, and I was lost. But I did not know that I was lost for a long time, and I did not find my hat because I was in such a hurry to find it. So then I wandered and wandered, and found myself in a lovely place. It was all moss and pines and birches and birds. It was very still, until one sat down and listened, and then everything that had a small voice seemed to be saying something; and the pines made their sound, which was prettier in that place than it had ever been before. I found I had time to look at everything, and to hear all the little voices and the fatherly murmur of the pines; and by and by I looked up at the stars, which I could see a few of in the strangest blue sky, like velvet. I had eaten so many huckleberries! So I was anxious to get home and go to sleep. But I did not know which way to go, of course, and I think I fell asleep as soon as I said that to myself. Mother says if I had not been up so high, I should have had an attack of that twingey thing grandmothers have; and as it was, I did have the most delicious sleep on the moss. You may be sure that I was startled, though, when I woke up very, very early. There was the cosiest little bird on a wee oak-tree near me, and I rather think he had waked me up with chirruping, he was looking at me so carefully. Poor mother had been frightened, for her part, *all* night long, instead of just at dawn as I was. She thought, until it grew quite dark, that I must have stopped somewhere to tea, like a naughty girl, and she sent father about to look for me; but the neighbors could tell nothing. Then they heard the shuddering owl up in the woods, which mother was sure was me, calling from far off in a scared voice. Father told me that he went through all the dark places with his lantern, shouting, and he found my hat. As for me, I was very nicely asleep, and the shuddering owl kept on frightening mother, who was shuddering herself."

"Dear, dear," said Mother Price, clicking her knitting-needles still more vigorously, "I wonder

LUCKIE DID NOT KNOW SHE WAS LOST.

you are sitting here to tell us of it, Winnie Meadows! Weren't you as stiff as one of my needles when you woke up?"

"Yes, indeed; but I flew about in just the same way as one of your needles," laughed Winnie, "and jumped up and down as if I were skipping rope. Soon I felt all right, except that the starch was out of my dress. Then I saw the gray, bright

light of the morning, for it must have been about four o'clock; and the velvet sky had turned pale green, and looked a little like mother's old silver teatray, when it stands on the table at dusk. At last, I saw father coming towards me between the tree-trunks, and I ran to him so suddenly that he dropped on his knees. When he asked me if I had 'suffered,' I must say I laughed right out, for I had never had better fun in my life; and besides, there was his lantern still lighted, and looking like the meekest, whitest creature in the world, for father had forgotten he still had it burning."

"I rather think," said Dean, "that the reason Winnie is called the most fortunate little girl round in these parts, is that she makes the best of everything."

"Well, some people *are* lucky," added Mr. Price, who certainly ought to have been good authority about facts, for he usually spoke with a knowing smile, as if his wisdom had a good polish of time upon it, like the sideboards. "And it's good to see some people having a really fine time, straight along; or through their early life, anyway. I hope Luckie Meadows is going to be one of those who do, I'm sure; and perhaps her favorable star will shine even till her old age."

Now the words were hardly out of his mouth when an anxious knocking at the side door made them all turn and look at each other in surprise. Before Mr. Price was well out of his chair, and mother had dropped her knitting, and pussy had jumped to the floor to have a look at the ball, another treble rap sounded, and Dean got upon his legs too. One of the neighbors had come for Luckie, so she heard.

Her father had been injured on the railroad, and might not live till morning.

Luckie stood like a little girl in stone, looking straight before her. It is very terrible to know that one of the heaviest of sorrows has come upon you; and the only comfort or good in such a blow is to bear the sorrow nobly. No one had told Winnie what she would have to do if a great sorrow came to her, but her brave heart and her wise little head chose the only true way to meet it, and all of a sudden she seemed to grow taller, as a person does who straightens up under a load of brush. But she said nothing, and as her friends helped her to wrap herself up, and covered her trembling hands with her mittens, she seemed to be thinking deeply and reverently. She soon kissed Dainty and Mrs. Price good-night, and then her pale face disappeared into the dark, cold evening. Dainty, with her head against the window-pane, heard the sleigh-bells tinkling, and fluttering, and sinking to silence, as her friend was carried (with Mr. Price and the neighbor) towards her sorrowful home.

Let us take a look at Luckie a month or so later, when the March winds are whistling about her old-fashioned home at the foot of the wooded hills, and it is so bleak everywhere that one begins to wonder whether summer really was ever warm. Luckie had been obliged to stay away from school, because her mother had been ill since her father's sudden death. There sits Mrs. Meadows at the gray window, which the March month will not often fill with sunshine. And there sits Luckie on a cricket at her feet, reading the Bible aloud. They are both happy, in a deep, serious way, although Winnie's mother has tears in her eyes.

"There, dearie, I have read our number of pages," said Winnie in a gayer voice. "To-morrow afternoon will come in just twenty-four hours, and then we shall have some more of this beautiful book." She started up, and put the Bible gently on its table. "I am sure the pears must be just right now," she then added, "and I will go and take them out of the oven. I do like housekeeping very much!"

She could not help stopping and giving her mother a tender hug before she went to the kitchen. Her cunning little figure, in its afternoon white apron (like Mrs. Price's, and really belonging to Mrs. Meadows all the time) was the best ornament the old rooms and entries could have had as she trotted through them; and her mother could not but smile with comfort to see her. The two were quite alone in the house; but as long as Luckie was with her the widow was quite sure of having a warm spot to nestle up to in the world; just as Luckie felt that there was not much time for crying, since she had her mother to be thankful for. Everybody in the village was as proud of the girl as when she had no grief like others. For was she not fortunate in having found out the way to make her mother smile, in spite of her despair? and did not she do nearly all the work which the two required as easily as if she were twenty years old, or a fairy? This is what

he village folks asked each other on Sunday ternoons; and knew well what answer to expect. Luckie gave a melodious call through the three four open doors between herself and Mrs. eadows. Her voice sounded about as mirthful tragic which is a vocal feat only to be accomshed by a little girl when she chooses to manage r accents quite wonderfully.

"O mamma, they were *nearly* burned!"

Those pears! The mother ate them at supper with a real relish, for Luckie had picked them out of the drawer with her pink fingers, and nearly spilled them all as she came down stairs with them; and had arranged them in the pan with a cookish toss of the head, and sprinkled them with brown sugar; and tipped up the tea-kettle for a little water, apparently at the risk of rolling the boiling cauldron off the stove upon her precious toes; and after all this preamble the pears were perfect. Don't you think she was lucky?

FINDING OUT THE WORLD.

By Juliet C. Marsh.

YOU come to me, my little lad and lassie,
With eager, questioning looks,
o tell you something new, some curious story,
You cannot find in books.

And you are eight and eleven, nowise troubled
With wrinkles or gray hair;
And you have balls and dolls and games a dozen,
Plenty to eat and wear.

And you have books, with gayly painted pictures
Of kings and queens and slaves,
With stories of good people, wise and tender,
And tales of wicked knaves.

And you can read of — oh! so many countries
Beyond so many seas,
Of unknown people and their curious customs,
Of foreign fruits and trees;

Of famous battles fought by land and water,
Of ladies and brave knights,
Gay palace festivals with all the splendor
Of tossing plumes and lights;

And still you ask, my little boy and maiden,
For something new and strange,
All your young thoughts and eager fancies reaching
About the world for change.

Something you cannot find in books or story?
Something you think I keep
Hidden away, to talk of and dream over,
When you are well asleep,

Hunting for fairies in some moon-touched forest,
With these same troubled eyes
That lift to me, by day, their eager pleading
For some new, sweet surprise.

And so you find in all your nursery legends
The things of every day
Changed just a little? — all the world's new people
Are going the old way.

And, too, you find that man to man is brother?
That heart to heart is bound?
That all things answer, each unto another?
And that the earth is round?

To all the centuries, little boy and maiden,
You hold the thread and clue.
Beat lower, little hearts, and cease your questions,
I know of nothing new.

The Donkey and the Lion's Skin

Versified from Æsops Fables by Clara Doty Bates

On a common stony and sterile,
Where nothing but thistles grew,
A DONKEY — a little gray DONKEY —
Browsed all the day through.

Hither in flocks came the finches,
Black as to wings and crest.
But the gold — ah, the bright lemon yellow
Of back and of breast!

They came for the seeds of the thistles,
Dining with appetites small;
But the DONKEY — he ate leaves and blossoms
And prickles and all.

They sang to him merrily, sweetly,
Since nobody else was near,
While he stood, ever cropping and munching,
And wagged each long ear.

But he thought theirs was very weak music
For so much bright-flying parade
That he could make louder and better
So he suddenly brayed.

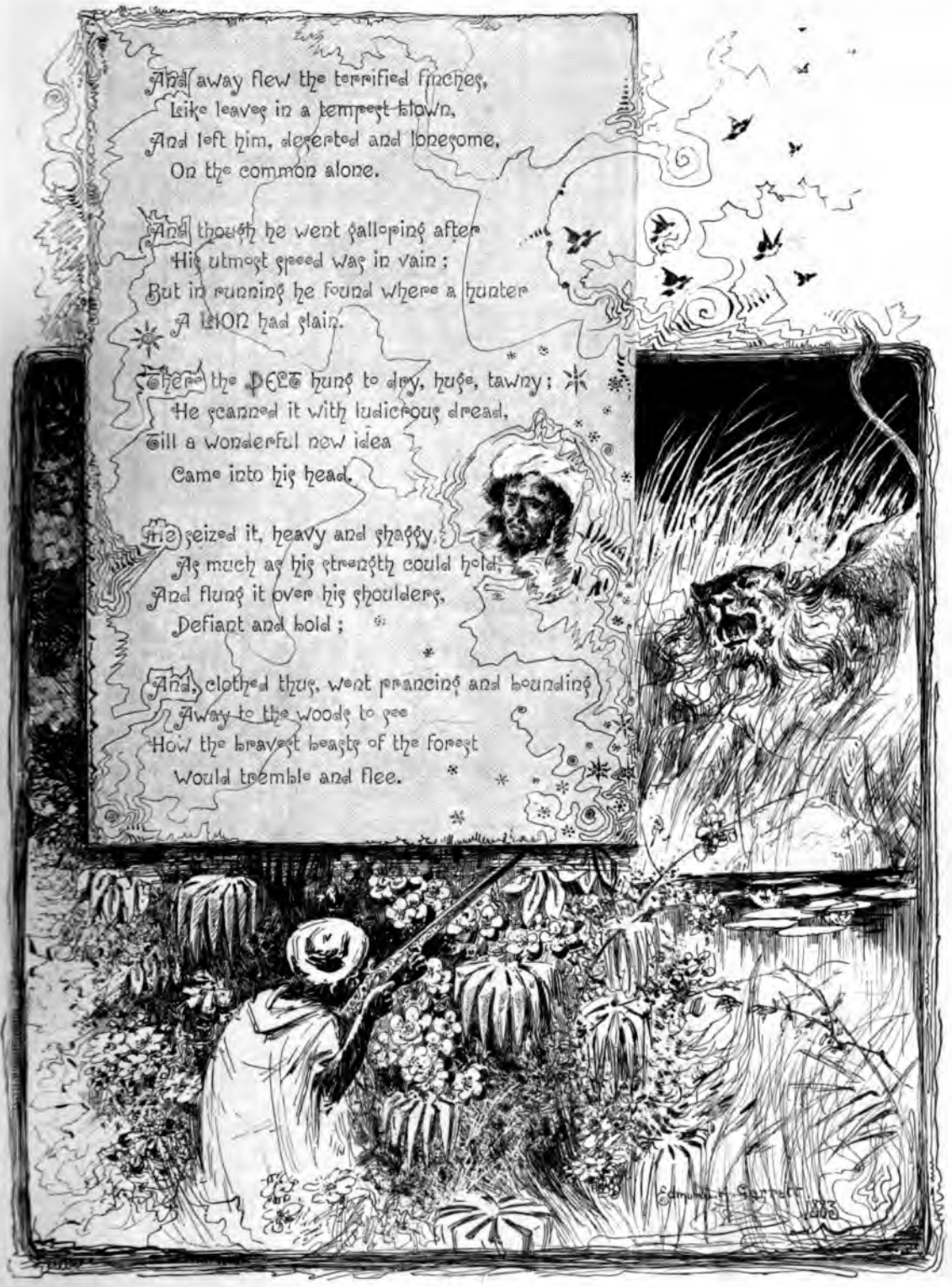
And away flew the terrified finches,
Like leaves in a tempest blown,
And left him, deserted and lonesome,
On the common alone.

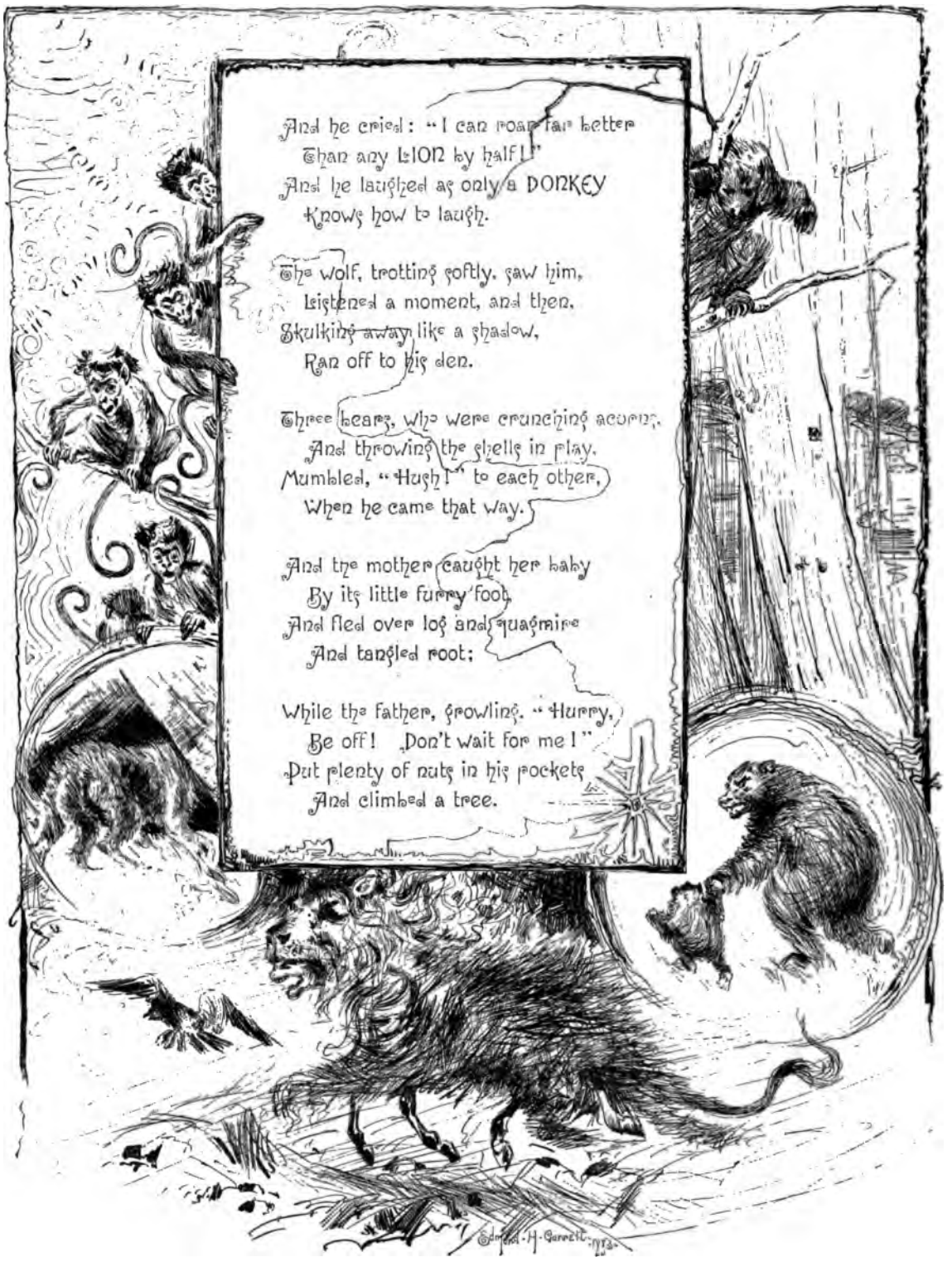
And though he went galloping after
His utmost speed was in vain;
But in running he found where a hunter
A LION had slain.

There the PELT hung to dry, huge, tawny:
He scanned it with ludicrous dread,
Till a wonderful new idea
Came into his head.

He seized it, heavy and shaggy,
As much as his strength could hold,
And flung it over his shoulders,
Defiant and bold;

And, clothed thus, went prancing and bounding
Away to the woods to see
How the bravest beasts of the forest
Would tremble and flee.





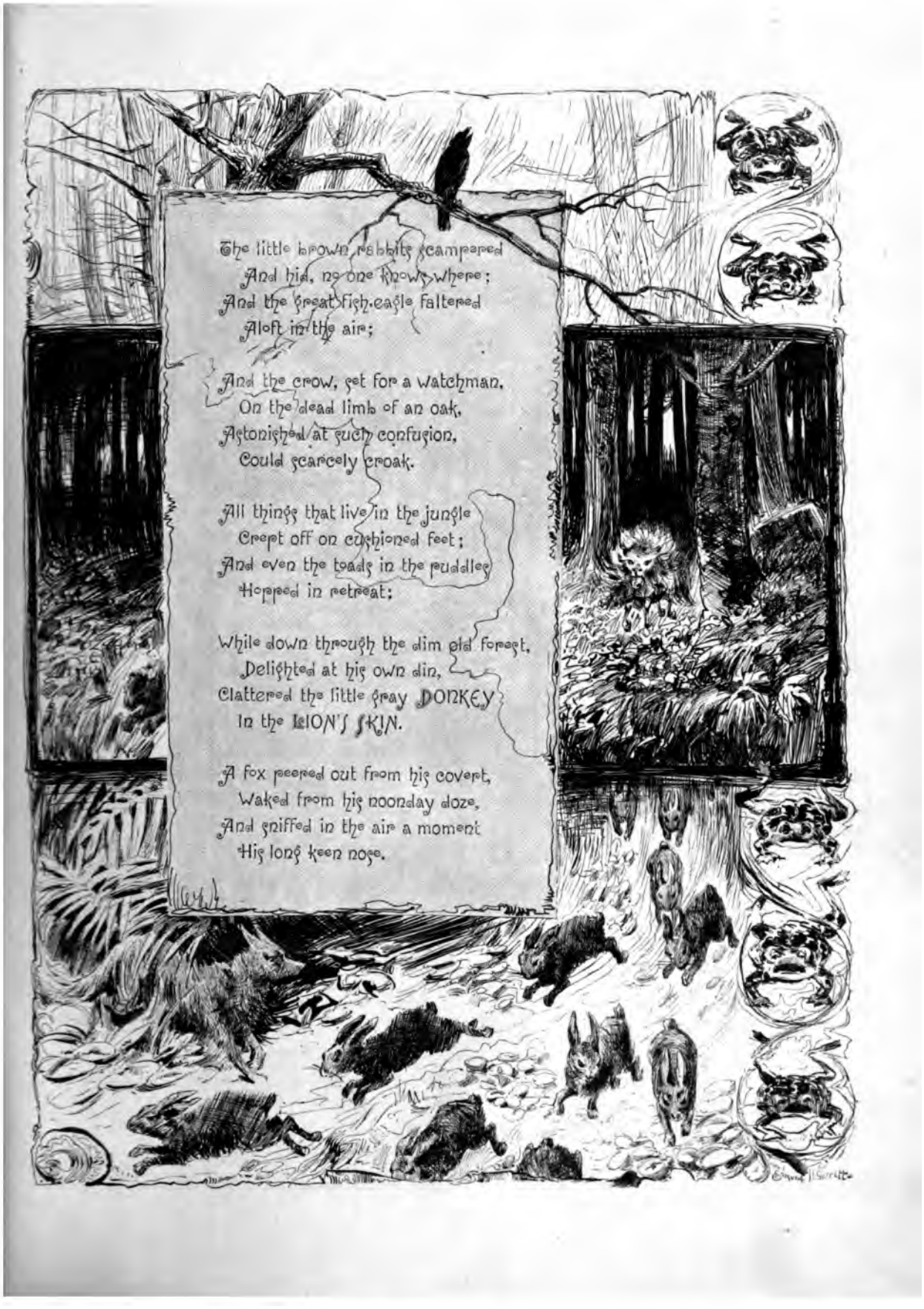
And he cried: "I can roar far better
Than any LION by half!"
And he laughed as only a DONKEY
Knows how to laugh.

The wolf, trotting softly, saw him,
Listened a moment, and then,
Skulking away like a shadow,
Ran off to his den.

Three bears, who were crunching acorns,
And throwing the shells in play,
Mumbled, "Hush!" to each other,
When he came that way.

And the mother caught her baby
By its little furry foot,
And fled over log and quagmire
And tangled root;

While the father, growling, "Hurry,
Be off! Don't wait for me!"
Put plenty of nuts in his pockets
And climbed a tree.



The little brown rabbits scampered
And hid, no one knows where;
And the great fish-eagle faltered
Aloft in the air;

And the crow, set for a watchman,
On the dead limb of an oak,
Astonished at such confusion,
Could scarcely croak.

All things that live in the jungle
Crept off on cushioned feet;
And even the toads in the puddles
Hopped in retreat;

While down through the dim old forest,
Delighted at his own din,
Clattered the little gray DONKEY
In the LION'S SKIN.

A fox peered out from his covert,
Waked from his noonday doze,
And sniffed in the air a moment
His long keen nose.

He heard the hoofs and the whinny;
He saw the scared things flee;
And out he stepped on the pathway,
Grave as could be,

And sat there, placidly waiting;
"Ahem!" he said, "good day!
How long since the KING OF THE FOREST
Learned how to bray?"

The DONKEY halted, and, shaking
His yellow mane about,
To awe the fox with his grandeur,
Neighed shrilly out.

But the fox, unmoved, smiled grimly,
"Poor simpleton," he cried,
"There's more to a real live LION
Than a LION'S HIDE!"

"No matter how close in color
Or in form the counterpart,
What makes a LION a LION
Is the LION'S HEART!"

Meanwhile the would-be monarch
Stood quite aghast to hear,
And out from beneath his trappings
Poked a long ear.

And as on the woods fell silence
The eagle screamed a call,
"Come hither and see your LION —
Come one, come all!"

Forth from his rocks the wolf crept
On ever-stealthy paws;
The bear slid down from the branches
With scratching claws;

They scoffed at his heels; they clamored
About his ears, and said
That they were so huge and hairy
They hid his head.

And his voice — did he call that singing?
And what might the sweet tune be?
They thought it would do for a fog-horn
Far out at sea!

The poor little, gray little DONKEY
Shivered in every limb,
Till his royal yellow mantle
Fell off from him.

Then, drooping and quite dejected,
He turned with a gentle trot
Toward his own familiar pasture —
The thistle-lot.

And the fox said, "Only with cowards
Does shallow pretence win!
No DONKEY is made a LION
By a LION'S SKIN!"

The mother-bear dragged her baby
To be the first to see;
There were crows and coons and squirrels
In every tree;

The frogs swarmed out of the puddles;
Hares leaped there by the score;
And such a look of derision
As each one wore!

Ah, this was the HERO, was it?
They blushed, you may suppose,
To think they had been so frightened
By merely CLOTHES!

The garment was grand and ample,
But the creature base and small;
He had duped them just one moment,
But that was all.

Edmund H. Garrett

MOLLY ST. LEGER'S VALENTINE.

By Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey.

IT was a gray, gloomy day in late October, during the last week of their sojourn at the old family country house on the Kennebec. This ancient house built of Hallowell granite, was of the Elizabethan style of architecture, with castellated walls and a large square hall down into which you looked from the galleries on the second and third floors, and which opened upon a deep porch altogether delectable in its viney seclusion, so suggestive of *tête-à-têtes*, moonlight or daylight.

Three connecting rooms fronted the river which flowed at the foot of a rapidly sloping lawn, and from the library window at the south end of this triad of rooms could be seen a lovely river picture framed between tall oaks and evergreens, at the extremity of an opening a quarter of a mile long, at least, cut through the primeval forest straight to the bank of the Kennebec.

This was the work of Downing, who, years before, had cut and trimmed and fashioned these slopes and dells into fair, regular beauty. But time and a proper degree of neglect had brought back a bewitching wildness, a gypsy-like abandon of straggling vines and lawless growths, more fascinating to town-bred girls than the most perfect landscape gardening could possibly be. Three hundred and eighty acres comprised this estate of Fairview, and it once had a deer park of a hundred acres, but that was long ago.

It had now been raining for three days, a steady down-pour, gladdening to the hearts of the country folk, whose wells, owing to the long drought, had long since refused water. Caleb Atkins, coming down from the village as usual, with meat and milk, had expressed to the cook that morning his opinion that the rain was likely to last a "considerable spell," to which statement cook signified her assent with the remark that next week was court week, and it always rained court week.

"Cook has the universally logical feminine mind," observed Beatrix, who had overheard this colloquy while whistling and waiting for Ajax at the hall door. "If it always rains court week, why, then, of course, when it rains, it's always court week, isn't it? Wonder if supreme courts and storms prevail simultaneously over the universe! I'll ask her. Oh! Oh! you big, black, wicked, splendid old fellow!" This last to Ajax, who came to her whistle with a bound and a leap, planting his big muddy paws on her shoulders, and staying her remonstrances with a sweeping lap of his huge tongue, which fairly hid from view her piquant merry face.

"Oh, shut that door, do, Trix, and behave in a civilized manner," growled Marjory, from the depths of the Sleepy Hollow chair by the hall fire. She was reading *The Fair Maid of Perth* for perhaps the twenty-fifth time, and was right in the thick of the tournament wherein fell the sons of Torquil advancing to death with the cry "One more for Hector!"

Whatever of modern authorship the library of Fairview lacked, it was rich in the older novelists, and owned a most sumptuous edition, creamy pages bound in fragrant Russia, of the prince of romantic novelists, Walter Scott.

Instantly turning at the sound of her voice, the big dog sprung into her lap, planting a huge paw, only partially cleansed, on an exquisite engraving of the said tournament and eliciting a satisfactory shriek from her, he plunged upon the sofa whereon Sue was dozing and dreaming, and then dashed up the oaken stair, close followed by the laughing, shrieking girls, casting back glances of intense delight at his success in inaugurating the frolic he so much loved, and having reached the landing on the third floor, stood waving his huge tail and watching with an actual twinkle of his eyes the breathless run of the girls up the last flight.

They were nearer the storm area by fifty feet up there than in the hall below, and the wind and rain seemed to be holding high carnival, whistling in the waterspouts, roaring down the chimneys and

pelting pitilessly against the windows and upon the slate caps of the numerous bay and oriel windows. A window to the east looked out upon the ice schooners lying just below, bedraggled and dripping from the tips of their mizzen masts to the water line. An occasional sailor was seen shrouded in oil clothes.

They swung back a door at the end of the long upper hall and peered up the dusky stairway.

"Fascinating, isn't it?" remarked Marjory. "It's a real cosey attic day. Let's go up!"

"Nothing new up there, I suppose?" rejoined Trix. "We've rummaged everything — Madam Heath's brocaded wedding gown and General Heath's queer old uniform, and Major Brockton's kit, in the 1812 War, and Great-grandfather Brockton's wig and gown, and all the old bonnets and mob caps and camlet cloaks."

"And General Heath's delicious old love letters and the letters he wrote when he quarreled with his son Jo, who had the honor of being my great-great-grandfather, you know," said Marjory, with a toss of her gold-brown head.

Meanwhile they were running up the attic stairs and through the centre of the attic, skirting the massive chimneys, each one of which could almost have held in its interior a seaside cottage.

The attics were large and high, as the attics of such a house should be, but although tolerably well lighted, were rich in those deep, dark, shadowy corners and recesses, whose ghostly suggestions make one's flesh creep.

There was one particularly dark recess where the low attic of the west wing debouched into the main attic, into which Marjory suddenly disappeared and shortly emerged, her hair festooned with dusty cobwebs, and her eyes blinking as those of an owl suddenly launched into the sunlight might do. She was dragging a small black trunk by its brass handle, said trunk being as cobwebby as her head, and mouldy with the mould of ages apparently.

"That is what I call second sight," she said, swinging it round with the expertness of a genuine baggage-smasher. "I did not know this thing was there — never heard of it before, and should have said I had explored every inch of this enchanted land."

The girls looked at it. It was brass bound and fastened by a solid hook of brass. Sue touched the hook and the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously. They had hoped for something more precious, more startling; — a bride's trousseau, perhaps, fragrant with age and attar of rose — a service of antique silver or even a casket of pearls would not have surprised, but merely satisfied them.

"Ah, if it had only been a skeleton!" sighed Marjory. "It's big enough for a small Ginevra;" and she took up a thin flat book which lay on the top and opened it. On the blank page was written "Molly St. Leger. Her album." A yellow paper fastened with a faded blue ribbon dropped from between the leaves of the album. Marjory loosed the ribbon and disclosed a folded sheet.

"And who is this Molly St. Leger who had an album in 1765, and who received valentines in 1768? For as true as you live, girls, this is a genuine valentine, one hundred and ten years old if it is a day, with cupids and hearts and two doves a-cooing. Oh, what a jolly find for a rainy day! It's like reading a page of Walter Scott," said Marjory, who by this time you know as a dear lover of romance.

"Girls! girls! and so you've found it at last," cried out a cheery voice at their elbows. "Every descendant of Molly St. Leger's has to find that trunk sometime and hear her story. But nobody ever finds it till the right time comes, though it may be under their very noses."

"Her story! and who's to tell us, I should like to know?" queried Trix.

"I am," promptly replied aunt Penelope, "and right here. Time and place couldn't be better."

"Wouldn't it be more comfortable by the hall fire?" timidly suggested Sue, who is kittenish in her tastes, and likes to curl up and purr in a cosey corner. But the others, aunt Pen included, scouted the prosaic suggestion.

"Oh, no; right here, with the beating rain just above our heads. It's delicious!" murmured Trix, stretching herself on a discarded rug, with her head on Ajax's shaggy sides. Marjory having sat down in a huge chair with spidery legs which instantly collapsed, lay back comfortably among the ruins while aunt Pen began:

(It may as well be explained here that Fairview is richer in that species of wealth which pertains to attics, than most of even very old family mansions. For after the Boston Fire of 1871 many ancient relics were transported thither for safety,

not only those belonging to Molly St. Leger's direct descendants, but also heirlooms of families into which those descendants had married.)

"Molly St. Leger was not a native born American citizen. She was born and lived in a delightful old castle in England — a castle that would do your heart good just to see, Marjory, with real battlements and a turret chamber — Molly's own — the very one from which she fled, not with, but to our ancestor, Abram Hunt. I saw it all last year when I was in England — the old garden with its box two hundred years old, cut into all sorts of queer shapes, peacocks, Greek vases, and maids-of-honor, and its fish pond with mouldy-backed carp as old as the time of William the Conqueror, for aught I know. The St. Legers came over with William, and are to this day as distinctively French in feature as in name. Molly's portrait shows her to have been a brunette, with black eyes. She was small and slight, with rosy cheeks, and you look like her, Trix.

"Molly's mother died when she was a baby, and she was brought up under the supervision of her father's sister, dowager Lady Dunbarton, as uncompromising a Tory as her father, and unbending in her views on all social matters. Molly's earliest playmate was Abram Hunt, the fifth son of John Hunt, who held the nearest living and who, almost as poor as Anthony Trollope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty in providing for so many sons, and Abram was destined to trade.

"The rigid Lady Dunbarton made no objection to the childish intimacy between Molly and Abram, never dreaming that a St. Leger could so far forget her rank as to form an attachment for any one in a lower station, and that Molly should fancy herself in love with a young man destined to trade, was a supposition fit to cause the St. Legers, who had hitherto slept peaceably in the churchyard precincts, to rise from their graves.

"But the fatal discovery was finally made and Molly was forthwith shut up in her turret chamber and ordered to forget Abram instantly. She was further informed that she could not leave her turret till Abram was fairly at sea on his way to Boston, in New England, whither his father had decided to send him. Molly's own maid, Phœbe, was taken from her, lest Molly should win her by her blandishments to carry some message to Abram, and Lady Dunbarton herself took upon her the surveillance of her rebellious niece, and a hard time she had of it.

"But love proverbially laughs at locksmiths and surveillance, and one day Molly's pet dove brought to her window, tucked under his snowy wing, a note from Abram, and this was followed by sundry other notelets brought by the same winged carrier, so that Molly knew exactly the day and hour on which Abram started for America, and he, skirting the castle at a safe distance, saw a tiny handkerchief fluttering from the turret window, and went on his way with high courage and hope in his heart.

"As soon as he was fairly at sea Molly was released from her imprisonment, and both her father and aunt had reason to congratulate themselves upon the excellent, the subduing effect of their course of discipline. Molly, who hitherto had apparently cared for little but the pleasure of the moment, rambling abroad on her pony, embroidering, playing the spinnet or reading, suddenly developed a remarkable taste for housewifery. Like the Greek Penelope, she busied herself of mornings with the maids at their spinning and weaving. She learned the art of bread-making and of ale-brewing, the best methods for the management of poultry and the raising of pigs and calves, and, altogether, promised at last to mature into a thrifty, entirely respectable and proper St. Leger.

"No letters came from Abram. Those were not days of much letter writing, and furthermore, letters coming to Molly through the post must have passed through her father's hands. But Molly had a brave heart and she had promised in her last note to Abram to go to him whenever he should send for her, and that was to be when he was fairly established in business and a proper escort could be had."

"Now, aunt Pen," asked Beatrix demurely, "do you consider that an altogether right and proper thing for our revered ancestress to promise?"

"Well," replied aunt Pen, hesitating between her entire sympathy with Molly and her troublesome conviction that she ought to point the proper moral, "Molly must have done that or else given him up entirely. It was certain her father would never relent.

"Luckily, however," she continued with a sigh of relief, "we have not to decide that; we have

only to do with the story. Two years passed and Molly was then twenty. You know the old custom of St. Valentine's day? The first one you met after the sun had risen was to be your Valentine for the year. Like many other Saint's days, St. Valentine's day was held in much more sacred observance by our ancestors than by us. And many a gift had Molly received from Abram in his character of Valentine. If I'm not mistaken, there is one in that very trunk, a tiny white silk box painted with rosebuds, and containing a rosebud. It was the one Abram sent her just before he went away."

Sue, who sat nearest the brass-bound trunk, thrust her hand under the mass of papers, and after a slight search, brought up the box. She opened it. It contained a pinch of dry dust.

"Most things are dust after a hundred years," said aunt Pen cheerfully. And she went on. "Well, on the morning of St. Valentine's day, just at dawn, Molly was awakened by a slight rustling at her window. Her dove fluttered in upon her bed, and under his snowy wing, in the old place, was a note tied with a bit of blue ribbon. Molly loosed the ribbon and down fell the valentine which you hold in your hand, Marjory. Read it, please." And Marjory, sitting up among the ruins of the spider-leg chair, read:

O Molly, Molly, fair and sweet
As is the blithe to-morrow
That brings you to your lover's side,
Far, far from grief and sorrow!
Once more unto your casement, love,
My messenger comes flying;
Fling back the lattice — take him in —
Your valentine espying.

Come, come, my Molly, here I wait,
The good ship spreads her sails;
Bearing such precious freight as thou,
She'll fear not storms nor gales.
Good-by to England's flowery fields,
Her hawthorn, eglantine;
Come with the springtime's hastening bloom,
My life-long Valentine!

"Our ancestor rhymed better than he drew," remarked Sue, peeping over Marjory's shoulder. "Those cooing doves look precisely like two fighting crows."

"What a delightfully dreadful facility you have, Sue, for taking the poetry out of everything," said Beatrix.

"Silence in the assembly!" said aunt Pen. "There was another slip of paper signed by John Hunt, Abram's brother and confidant, saying that a carriage with post-horses would be in waiting the next night, at a certain place, to convey Molly with the greatest possible speed to Portsmouth, whence the ship was to sail on the following day. Her escort was to be John Hunt himself, who, recently married, was going with his wife to seek his fortune also, in that distant New England.

"Molly dropped the valentine and note almost with a feeling of dismay. She was a loyal-hearted maiden, as her truth to her lover shows, and it was not without a deep pang of regretful love that she turned at the door that night and looked her last upon the little turret chamber wherein her twenty happy years had sped. Very sunny and happy she then felt, notwithstanding certain threatening shadows. She left a tender little note for her father, in which she pleaded forgiveness, and dwelt upon her love in such a way as softened his obdurate old heart in spite of himself. And so with her faithful Phœbe, and her tame dove folded in the kerchief at her bosom, Molly sped down the avenue under the fitful light of the waning moon, and turning again at the point where the castle turrets are last seen, looked long and lovingly on the home of her childhood and young womanhood. She never saw it again. For though her father ultimately forgave Molly, and visited her in the New World after the Revolutionary War, she never revisited her old home which her oldest son inherited.

"After some three weeks of buffeting and storms, the ship which carried our Molly sighted Cape Cod, and as she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Boston, the first object that caught Molly's eye was not, as now, the gilded dome of the State House, but a tall mast, with a long arm or crane, from which hung a huge iron pot — the beacon 'upon that hill called Beacon.'

"Molly's destination was with a friend of Abram's, who lived on what is now Joy street, in the immediate neighborhood of Thomas Hancock's house, which he afterwards left to his nephew, John Hancock. Molly soon became familiarly acquainted with Dorothy, or Dolly Quincy, afterward the wife of John Hancock, for Abram Hunt was a partner in the firm of which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy, was senior member.

"In a few weeks Molly and Abram were married and went to keeping house near Springate, though Molly always had a special liking for Beacon Hill, with its sloping huckleberry pastures and sparkling springs, as being the first place of her residence in New England."

"Huckleberry pastures on Beacon Hill!" ejaculated Sue.

"Sue thinks," said Trix scornfully, "that Beacon street and the Back Bay, as they exist to-day, were a part of the original creation;" and Sue, who lives on Commonwealth Avenue, was silenced.

(Aunt Pen, it seems, did not deem it necessary to explain to these girls, who, as native Bostonians, were, of course, familiar with the topography of old Boston, where Springate was. But others may like to know. In or near what is now Spring Lane was one of those springs with which the peninsula abounded, and a fence having been built round about it, with a gate for entrance, the immediate neighborhood was known as Springate.)

"Molly had come to New England in a time of ferment. Echoes of the storm gathering in the Western World had reached her ancestral home, but her father had only 'pooh, pooh'd,' at the bare supposition of a successful rebellion against the authority of his Most Christian Majesty, George the Third. So Molly was greatly surprised and disappointed, I fear, to find that Abram was as arrant a rebel as could be found in the Colonies; bitter against taxation, and ready to follow Hancock and Adams to any length.

"As I have said, her friendship with Madam Hancock was warm and intimate, and she assisted at many of her famous codfish dinners, and was present at that now historical breakfast when Madam Hancock entertained Admiral D'Estaing and three hundred of his officers, and not having sufficient milk to supply the wants of her guests, sent out her servants to milk the cows pastured on the Common, with orders that all owners who complained should be sent to her.

"Abram Hunt was one of the famous Boston Tea Party, and there is a charming story of Molly con-

AFTER THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.—MRS. HUNT AND DOLLY QUINCY.

nected with it. Although partially disguised as an Indian, Abram wore his white top boots, and after the tea party was over, as he stood by the parlor fire giving Molly, who now sympathized with him in his rebellious feelings, some details of the affair, he shook from out the tops of his boots a quantity of tea which had lodged therein upon the hearth, and then swept it carefully into the fire.

"But Molly noticed that a small quantity of tea still remained in the top boots, and this she removed without Abram's knowledge. The next day Phœbe, whom Molly still employed in confidential matters, took a note to Dolly Quincy, inviting her to take a cup of tea with Molly that evening.

"A cup of tea! The temptation was irresistible even to so determined a rebel as Dorothy Quincy. She came; the tea was made — one cup had been drank and Molly was on the point of pouring out a second when footsteps were heard coming rapidly through the hall. Abram's footsteps, unmistakably — and Molly guiltily hustled the teapot out of sight under the edge of her ample train. But alas! the delicious fragrance could not be so promptly or effectually hidden. Abram sniffed the aroma suspiciously.

"'Molly,' he said with unusual sternness, 'is it possible you are making tea?'

"'How can I,' answered Molly, coloring under his eye, but smiling roguishly, 'when you yourself tipped the last pound into Boston Harbor?'

"But Abram was not to be cajoled. 'Molly,' he said, 'I am not deceived; I know you are making tea. Give it to me;' and Molly reluctantly drew out the tiny teapot from its silken hiding-place.

"Without a moment's hesitation, Abram walked to the fireplace and poured out every drop of the precious beverage into the fire, shaking out vigorously the clinging tea leaves. It was with feelings of intense satisfaction, doubtless, that both Molly and Dolly Quincy reflected that they had at least drank one cup of the forbidden tea, though it was many a day before they had another.

"Molly afterwards had her full share of the cares and anxieties of the Revolutionary War, for Abram became a captain in the Continental army and served valiantly and faithfully.

"She was a friend of Lafayette's, and when he made his last visit to America, she was an old woman and Abram had been dead many years. She was living with her son in Roxbury, and she had a strong desire once more to see and take the hand of her old friend. So she came to Boston on a short visit to await his coming. But a few days before his arrival she suddenly died, and as they were taking her home, upon the Dover street bridge the funeral procession met Lafayette's incoming carriage — and so they met.

"Almost any day, girls, you may see the descendants of Molly's carrier dove flying about the Common and above the roofs on Beacon Hill and drinking from the fountains and ponds."

It was a silent group that went in the gloaming from out the attic down to the fire-lighted hall below after aunt Pen's story was done. Marjory still carried the valentine in her hand. *The Fair Maid of Perth* lay upon the rug before the fire just as Molly had dropped the volume in the beginning of the frolic with Ajax. "I am glad," she said, as she picked it up, "that all romance and poetry is not shut up in books."

THE DOUBLE WINGS: ASPIRATION AND POWER.

By John James Piatt.

I AM an eagle — in the sky;
I am an eagle — on the ground!
With these frail wings to earth I'm bound;
With these quick wings in heaven I fly.

When high through blissful sunshine play,
In my strong soul, these golden wings,
Ah me, these flapping, useless things
The eagle from the sun delay!

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.

(A Romance of the Revolution.)

By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

CHAPTER III.

A MOONLIGHT INTRODUCTION.

AKING no further ado, therefore, he proceeded to substitute for his own outer raiment the articles from the bundle, a task which was hardly accomplished to his satisfaction before the shore of the town was found to be close at hand. They had fallen in with not a single vessel or boat in their passage across, and now, as they drew up to a dark and unfrequented part of the shore, to our hero's great relief, no sentry's challenge was heard and no solitary person seemed to be anywhere within hearing.

Gervaise as he had ridden along in the morning had studied his map pretty thoroughly, and had in his mind a tolerably good idea of the geography of the place. He directed the men to pull straight in, and presently the boat grounded. Then, leaving his own discarded apparel in the boat — for he did not think it best to burden himself with it — the lad stepped on shore.

"Shall we wait here for you, sir?" asked the man in the bow. Gervaise reflected a moment.

"No," said he. "Pull back to the Point again. It is possible you will find another person there — a fellow about my size. You'll know him by his having the Word, as you did me. Take him off if you find him and obey his orders. You needn't wait after twelve for him, though. As for me, I'll look out for myself."

Then, with the buttons of his midshipman's jacket glittering in the moonlight, he turned toward the town.

"Now," said he gayly, "now for my aunt and cousins."

Gervaise had landed at a point just above where Cambridge street then as now ran down to the water; and presently gaining this thoroughfare (at that time, in this vicinity, only a lonely, ill-kept road) he made his way along it, turning to the right in a few moments and coming out at the base of a considerable eminence which, remembering his map, he concluded to be Beacon Hill. A few steps farther brought him out upon a more frequented street and into sudden view of the Common upon which, white and picturesque in the moonlight, were to be seen the tents of the soldiery encamped there, with groups of men scattered about among them.

Gervaise did not linger here, however, having no especial business with the King's troops, and remembering that the evening was wearing on. He kept on to the left, with no idea as yet where his aunt's abode was to be found, but thinking it likeliest to be in the more thickly settled portion of the town. He met very few persons as he walked along; and of these few more were soldiers and officers than townspeople. Of several of the latter he made inquiry as to Madam Brenshaw's residence, and finally found one who thought he knew of her, and by following whose directions, he presently found himself in a secluded locality once more and among a number of respectable looking dwellings, at the door of one of which he knocked and made farther inquiry. Here he was told that if he meant the Widow Brenshaw who had lately moved back from the country, he would find her house by going through an adjacent lane and passing along the street to which this would lead him until he came to the house, a large one on the right, standing back from the road, and which he was assured he could not mistake. Obeying these instructions, he found himself a little later before a residence which he did not doubt was that of which he was in search.

Through an arched way, whose gates were wide open, Gervaise looked up a broad path, between hedges of box-plant, to where, some distance away, and upon an elevated site, there stood one of the

finest specimens of the town houses of that day, a large, square mansion three stories high, with a balustrade about its roof, a balcony above its broad front steps, and a roomy piazza at either end. The grounds about the house were very extensive, adorned here and there with flower-beds, arbors, and trained shrubbery, but consisting for the most part of a fine, natural lawn, ornamented by grand old forest trees and irregular rocks and slopes.

On the left, from a carriage gate, a driveway led in and off around the side of the house, toward a mass of snowy stables and outbuildings in the rear. The whole scene, distinctly enough visible in all its parts, yet, seen at this distance, and by the soft, subduing light of the moon, seemed to our hero exceedingly romantic and attractive.

There was an air of comfort and elegance about it that was different entirely from that of the plantation homes with which he was familiar (about which, however great the wealth of the proprietor, there was always a look of well-to-do squalor and want of thrift), and that pleased him greatly. Moreover, he was but a lad, and he was far, far away from his own home and family. His heart went out with homesick longing toward this house and those of his own blood that were within it.

One of the rooms below was brightly lighted. In it, doubtless, at this very moment, his cousins and aunt were sitting. He would go up and present himself at once. He took a step forward, but then he stopped. His aunt! Somehow or other, as he thought of her, a kind of chill fell upon him. He had heard her described often by his father — a tall, dignified lady, one who, though her excellencies were not few, was proud, cold, haughty, and difficult of access. The vision of such an one rose before his mind's eye now, and he halted before it abashed. And this lady was a conspicuous royalist, who despised all enemies of the King, and who had publicly disowned her husband's brother and all who belonged to him, on account of his well-known rebel sentiments. Could it be possible that she would not receive him? — would turn him out of doors?

A FEW STEPS FARTHER BROUGHT HIM IN SUDDEN VIEW OF THE COMMON.

Gervaise had hardly thought seriously of such a possibility up to this moment; but he thought of it now, and fully realized its likelihood. Then,

suddenly, as he looked doubtfully toward the house, there fell for an instant upon one of the curtains of the lighted room a tall, erect shadow, moving stiffly across it.

At the sight the boy started, and instinctively drew back outside the gate. He laughed at himself the next moment, but none the less he acknowledged to himself that he was afraid to meet his aunt.

"True as I live," said he, "I don't dare go in now I've got here. What a poltroon I am! But I'm perfectly certain now that she won't have anything to do with me. What in the world am I to do?"

At this instant, in the midst of his perplexity, the sound of girlish voices attracted his attention and told him that somebody was coming along the street, although the deep shadow cast by the line of trees prevented him from seeing them. Then suddenly, as he listened, the sounds were mingled with the rougher tones of men's voices. A moment later he heard a shout, and a coarse laugh; there was a scream and a cry for help; and then there appeared in view a short distance away two feminine forms, closely followed by two men, the latter laughing and cursing as they ran.

At this sight Master Gervaise, who a moment before had been calling himself a poltroon, and had been in such a flutter at the sight of a shadow upon a curtain, instantly forgot all about himself and his troubles, and flew into an incontrollable rage in behalf of somebody else.

"Why," cried he, "if here aren't a couple of great hulking fellows insulting some ladies, and frightening them out of their senses."

With that he started toward the group, which had now come to a stand beneath the trees. The two ladies — Gervaise saw as he drew near that they were mere girls — had halted, breathless and terrified, and were clinging to each other near the fence. Their pursuers, two stout fellows in the scarlet uniform of the King's troops, were close upon them.

Gervaise, fairly beside himself, rushed past the girls and threw himself headlong upon the foremost of the men.

"Oh, you villains!" he shouted. "Oh, you cowards! You scoundrels!"

And he clutched wildly at the fellow's throat, with a vague notion, perhaps, of dragging him to the ground, and tearing him to pieces on the spot.

The man himself, up to this moment hardly aware of the presence of another person, finding himself thus fiercely attacked, drew back bewildered and astonished. Then he seized his youthful assailant by the shoulders, and with one powerful wrench tore him from his hold and hurled him violently against the fence.

Gervaise was on his feet again instantly, however, and placing himself before the girls, again confronted their assailants, almost ready to cry with rage and mortification. And although he did not renew the attack — experience had taught him the folly of that — he gave free rein to his tongue.

"Oh, you cowards!" he cried again, his voice high-pitched and trembling. "So this is your trade, is it, insulting ladies in the public ways, just because they chance to be without a protector? Ah!" He shook his head in impotent wrath. "If I were only a few pounds heavier, I'd take your two heads and knock 'em together until you couldn't see out of your eyes! True as I live, I would!"

And he stood there glaring at the men, not one bit afraid of them at least, though he might be powerless.

At this point, the second of the two, he who had had no part in the encounter, laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"Why, Oliver, man," said he, "where are your eyes? Don't ye see the young gentleman is an officer from one o' the ships?" Then he turned to Gervaise with an air of complete humility. "We beg your pardon, sir. We meant no harm. We thought 'twas a couple of servant girls going home with the wash; and we ran after them a moment just for the sport of it. And my comrade here, he didn't have time to see you was in uniform, sir, you jumped on him so quick. And with your Honor's permission, we'll just go on about our business."

He drew his companion back as he finished, and the two whirled about and disappeared, glad enough, no doubt, to get away without being recognized or questioned by the supposed officer.

Our hero, with no further thought of them, turned to the two girls. They were still standing by the fence, though now in a more natural attitude; and in spite of the fact, now first noticed by him, that a large basket stood on the ground be-

de them — which they had evidently been carry-
g between them, and which had doubtless helped
deceive the soldiers as to their quality — he saw
once that they had the dress and air of ladies.
ıey seemed to him one about his own age, and
: other perhaps a year younger; and there was
nething about them that suggested the thought
their being sisters. It occurred to Gervaise in-
ntly that they might be his cousins. His hat
ne off, and he made a low bow as he addressed
m.

'I hope that you ladies are none the worse for
; encounter?" he began.

'Oh, dear, no!" at once cried the younger of
two. "We are almost frightened to death,
t is all. We are *so* much beholden to you, sir,
your brave interference. Ugh! Those horrid
diers! I am all out of breath this minute with
ning and fright."

Then the other of the two, with something more
dignity, but not less sincerely, added her ac-
owledgments to those of her sister.

'Indeed, sir," she said, with a ladylike courtesy,
e are deeply grateful to you for interfering so
ɔly in our behalf." Her speech, as well as her
nner, had in it something of the primness that
ıracterized the time; but they were none the
s charming for that. "It would have been ex-
mely unpleasant for us had you not come up as
ı did. Those men acted very strangely for sol-
rs of the King."

'Strangely!" exclaimed the younger girl. "*I*
n't think they acted strangely at all, Dolly.
ey acted as the King's soldiers have always
ed in this town. They are a horrid, brutal, dom-
ering set; and for my part, I shall be thankful
en the people rise up and drive them all into
: ocean — as they will do before long."

"You forget, Patty," said the other young lady
lulgently, evidently accustomed to such warm
pressions of opinion on the part of her compan-
ı, "that it is to one of the King's soldiers that
ı are speaking this minute and to whom we owe
r deliverance."

'Oh," observed Patty, with an arch glance.
Ie isn't a soldier. He is a sailor — and wouldn't
nd being driven into the ocean at all."

She evidently knew a naval uniform when she
v it, even by the light of the moon.

Gervaise laughed awkwardly. From the names these young ladies had used in addressing each other, he felt certain now that they were his cousins; but he suddenly found himself put rather less at his ease than more so by the fact.

"I certainly have a sailor's uniform on, if that makes a sailor," he replied. "And I think I *should* mind being driven into the sea, so I hope the young lady," (he bowed to Patty,) "doesn't mean quite all she says. As for my coming up as I did, I — I just happened to be about here and I heard your cries, and so I hurried up as fast as I could."

He was all the while trying to make up his mind just how he had best declare himself to them.

"It was very brave of you, sir; and we thank you ever so much," the elder girl again said.

"Yes, indeed!" joined in Miss Patty. "It was very brave and — and splendid. We thank you *ever* so much."

Miss Dolly seemed now suddenly to realize that the interview could not properly be farther prolonged; and taking her sister's arm, she saluted their preserver with another courtesy.

"But we must not keep the gentleman, Patty. Permit us to thank you once more, sir, and to bid you good evening."

Then, before Gervaise was well aware of their intention, they had taken up their basket again, and were moving away.

The lad looked after them in dismay. What! Were they going off, leaving him out here in the street no better off than he had been before they appeared? He felt that this must not be, and he started after them.

"Oh, I say, now!" he cried, almost piteously. "You must let me carry the basket for you. Really you must."

And he laid hold of the basket desperately.

"Why," declared the elder girl, halting, and betraying some embarrassment, "it is nothing but some dishes and things that we were bringing back from old Mammy Stout's in Frog Lane. We can easily carry it, sir. We are right here at our own gate."

"But," pleaded the lad, maintaining his hold upon the basket, "you must let me take it up to the house for you." And he blurted out the truth. "Why, I was just *going* there, when you came along. I give you my word I was. I was coming to see you. *I am your cousin!*"

"Our cousin!"

The girls stopped short and gasped out the words together, looking at him in amazement.

"Yes," Gervaise eagerly went on, "I am your cousin Gervaise — Gervaise Brenshaw. *Now* may I go up to the house with you?"

He put out his hand, and enjoying their innocent wonder, gave utterance to a peal of boyish laughter. He felt quite sure at least that these two kindly-spoken cousins would not disown him; and since he should now go up to the house in their company, his misgivings as to his aunt's reception of him seemed also to vanish.

"Go up to the house with us!" cried the young ladies, with one delighted voice. "Indeed, you may, if you are really our cousin Gervaise!"

"For, indeed, we are hardly able to believe it, all at once so," declared Dolly breathlessly.

"No," said Patty, with an appearance of being dazed. "I *don't* believe it. I do think I am only dreaming this minute, and have been all the time, about those soldiers, and all."

"But you are heartily welcome, cousin Gervaise," continued Dolly, "if it is really you — welcome to Boston and to our house. Come, then! We will go in at once, that our mother may also welcome you. She will be delighted, you may be sure. We speak of you very frequently, and have often wished we might see you here, though we never have supposed it possible that you should come. How long have you been in this part of the world?"

They had now entered the gateway, and were walking up the path.

"In this part of the world?" repeated Gervaise absently. "Oh, not very long."

He was thinking of what she had just before told him. So they spoke of him often and wished that he were here. This was good news, surely; and his aunt must be a very different person, after all, from what he had been led to think.

"We heard that you had entered the Royal navy," Patty put in briskly. "But we little thought your ship would ever bring you in this direction."

"Eh?" uttered Gervaise. He repeated the words to himself. "Heard I was in the Royal navy! What does the girl mean?" He looked down at his uniform. Then he laughed, believing she had spoken in jest. "It's quite a joke," said he, "how I came by my uniform. I'll tell you about it when we get into the house."

At that instant, as they mounted the steps of the terrace and approached those of the house itself, the front door opened, and the figure of a lady appeared, clearly defined against the background of light.

Gervaise started involuntarily. It was the figure that he had seen upon the curtain, the tall, rigid, imposing outline that had always seemed to stand before him when he thought of his Tory aunt. In spite of what Dolly had said, his heart sank again within him.

"Oh," cried Patty, impulsively, "there is mamma now. I must go and tell her who it is that is come."

She left her new-found cousin with her sister, and ran forward up the steps.

A moment later Dolly and Gervaise mounted the steps also, and entered within the door.

"Mamma," cried Dolly, "*this* is cousin Gervaise. Isn't it wonderful?"

Then as our hero looked up at the tall, pale lady who stood there, and felt her dry hand take his, and heard the cold, formal tones in which she spoke to him, his former fears returned overwhelmingly upon him. And her words themselves, though in point of fact she meant them to be very gracious, made his confusion and helplessness complete.

"So you are my young nephew, Gervaise Brenshaw, the son of my husband's brother, Sir Gervaise Brenshaw of Brenshaw Hall. You are welcome, my dear boy, to our humble home here in America — doubly welcome in that you come from the old country and wear the livery of your King. I would that *all* of our family were as loyal as you to their rightful sovereign. Alas, that your father's younger brother has proved himself a traitor to his King!"

These words as Gervaise listened to them still bending over the lady's hand, affected him not simply because they assured him that after all Madam Brenshaw cherished toward his father the bitterness of feeling that he had at first supposed, but also because they revealed to him a most astonishing fact beyond this. They had mistaken him — naturally enough considering all the circumstances and the uniform he wore — for his young English cousin of the same name, a mid-

›man in His Majesty's Navy. It was Gervaise ›shaw of England, not Gervaise Brenshaw of inia, whom they had talked of so often and so h desired to see; it was Gervaise Brenshaw of land whom they supposed to have come to ı now; it was Gervaise Brenshaw of England n the loyal lady of the house was so impos- receiving at this moment. Gervaise Bren- of Virginia shuddered as he thought how ng a thing that welcome would become should :clare to this very stately lady who he really

·clare to her who he really was! He *could* lo it. Plucky and ready young fellow as he n these pages already shown himself to be, ıs mortally afraid of this woman, his aunt, ıtood dumb and terror-stricken before her. new not what to do or say; and, indeed, he ıardly capable ot doıng or saying anything hen. He was obliged to hold up his head at ı; but it was only to cast about him a dazed, ıiring look. What would have happened next ıt unlucky moment had not a sudden diver- ›ccurred, it is impossible to say.

t at that instant Patty uttered a little scream ›eized his arm.

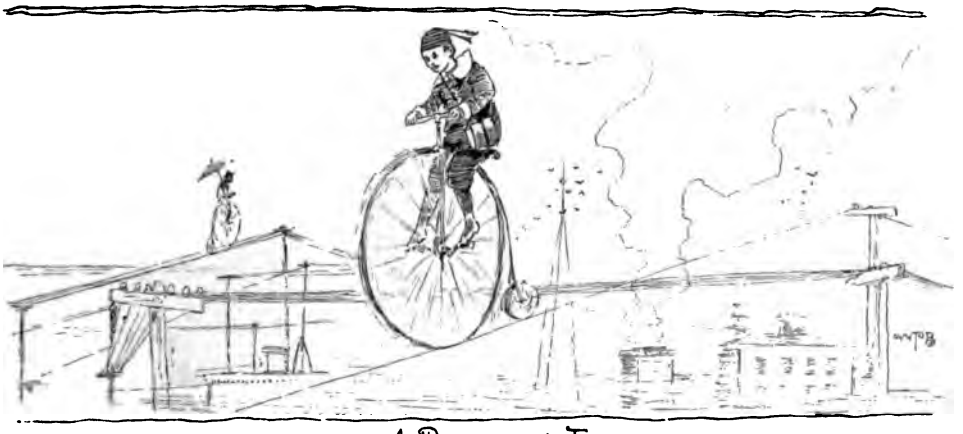
)h! oh! oh!" she cried piteously, pointing to his head. "He has been hurt. He was thrown against the fence. His head is all bleeding. And we keeping him here talking in this way. Ah! see how pale he is!"

"Oh," said Gervaise, glad to be able to say anything, "I — I don't think the cut is much. I haven't felt it until this moment. Nevertheless," he added suddenly, seeing an opportunity for the present, at least, to escape from his embarrassing position, "I think I do feel a trifle dizzy and — and confused. I think I would like to lie down. Indeed, if it is quite convenient, I would better go to my room for the night."

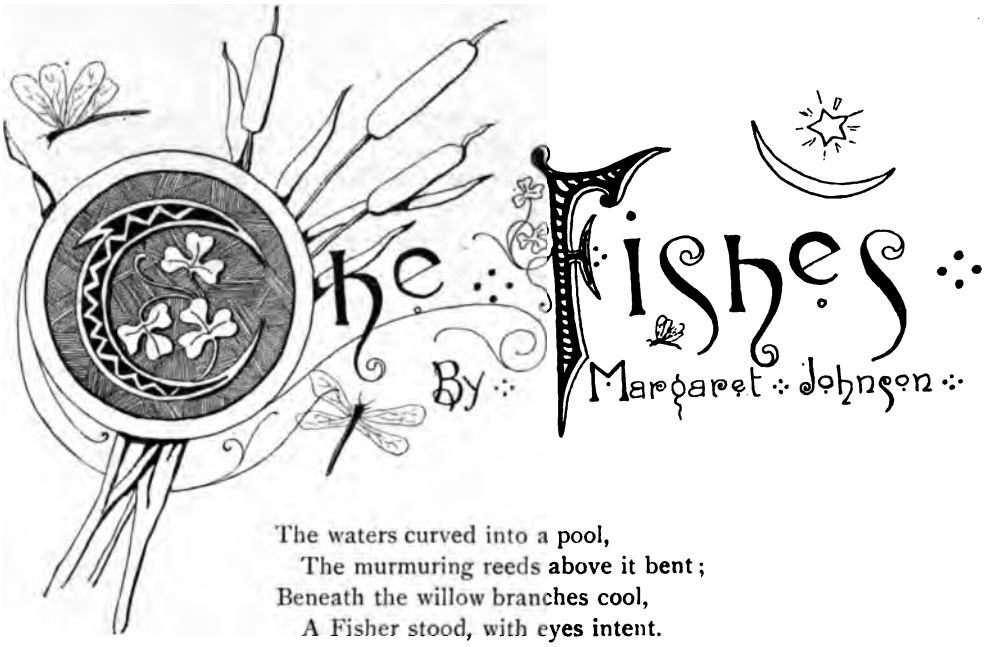
"Of course you shall, my poor boy," Madam Brenshaw declared. "You shall go to bed at once and not have to say another word to-night. But ought you not to have a physician? — or, at least, something can be got for you here in the house."

But Gervaise insisted that he needed nothing but cold water for his head and immediate rest; so, preceded by old Ptolemy, the chief of the family servants, and followed by many looks and words of anxious commiseration from his aunt and cousins, he presently took his way up-stairs, with something the feelings of a condemned criminal — yet of a criminal for a while reprieved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



— A Dream of the Future —

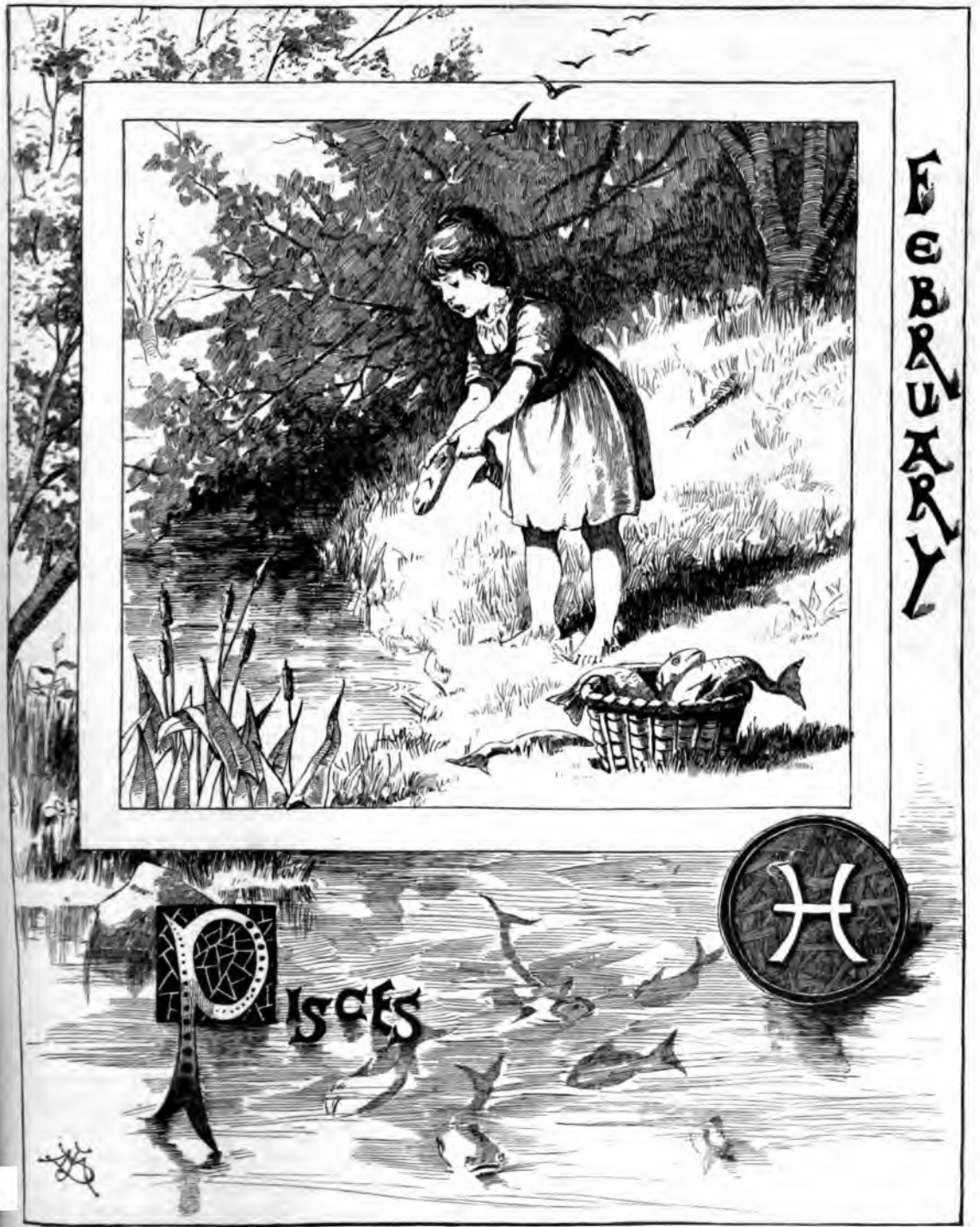


The waters curved into a pool,
  The murmuring reeds above it bent;
Beneath the willow branches cool,
  A Fisher stood, with eyes intent.
Sing hey, the Brook, the babbling Brook!
The Fishes feel the treacherous hook;
The whispering rushes lean and look
    Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

His glistening, speckled spoil he cast
  Into a basket, one by one,
And down the reedy shore he passed,
  And left them lying in the sun.
Sing hey, the Brook, the murmuring Brook
Their little lives are almost done;
The sighing rushes lean and look;
    Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

The Fisher's child, a tiny lass,
  With eyes as blue as is the sea,
Came creeping through the meadow grass,
  And gazed upon them wonderingly.
Her tender bosom heaved with sighs,
She gazed at them with pitying eyes
As misty as the morning skies;
    Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

With dainty fingers, one by one,
  She dropped them just within the brim,
And watched the bubbles in the sun
  Come dancing to the reedy rim.
Sing hey, the Brook, the laughing Brook!
Through waters cool they circling swim;
The whispering rushes lean and look;
    Sing hey, the bonny Brook!


FEBRUARY
PISCES

CAMPING AMONG THE SUNFLOWERS.

By Alice C. Fletcher.

WEARING THE WAR BONNET.

I was greatly entertained one soft autumn day in following a long, dramatic, out-of-door frolic of some of my little Omaha friends. They called it "Going on the Hunt." Often a whole day is spent in this sport. Like other children, the little Indians copy the cares and perplexities, the labors and dangers which beset their elders, in their plays, but never have I seen them imitate any of the religious ceremonials of the tribe.

Among the Omahas, the annual summer "Hunt" took place when the maize had reached a certain stage of growth; then it was that the whole tribe moved out from their village, followed the herds of buffalo in order to obtain their food, clothing, tent skins and implements. The exact time of starting, the selection of the leader, the preparations for departure, were decided and inaugurated by a series of religious ceremonials of marked solemnity.

The Hunt was conducted by fixed rules, and it was during this season that some of the most important religious festivals took place. It was no mere pleasure trip, but a time of work, danger, and of many religious observances, as I have previously said.

In the "play" I am to describe, it will be noted that these boys and girls reproduced the incidents of a family, not those of the tribe. The absence of any mimicry of religious ceremonies in Indian children's games is a significant fact of more than ordinary interest.

The children divided into the following groups, to carry out their sport:

Ne-da-wee
Mee-pee
Da-me-ta-the
Enee-ga-sha-bee } Omaha Women.

Me-ten-ah (*four years old*) A Little Girl.

A-tha-thumba
Ida-hoo-lom-bee
He-sa-the-ka } Omaha Men — Brothers and Cousins to the Girls.

Da-wa-ke-ne-zhe
Ga-they-da-mone } Troublesome, tricky Horses.

Ish-tah-par-dee A Good Horse.

Se-ga-ha-the
E-ga-tha-they
Murh-tey-enzhe } Wild Colts.

Wa-they-da-he
Ma-stey-ska
Be-za-te-ge-they } Sioux Warriors, Enemies of the Omahas.

Several articles are needful for this play. The Omaha men and Sioux warriors must have bows and arrows, and the warriors must wear war bonnets. These bonnets are highly prized because they take so long to make, and can only be made in the fall, after the husking is over. They are often kept from one year to another. Boys and girls work together to make them. The girls go to the cornfield and gather from the husks left there the middle layers. These they smooth out between their hands, and select the longest and stiffest. One hundred or more are required for a very grand war bonnet. When the husks are ready the boys' part of the task begins. The husks are arranged to lap one on the other, so as to stand up like a thick crown of feathers, to circle the head; then with a sharp stick or thorn holes are punched in the husks, and narrow strands passed through, to stitch the head-dress firmly

gether. Usually, two rows of this rude sewing necessary: one near the bottom, one about half-ay to the top. A fringe of the husks, really a ›ntinuation of the crown, and made in a similar anner, extends down the back nearly to the feet : the boy warrior. Sometimes the better part of :veral days is spent making one war bonnet.

The ropes for the lariats are made by the girls, ıt of corn husks. The inner layers are best, ecause softest. One husk makes four strands. 'hese strands are knotted together until the strip six or seven feet long. Two such strips are risted together to make a rope. A more highly rized lariat is made by twisting firmly two such ›pes. These the girls carefully preserve.

The boys manufacture the cooking gourds. A ole is cut in one side, the seeds taken out, and ›metimes small holes are bored on each side of e rim, so that the girls may put in a handle of usk. A pot which can be hung over the fire is e result.

For their food the boys and girls save part their home meal, and bring it for the play.

All these things being ready, "Let's go and get e tent poles!" says Ne-da-wee.

Off troop the girls and boys, those who are rses and colts, Omahas and Sioux joining in the e to where the tall sunflowers crowd up to the ils which wind here and there over the wide serve. If the boys are in the humor, they are ry helpful; they bend the stalk as far down as y can, and then jump with all their might on : tough stem near the root, to break it, when a r dexterous twists secure the prize. If the ys are not in a helping mood, they pretend they : very busy, but tease the girls, who are strug-ng with twice their height of stalk. When the m is stripped of leaves and flowers, it is a tent le, six or eight of which are wanted for a tent. e girls carry the poles back to the playground; ır are tied together near the top, and then read at the bottom, and the other poles are ned on the tied sticks. In this way the skele-n of the tent is set up. The tent cloth is two mother's shawls which have been brought ›ng; one is not large enough, for the tent is ree or four feet high. The two are tied together r the fringe, and this seam concealed as much as ssible by tucking the fringe inside, next to the oles. The attempt at covering up the fact of a pieced-out tent cloth is not often successful, for the shawls are apt to be unlike in color or plaid.

If the contrast is very marked, Da-me-ta-the will say: "Our tent is painted differently on the sides;" or Mee-pee will declare: "How the rain has stained the tent cloth!"

The joined shawls are put round, and the fringe tied where the poles come together. One of the ends is lapped underneath, and the other end tied to a pole, to make the flap which guides the smoke up and out of the tent. Little sticks for tent pins are put through loops of the fringe, and driven into the ground, to make the tent cloth smooth and firm. If the girls are so fortunate as to have a third shawl of small size, they hang it over the opening of the tent for a door.

The tent being up, the Omaha men and women sit down to rest. The girls are grouped together and talk of where each one's sleeping place shall be in the tent; and compare horses; for, like her elders, each one has her own horse. The boys discuss where the camp will go, and the probability of meeting enemies.

During the settling of the tent, the horses and colts have been racing and capering about; these, too, now lie down and rest. The Sioux warriors have gone, and are dressing up and getting ready to track the Omaha party, and attack them. Neither Omahas nor Sioux must know where the other is going. The tall grass which grows on the prairie makes these surprises possible, for one can easily be lost to sight after a few steps.

"That is the fun," the children say.

Before long the boys give the word: "Let's go!"

Up jump the girls. Mee-pee and Da-me-ta-the pull out the tent pins, untie the fringes, and the two shawls speedily become two packs wound up with corn husk, cord, and containing the tent pins, gourds and food. The tent poles are thrown down and untied, to be fastened to the pony.

Ne-da-wee has started to catch her horse, and the other girls to capture theirs and halter them. The horses run hither and thither, and plunge and kick. Ne-da-wee, however, is skilful in throwing the lariat; when it touches a horse, he is caught. Then a strap of husk is put about his head, passing behind the ears, and knotted under the chin. To this halter the rope is fastened, and the horse walks after the girl, with bent body, his hands on his knees.

A girth of husk is tied about the waist, and three or four tent poles are tied by husks to the girth; the poles pass under the arms, and trail on the ground behind. A pack is put on each side, and fastened to the girth by a cord. The girth is therefore very important. I could not fail to see that Ga-they-da-mone was a spirited and tricky animal, and when the girth was put about him, it was strange how frequently it loosened, and let the packs and poles fall. Ne-da-wee was sometimes obliged to hold him close up to the chin when he was very unmanageable; for it was bad for a horse to have the trick of getting his girth off.

The boys have robes made from the buffalo calf to sleep on; these are made into packs, and fastened on the other frisky horse, one on each side. Ish-tah-par-dee was so faithful an animal that I saw he generally went free of packs, and was kept as a riding horse in case of necessity.

The boys are now busy sorting their arrows. The pointed sticks, with feathered ends, are rarely shot from the bows, lest they should hurt some one or be lost. A coarse kind of grass, with a barbed end, furnish the real arrows. These catch and hang in the clothing and prick a little in striking the skin. The grass arrows are bound in husks, and thrown over the back like a quiver.

When all is ready, the boys lead off in single file, peering through the tall grass, keeping very quiet, and on the watch for the enemy. The girls follow, leading or driving their horses; each has a switch, with a few sprigs left on the end. The colts run about, kicking up their heels, and dashing through the grass. Often in these digressions they betray to the enemy the whereabouts of the camp, and in turn are captured unless they are fleet enough to outrun their pursuers.

BREAKING CAMP. — THE PONY TRAIN.

As the camp moves on silently, suddenly He-da-the-ka is seen running from the front, and as he nears the girls, he shouts: "Hurry, hurry!" and dashes back as he came. The enemy have surprised the "men," and a fight is going on. Loud shouts are heard; some long drawn, some short, sharp, and given in rapid succession as the warriors dodge the flying arrows.

As soon as the alarm is given, the girls urge the orses into a run, using their whips. They want o pass by the fight unobserved, so they keep well ut in the grass, having only the sounds to guide hem, for they can see nothing, and there is danger f running among the enemy and being captured.

I am sorry to say that it was in these emergenies that the tricky horses were most naughty. Nela-wee had all she could do to make her horse allop, and keep him from loosening his girth, and o dropping the tent poles and packs. Mee-pee's orse was little better; he was determined to run nto the other horses, and upset them. Da-me-tahe also had a very hard time trying to keep the ild colts together in a sort of herd.

Enee-ga-sha-bee seizes the little sister Me-tenh, and puts her on the back of the good horse sh-tah-par-dee, and away they go, steering wide f the shouting and fighting. It is all bustle, and urry, and excitement, and at last the girls are re they are safely by the danger, and halt their eated horses to rest and wait.

The boys, meanwhile, had had a hard fight, and cceeded in killing one of the enemy. He was ruck by many arrows, so that at last he fell; en his companions redoubled their efforts to event any of the Omahas touching the body their comrade, which would be a disgrace and isfortune, and they must also carry off the body a safe place. This the Sioux at last succeed in ing, and the battle is over.

All the fighting is wholly with arrows. No one mes to a personal encounter. If any boy ould venture to use his fist, he would not get econd chance to play; the Indian children on y occasion very rarely exchange blows, no mat- r how angry they may become.

After the battle the Omaha men join the women, d select a place to camp. Ne-da-wee unloads r horse, which is very restive, and threatens deruction to his load by jumps and kicks. Mee-pee d Da-me-ta-the begin at once to set up the tent, hile Ne-da-wee and the other girls go down to e creek for water. The boys, meanwhile, lead e horses to the same place. They lean over the ream, resting on their hands and knees, and rink as best they can. A sudden ducking is sure o follow if, at this critical moment, a horse has a ughing fit. After the watering, the girls lead the orses back, and picket them near the tent.

The next thing is to cook the meal. Mee-pee has gathered some sticks and laid them so as to gravitate from a centre like the spokes of a wheel, the characteristic Indian manner of making a fire. A crotched stick is stuck in the ground, and leans over the fire, and from it hangs a gourd pot. The boys are seated not far off, smoking; a hollow reed is the pipe, which they puff and pass in true Indian fashion.

As these things are going on, suddenly a bending of the tall grass shows the approach of some one. The horses start and jump around. The Omaha men look up and see three visitors coming toward them on horseback — that is, riding a sunflower stalk, one blossom allowed to remain, which represents the ornamental bell worn hanging from the head stall. Necklaces of sunflowers are about their necks, in imitation of the elaborate ornaments worn by the Indian men. The three strangers dismount, and lean their horses against the high weeds and join the group of smokers. The pipe is passed silently and no words are spoken.

The girls have spread out the provisions inside the tent. Mee-pee advances to the Omaha men, and says:

"The food is ready."

All the men rise and come and sit down at the door of the tent. The girls serve them, and then retire into the tent and eat by themselves. It is toward the close of the meal that the boys begin to talk, and it is only afterward, when the grass-pipe again passes, that free conversation takes place. Then the Omaha men make the speech of welcome, and conclude by saying:

"Tell us what you did when on your journey."

The visitors tell how they saw herds of buffalo, but not being properly equipped, they could not secure any; and how in the dense woods they lost fine deer, and picture the animal as it stood, startled by the men.

Of course the visitors are the previous warriors who have taken off their war-bonnets, hidden them away, and donned the necklaces and mounted the sunflower horses. This is their only way of sharing the food; for enemies cannot eat together.

The Omaha men in turn recount to their guests how some one had attacked the camp, and describe the battles. After a time the visitors say:

"We are going to have a dance this evening."

Soon they rise and go away as silently as they came. I noticed that no one asked their names or mentioned any one's name; that would have been very rude. An Indian never tells his own name, or mentions another's name in his presence. This rule of etiquette is taught and observed from earliest childhood.

When the sounds of the song and of beating sticks (for these must serve in place of a drum) reaches the Omaha party, they repair toward the spot where the visitors are dancing. The horses and colts are transformed into boys, and join in the festivity; and before long all are dancing and singing, except the girls, who sit in a circle and are the audience. The Omahas give sticks to the visitors. These sticks represent horses. In the dances and ceremonies of adults a horse is given away by handing a stick to a person. It is always the duty of an Omaha host to make presents to his guests.

After the dance is over, the Omaha party return to camp for the night. The girls sleep inside the tent. Unfortunately, owing to its size, several pairs of feet project from the tent door. The girls' bodies are, however, well inside, and the eyes shut tight, so it does very well. The boys lie down outside, wrapped in their buffalo robes, and about their waists the lariats of the horses are tied to insure against theft in the night. In the silence of the tall grass, at a distance off, the visitors are once more changing into enemies, and preparing to again peril the advance of the Omaha camp.

It is morning. The girls wake first, go for water, and prepare the morning meal. The boys stir themselves, take the horses to the creek, return and partake of the food, seated as before. Then the word is given:

"Let's go!"

And the fun of taking down the tent, making up of packs, and catching the refractory horses, is repeated.

This second day's journey always is very eventful. The girls suddenly see the Sioux hidden in the grass, who shoot their arrows at them with shouts. The girls scream and urge on the horses. The Omaha men hear the alarm, and run back to find the enemy in their rear, and the whole camp is in danger. The fight is most disastrous; the colts are captured, and the horses act badly. Ga-they-da-mone succeeds in loosening his girth, and away fly the tent poles and packs, which the Sioux break and destroy, and at last the women are taken prisoners, and everything is lost.

In these fights I noticed that the enemy boys were once in a while rather rough, and needlessly smashed the girls' things; but if a girl became displeased, the offender always tried to make amends. He promised next time to be the girl's horse, and do all she wished. Such promises are generally faithfully kept.

The prisoners are made to work very hard. New tent poles are cut, the tent set up — it is now the enemy's camp. The Omaha men determine to attack and rescue the women, and recapture the horses and colts. The conflict is desperate on both sides; the boys look like porcupines, their clothes and hair are so full of the barbed grass arrows. The Omahas are generally successful; for it would hardly do to have it otherwise when Omaha children play the game.

The Indian children, in their lively way, thus weave into their play the tales of life they hear about the lodge fires — tales of days that will never return, for the old Indian life is passing away. Going on the hunt, war paths, and capture, are fast becoming matters of the past. The white man has destroyed the vast herds of buffaloes; farms are dotting the great plains; homes are making echoes new to the wilderness, and the Indian himself is caught in the onward sweep of the mighty wave of civilization. The children themselves who frolicked so merrily that day, hiding and camping among the sunflowers — thrifty Ne-da-wee, and housewifely Mee-pee and the other girls — frisky Ga-they-da-mone, and good Ish-tah-pardee, faithful He-sa-the-ka, and warlike Wa-they-da-he, and all the boys — they are at the Indian school at Carlisle.

IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

CHAPTER III.

HOW RUTHIE MET THE CHIEF OF THE GAME-KEEPERS.

DASHING young person clothed in Lincoln green came skipping through the city gate as Ruthie and her escort drew near. Behind him, with a hop, skip, and a jump, came a dozen followers in russet coats and sky-blue Tam O'Shanter bonnets. He darted, first this way and then that, jumped over impossibly high posts, and squeezed through imperceptibly narrow openings, hopping now on one foot, and now on the other, and ended by playing at leap-frog over every great green-back in Ruthie's train.

All the while he kept turning to his followers and shouting gleefully, "Follow your leader!" and immediately every attendant would go through the very feat that he had performed. Then they all ranged six abreast, on either side of the chariot, while their leader, piling three frogs one upon the other, sat astride the topmost frog, and looking straight at Ruthie, shouted out, "Hello, you!" in such a startling manner that Ruthie began to think she had met an escaped lunatic asylum. Nor did she feel very much easier when, from his lofty perch, the dashing young person in Lincoln green pointed his finger at each one of the group in rotation, and began what Ruthie supposed must be an address of welcome, "though," she thought, "it certainly does sound natural." And thus he went on, in a rapid sing-song:

> Eene, meene, monee, mi,
> Tuskalona, bona, stri,
> Hare, ware, frown, wack,
> Hallico-ballico,
> Wee-wo-wack!
> O-U-T spells out —
> You are OUT!

And, sure enough, the instant he stopped, out from her comfortable seat in the crimson-lined chariot popped Ruthie, "for all the world like a Jack-in-the-box," she thought, and landed on the frog's back, directly facing her welcomer. But

AROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.

THIS IS THE WAY WE GO TO CHURCH.

that singular individual, in great haste, tumbled heels-over-head to the ground, and then helter-skelter towards the city gate scurried frogs, escort, the dashing young person in Lincoln green and all his attendants, leaving poor Ruthie alone, sitting on the ground and staring at this unexpected stampede in much dismay and bewilderment.

But the leader looked over his shoulder, and waving his hand with a summoning gesture, he shouted:

"Hey! Come on you — Personal Pronoun!"

This was adding insult to injury.

"I'm not a Personal Pronoun!" Ruthie shouted back indignantly.

"Why, of course you are!" he screamed.

HER HIGHNESS, THE PRINCESS RUTHIE.

"Of course you are!" echoed the rest of his train, who had halted in their scamper, and were looking back at Ruthie.

"You're *it*, aren't you?" asked the leader. "And isn't *it* a personal pronoun?"

"Oh, it's a game of tag, is it?" cried Ruthie, quite reassured. "Why didn't you say so? I didn't know you were playing."

And rising quickly, she rushed toward the throng, who turned hastily and fled through the city gate.

But at the gate, which seemed to be a great green baize door, Ruthie paused for breath; and as she did so, she saw on the gate the word PUSH, in letters composed of large brass-headed nails.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I wonder if Mr. Push really does live here? I've seen his name on doors like this ever so often, but I have never seen him yet. Perhaps, as I am a stranger here, it would be proper to ask for him, and not rush right in like a big tom-boy."

So she knocked on the gate in a ladylike manner. Instantly it swung open so suddenly that she nearly fell in headlong, and she found herself face to face with a most singular-looking youth. His hair stood straight out from the back of his head, his coat was thrown away open, and there was a most determined expression on his face, as if he were about to grapple with some resisting force. He seized both of Ruthie's hands and pulled her within the gate so vigorously that she had scarcely breath enough left to ask:

"Please, sir, does Mr. Push live here?"

He let go of her so quickly that she very nearly fell backwards.

"T'other side of the gate," he said, bracing himself against the wall in a desperate, but disconsolate manner.

"T'other side of the gate!" he repeated as Ruthie continued to look at him with much curiosity.

"Oh, I don't care to see him particularly," said Ruthie. "You see I saw his name on the outside

of your door, and I supposed, of course, that he lived here."

"T'other side of the gate, I tell you," said this singular individual, rather despairingly. "I live here. See — P-U-L-L," he spelled out, pointing to the brass letters on his side of the green baize — "that's me!"

"Oh," said Ruthie, "then you are Mr. Pull; and Mr. Push is?" —

"T'other side of the gate, I keep a-telling of you," he said. "See here!" And he grasped the gate handle so suddenly and swung it open so quickly that another singular-looking person who seemed to have been pressing against it, fell in headlong. As he picked himself up in a great rage and rushed wildly at Pull, Ruthie noticed that he had a very flattened-out expression about him; as though his life was passed under conditions of constant pressure.

"That's Push," announced Pull; and then, grasping each other's shoulders, these two singular guardians of the city gate pushed and pulled each other over the open space within the gate. "Just like a couple of goats, or roosters, or — boys," thought Ruthie. Then when they had seemingly exhausted themselves in this undecided wrestling-match, they locked arms, and standing before Ruthie, swayed to and fro and sang this rather doleful and monotonous duet:

It's Pull and Push —
It's Push and Pull,
Till our cup of misery's nearly full;
It's Push and Pull —
It's Pull and Push,
And we never can go 'round the Mulberry Bush!

Here, at the gate,
(We beg to state)
It seems our fate
To stand and wait;

With our Pull and Push,
With our Push and Pull,
Our cup of misery's nearly full!
Must we always Pull,
Must we always Push,
While the others go 'round the Mulberry Bush?

Oh, it's bah! for our Pull;
And it's pah! for our Push;
Why can't we go 'round the Mulberry Bush?

But this was a conundrum that Ruthie did not stop to answer, for by this time her ears had caught the sound of laughter and singing, and turning her back on the woes and complainings of this curious pair, she walked rapidly towards a large open space where a great crowd seemed collected and from which she caught the refrain:

All on a frosty morning.

"Why, it is frosty, I declare!" she exclaimed as she felt the cold nipping her fingers and toes. So she ran rapidly toward the crowd in the Square, and joined at once in the brisk movement and merry singing.

In the centre of the open space grew a great mulberry bush, and around this was gathered a group of dear little girls, who, with skirts looped up and pink arms bare, were scrubbing away in tubs of steaming soap-suds, while other little girls were hanging their "dollies' wash" on red, white and blue clothes-lines that stretched from the mulberry bush to the hands of certain velvet-coated little boys. And the little girls sang as they scrubbed:

This is the way we wash our clothes,
All on a Monday morning.

Then the little boys, still holding the red, white and blue clothes-lines, trotted around the bush, singing:

Here we go 'round the Mulberry Bush,
All on a frosty morning.

And as Ruthie joined gleefully in the scrubbing and the skipping, she sympathized deeply with poor funny Push and Pull who could never take a hand at this jolly work. Suddenly the tubs and clothes-lines disappeared as if by magic, and at once all the little girls grew flushed and rosy over the ironing-tables on Tuesday morning, and folded and put away the great "dollies' wash" on Wednesday morning, and scrubbed the floor on Thursday morning, and swept the house on Friday morning, and baked their cake on Saturday morning, while after each household change the velvet-coated boys went skipping around the great bush, carolling:

Here we go 'round the Mulberry Bush,
All on a frosty morning.

After Saturday's baking was over, and all the crowd had feasted royally on the sweet and inviting cake, there came a sudden change. The looped-up dresses were shaken out into puffs, flounces, and long court trains; the rolled-up sleeves were drawn down with ribbons and laces over the pink little arms, the mob caps were set jauntily on the fair little heads, and then, with dollies neatly dressed, and service-books in hand, the dear little maids leaned on the arms of their little velvet-coated cavaliers, and with Ruthie in their midst as a welcome guest, the whole throng swept along the sunny street, singing decorously:

THE CHIEF OF THE GAMEKEEPERS.

This is the way we go to church,
All on a Sunday morning.

How happy and delighted Ruthie was! And she entered into the enjoyment of the moment so heartily that, when the great French doll she was pushing before her in a beautiful doll carriage, turned and said to her, "Little mamma, you must be tired; let me push you a while," it didn't seem at all strange; and without a word, Ruthie seated herself in the doll carriage, while Mademoiselle the doll trundled her rapidly towards the palace. But as she was rolling along, suddenly and somehow—she never quite understood how—the doll carriage changed into her old acquaintance the goat, who ambled along while she sat in state upon his back, riding on a gorgeous side-saddle of crimson and gold. Before her, as her herald, galloped the squirrel, with banner and trumpet, mounted on a great green frog, while little Jumping Joan, upon another frog, followed after as maid-of-honor to her Highness, the Princess Ruthie.

So Ruthie rode to the palace in grand style, and as they approached, the squirrel blew a shrill blast upon his trumpet, and sang out:

I'm the herald of Ruthie
So winsome and gay;
The herald of Ruthie,
Who comes here to play.
Swing open, O joy-gates! shout welcome acclaims!
For Ruthie is coming to join in your games!

Then the great palace doors swung open wide, and with a welcoming trumpet peal down the steps walked, soberly and sedately, something that looked, so it appeared to Ruthie, very like a big newspaper, with legs and arms, and, O, such a funny little head, and he sang loudly in answer to the squirrel's summons:

If you are the Herald,
Then I'm the Tribune!
To the wants of fair Ruthie
Our sports we'll attune.
I bear her our welcome! I'll give her 'good-day;'
Here's the Chief of the Gamekeepers! Ho, clear the way!

As his song ended, a great roll of crimson carpeting appeared in the doorway, and, making a low bow to Ruthie, proceeded to unroll itself down the centre of the grand stairway of the palace, and then, skipping gayly down the carpeted steps, with trumpets sounding and drums beating, came the Chief of the Gamekeepers, a beautiful young prince in a suit of violet satin, and holding in his hand a jewelled hat, trimmed with waving plumes. With a low bow, he approached Ruthie and said joyously:

"I love my love with an R because she is Radiant; I hate her with an R because she is Reserved; I took her to the sign of the Ragamuffin and treated her to Rinktums and Rice; her name is Ruthie, and she comes from Real Life!"

And Ruthie answered without a moment's hesitation: "I love my love with a G because he is Gallant; I hate him with a G because he is Geometric—he seems to treat me so squarely," she

thought naïvely to herself; "I took him to the sign of the Griffin and treated him to *Glacé's* and Glue; his name is Gloriso the Gamekeeper, and he comes from Gigamaree!"

Then the Chief of the Gamekeepers again bowed low to Ruthie, and Ruthie bowed low, and the Herald and the Tribune bowed low, and so did little Jumping Joan, and, last of all, so did the goat, but he was so stiff in the knees, and bowed so low, that he couldn't get up again, and Ruthie took the Chief of the Gamekeepers' hand, and walked off between the goat's horns, while as for that stiff-jointed animal, the squirrel thumped him soundly in the ribs with his trumpet, and said: "There, old fellow, you needn't repeat that so-lo!"

As Ruthie stepped to the ground, all the pretty little maids that had stood in a row in My Lady's Garden sprang from their flower-beds and welcomed Ruthie with the musical ring of their silver bells, and the low clang of their cockle shells, while twenty-six lively little fellows, in rainbow-colored costumes, ranged themselves in two rows up and down the thirteen steps of the grand stairway, and as Ruthie and the Chief of the Gamekeepers walked slowly up the stairs under a canopy of yellow satin, Ruthie's herald and the Tribune of the Games walked ahead of them, arm-in-arm, and, facing each of the twenty-six little pages in turn, the squirrel would announce:

"Ruthie comes!"

Then the Tribune would follow with his question:

"How does she come?"

Whereupon the page addressed would shake out a silken banner emblazoned with one of the letters of the alphabet in gleaming gold. Pointing to this he would say "Actively!" and the next, when asked, would reply, "Bewitchingly!" and the next "Charmingly!" and the next "Daintily!" and so on in turn through the whole twenty-six letters up to "X-statically!" (at which Ruthie felt for her little pocket dictionary, to look up the word) "Yearningly!" and "Zealously!"

Then the Chief of the Gamekeepers said:

Letters see,
Letters see,
How Ruthie can walk to the throne with me!

And the twenty-six lively rainbow-colored pages answered in chorus:

O, we Letters *will* see —
If you'll let us alone —
How Ruthie can walk with you up to the Throne!

Reaching the broad piazza at the head of the grand stairway, Ruthie and her escort paused awhile to listen to the three fiddlers whom Old King Cole had sent to furnish the music at Ruthie's Reception. And they scraped away on their violins so madly and so joyously that the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-Horned requested the Genteel-Gentleman-always-Genteel to beg them to play with less violence. But the three fiddlers, never even stopping to look up, sung out in reply:

One apiece we must have
Ere the music begins;
So of course we can't play
With less violins!

At this, the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-

THE TWENTY-SIX LITTLE PAGES.

Horned remarked to the Genteel-Gentleman-always-Genteel that she *did* think those fiddlers were

really too ridiculous for anything. But as the Genteel-Gentleman-always-Genteel was also always correct, and had never been known to make a mistake, he gravely corrected her, and said, "Let us be exact: are they not *three* ridiculous?"

Then he politely handed his companion a horn which the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-Horned as politely declined, "because," she said, "the fiddlers are not in the game, you know."

After the serenade, Ruthie was conducted into the great Throne Room of the palace, and seated on a beautiful throne; and here all the court were presented to her by the Chief of the Gamekeepers, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, while all the other Gamekeepers stood around the Throne on little squares of Axminster carpeting, which they called "Hunk." The Genteel-Gentleman-always-Genteel escorted to Ruthie's Reception the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-Horned, and perched on his shoulder was the Eagle with the golden beak, diamond eyes, silver claws, and purple feathers. There came also the big Puss-in-the-Corner, leading the Blind-Man-in-Buff, and the Governor of Copenhagen with the Lady-who-keeps-the-Post-office, and the Knight-out-of-Spain with Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-sun, and lots and lots of others whose names were all familiar to Ruthie. Even the splendid Lord Treasurer came bringing her the golden key of the closet in which the Forfeits were kept, and finally, when all had welcomed her, came the Chief of the Gamekeepers himself, with the royal pillows and keys. Kneeling at Ruthie's feet, he gave her the kiss of welcome, while all the court sang joyously and cheerily:

Sweet, sweet,
Thus we greet
Ruthie all-entrancing;
Fair, fair,
O'er her hair,
Golden beams are glancing.
Sing, sing,
Joy-bells ring,
Here 'tis Play-Day ever;
Dear, dear,
Know no fear —
Sorrow comes here never!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DOG'S LIFE.

By Louise Henriques.

TEN years ago to-day I was born,
A little puppy, blind and forlorn;
I had sisters two, and brothers three,
My mother was proud as she could be,
But her master said, with a cruel frown,
"I shall keep but *one*, the others must drown."
Oh! what had the poor little puppies done
To be drowned ere ever they saw the sun?

We were not puppies of high degree,
Of noble blood and pedigree,
Like curly spaniels of royal name,
Or English pugs that are known to fame —
Then, one and all would have been sold,
For our master was very fond of *gold*;
But he never minded my mother's cries
When her babies were drowned before her eyes.

Ah, well! their troubles were very soon done,
And mine, alas! were just begun.
I was the puppy they kept, you see,
A toy for a cross little baby to be.
She pinched my ears, she pulled my tail,
She scratched my back with a rusty nail;
And if I wasn't as dumb as a log,
They said, "Poor darling!" and "Naughty dog!"

By and by, when older I grew,
That naughty baby got older too.
And cried and teased for a big wax doll
With a silly smile and a curly poll;
And then they drove *me* out of the place,
Slamming the parlor door in my face.
She had had her fun; I must go, you see,
To thrive or starve, as the case might be.

Black Dinah, the cook, was my friend alone,
She gave me many a scrap and bone;
If it had not been for her, I know
My sorrows had ended long ago.
But *she* had her faults; she would scrub away
To clean the floors on a rainy day,
And *I* must lie in the cold yard out,
For fear of tracking the mud about.

One thing in my life was pretty hard:
When a beggar boy came into the yard
Cold and hungry, ragged and poor,
And I must drive him away from the door;
For I had suffered as well as he,
But how could I help in his misery?
When they cried, "Sick!" I *had* to go—
It was wrong to *make* me treat him so.

Thinking of this, one day I was sad,
My master thought I was going mad;
Then all the women-folks screamed and said
"Take a pistol and shoot him dead!"
But he missed his aim and killed the cat—
I'm sorry I wasn't sorry for that!
She'd hump her back, and she'd cry "Spitz!"
Enough to scare a dog into fits.

And yet my life has not *all* been sad;
Sometimes it seems *so* gay and glad!
I love to chase a butterfly bright,
And gaze on a little sparrow's flight;

THIS WAS PRETTY HARD!

I dearly love on autumn eves
To run and rustle the yellow leaves,
To watch which way the tree-tops blow,
And to roll in the soft, new-fallen snow.

Ah, well! "A dog's life" is short at best;
Pretty soon I shall have a good long rest.
I wonder if they will bury me
Under some nice old apple-tree!
I wonder if some of the folks will cry,
And say to each other by and by,
"Poor old dog!" I should think they might—
I've always meant to do what was right.

OUR PORTRAITS. "I HAD SISTERS TWO AND BROTHERS THREE."

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, P. O. Box 188, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER TANGLES.

1. Furlough.

2. p e c u L a t o r
   e x h I b i t
   t o G e d
   i N n
   I
   o F f
   e v I c t
   s c r E e c h
   i r r a D i a t e

3. 1. Rejuvenate.
   2. California.
   3. Illuminators.

4. E P H R A I M
   P L A I C E
   H A S T E
   R I T E
   A C E
   I E
   M

5. 1. Pekin.
   2. Dover.
   3. Athens.
   4. Macon.
   5. Quito.

6. 1. KN (Cayenne).
   2. AT (Eighty).
   3. DK (Decay).
   4. MT (Empty).
   5. OB (Obi).

7. W A F E R
   D I V A N
   R I V A L
   L E M O N
   L E T H E

No. 8.

No. 9. RHOMBOID.

Across: the skunk; a plant; a species of antelope; a genus of edentate mammals; more delicate; common; vivid.

Down: a letter; a month; a pair of millstones; a Mohammedan prince; goods sunk in the sea and buoyed; partaking of a certain form; vivid; to experience; an inseparable prefix; a letter.

BOSTON BOY.

No. 10. A RIDDLE.

I come from the South with spicy breath,
  I come from the North a-cold;
To some I bear life, to some I bear death,
  To some a promise of gold.
I sparkle, alas, in the brimming glass
  With a poisonous light — beware!
I lie smooth and white in your eager sight,
  A costly prize — take care!
For close though you fold, and tight tho' you hold,
  I melt in your grasp to air.

SOPHIE MAY.

No. 11. ANAGRAMS.

1. Ariel got a burn.
2. Depart, ye rogues.
3. Nay, I repent it.
4. Tailors die.

SOLVERS.

November Tangles were solved by Mary J. Collier, Lizzie E. Wade, Mary J. Hull, Wm. H. Stewart, Louisa A. Redman, Harry Schroeder, Hattie E. Cook, "Jersey Girl," Maud W. Ware, Julia M. Whiton, Willie A. Gardner, F. E. Fowle, Jr., Mrs. L. A. Graffam, John Cutler, Willie R. May, L. W. Harris, Maybell Fuller, Cora C. Williams, T. Palmie, Wm. H. Leete, T. Emory Clocke, Florence M. Ridpath, Marion Potter, Louise, C. Minta Rutter, M. A. Haley, J. D. Prindle, Jr., Eva L. Brickett, Alice F. Young, M. L. Albro, Mary Tibbets, May Deane, L. C. Flanders, Amy Witherel, Frankie Ford, Harry L. Dillaway, Walter K. Stone, May W. Howe, M. A. Huntington, Edith Willis, Mrs. Wm. Paige, E. G. Hood, Gertie E. Tiffany, Nettie Munroe, Ray Walker, Mary G. Flurry, Addie W. Procter, S. P. Parmey, Gracie Stilwell, Mary Vernon, Fannie E. Turner, Mamie E. Doolittle, Gertrude Cosgrave, M. Louise Smith, Nelson C. Hubbard, Grace Morris, Miss G. French, Hortense Keables, Alice L. Gates, Fred J. Pardee, C. Craney, Mary S. Marshall, May Hudson, Mary E. Beatty, Helen Chapin, Faye Terrell, Clara R. G. Balls, L. L. Rogers, M. F. Clement, Nellie B., Paul Wyman, May Cuthbert.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Best list, William H. Leete, Guilford, Conn.
Next best list, C. Minta Rutter, Lawrence, Mass.
No. 71. Faye Terrell, Harrisonville, Mo.
No. 74. Frankie Ford, Beaver Dam, Wis.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for first solutions of this month's Tangles: —

No. 8. A microscope.

No. 10. Life of Benjamin Franklin.

For the first complete list, we will send WIDE AWAKE six months.

For the next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

All answers must be received by Feb. 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, young and old, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original Tangles for publication as above directed.

BUT THE SWEETEST FACE BENT NEAR.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 18. MARCH, 1884. NO. 4.

HER ANGEL.

By Anna F. Burnham.

MARGERY cowered and crouched in the door of the beautiful porch,
There were beautiful people in there, and they all "belonged to the church,"
But Margery waited without; she did not "belong" anywhere
Except in the dear Lord's bosom, who taketh the children there.

And through the open doorway came floating a lovely sound;
She shut her eyes and imagined how the angels stood around
With their harps like St. Cecilia's in the picture on the wall —
Ah, Margery did not doubt that so looked the singers all.

"Suffer the little children!" sang a heavenly voice somewhere,
Or the soul of a voice that was winging away in the upper air;
"Let the children come to me!" sang the "angel" in her place,
And Margery, listening, stood with upturned eyes and face.

"Let them come! let them come to me!" And up the aisle she sped
With eyes that sought for the Voice, to follow where it led.
She did not say to herself: "I'm coming! Wait for me!"
But it shone in her face, and it leaped in her eyes, dear Margery!

Up the stair to the singer she ran — she touched the hem of her dress.
But the choir were bending their heads, the preacher had risen to bless
The reverent throng, and — alas, bewildered Margery,
The Voice has ceased, and the singers have turned their eyes on thee.

They look with surprise at her feet, and again at her ragged gown,
And one by one they pass with a careless smile or a frown;
But the sweetest face bent near, and — "I came," said Margery,
"For I thought 'twas an angel sung, 'Let the children come to me!'"

With a tender sigh the singer took the child on her knee;
"I sang the words for the dear Lord Christ, my Margery,
And so, for the dear Lord Christ, I take thee home with me!"
—"It *was* an angel sang!" sobs little Margery.

THE BALLAD OF A SAD, BAD GIRL.

By M. E. B.

SHE was pretty, she was bright,
She was brave as she was bonny,
Her eyes were full of light,
And her smile was bright and sunny;
She was rare, she was fair,
And her hair was full of curl,
But she was — O, she *was*
Such a sad, bad girl!

Her cheek was like a rose,
Her mouth was like a cherry,
She'd a pretty, pert, snub nose,
And her laugh was gay and merry;
She was sweet to her feet,
And her teeth were made of pearl,
But she was — O, *she* was
Such a sad, bad girl!

Her locks were touched with gold,
And a three-foot rule would scrape her;
She was only five years old,
And her finger tips were taper;
She could run just like fun,
With a rush and with a swirl;
Still she was — O, she *was*
Such a sad, bad girl!

For she wanted her own way,
And you couldn't turn or twist her,
She'd say yes, or she'd say nay,
Spite of mother, friend, or sister;
How she'd fly if you'd try
Any fancy to imperil!
For she *was* — O, she was
Such a sad, bad girl!

If her mamma, or her aunt,
Asked for any little favor,
She'd say *shall*, and she'd say *sha'n't*
With the very sourest flavor;
She would pout, and she'd flout,
Till their brains were in a whirl,
For she was — yes, she *was*
Such a sad, bad girl!

But she's getting older now,
And although they're almost frantic,
Still they hope she's learning how
To be gentle and less antic,
So that soon a day may come
When they'll call their little Pearl
Not a sad, and a bad —
But a good, GOOD girl!!

RAMON VALDEZ was an acquisition. He was a Cuban. Father had picked him up at Havana, where he was looking out for somebody who could teach him English instead of the queer jabber that he learned, second-hand, from a wizened little French adventurer, who had set up as a teacher of languages, and had nearly forgotten even his own. I did get sold in the most ridiculous way over father's telegram that announced his coming! But that's all over — they have about forgotten it. *

He was real fun after we got acquainted; he didn't seem to know anything about base-ball, and couldn't catch a fly worth a cent! guess it is too hot in Havana to play ball. He couldn't fish either, but it wasn't the season for that, so we didn't care. But he could ride! He mounted the colt one day, bareback, and went around the lot five times before he fell off, and there wasn't one of us boys that could stay on a rod. We respected him some after that.

But he was queer! The first thing mother did was to buy him a lung protector, as he wasn't acclimated yet, she said. Jack, the six-year-old, got hold of it and put it on outside of his frock, and then came galloping around with it on in that way. Well, Ramon came down to breakfast the next morning with that protector on just as Jack had fixed it! Then he wanted some "john-bread." Where he got it, I don't know, but what he meant was "johnny-cake."

I heard him reciting some poetry to Mollie one night — that was father's way in teaching languages, to make us commit poetry and recite to each other — and this was what he made of it!

Zoze zevening bells,
Zoze zevening bells!
How may-nay tales zheir moozic tells
Of yuz an' home an' zat sweet time
W'en first I heard zheir queezing chime.

"Their what, Ramon?" cried Mollie.

"Zheir queezing chime," he repeated innocently, staring at her.

"Soothing, Ramon, soothing!" He laughed away too, like a good fellow, and didn't get mad in

* See "Ralph's Cub," in WIDE AWAKE for Oct., 1882.

the least. I suppose our Spanish was as funny to him. He never laughed at us, though; I presume he was too polite.

But he just got into the ways of us boys about as quickly as any new boy that ever came to the Highland School, and before he had been there two weeks he was in a scrape!

It's dreadfully dull to be the teacher's son. You have to do just *so*, you know, "to set a good example," and it isn't any fun. Father never asked me to tell what was going on, no matter what was up; but he put me "upon honor" not to go in myself, so of course I had to keep out. But the fellows understood, and used to tell me all about it afterward, and as somehow they always came to grief, I felt a little more contented than I might have done.

BUT HE COULD RIDE.

One night we *could* not get to sleep.

The long moonbeams came down athwart the dormitory through the great windows, and lay in broad parallelograms, bisected and quartered, upon the floor. We got our geometry lesson out of the figures, and reeled off a whole section of theorems, without the least effect. That ought, by rights, to be enough to set a whole houseful of boys journeying into the Land of Nod, but it didn't us.

Father heard us jabbering and came up to see what the matter was, but our sudden interest in the science of planes and prisms so amused him that he laughed all the way down-stairs; for Charlie Brown crept to the door and heard him.

At last Frank Hapgood — "Happy-go-lucky" — sat up in desperation, flung his pillow on the floor, got out of bed deliberately and sat down on it. Nine other pillows, nine other white-robed figures solemnly followed suit. Said Harry Eveleth, "Fellows, I've tried to do my duty and go to sleep, and I can't. We *must* do something!"

A silence, broken by a sigh from Ramon. "Ah! on nights like zis I have gone to ze — ze zoogar houses to sleep some time, in Habana!"

Frank "Happy" gave a start, looked at the circle intently, then gave a definite little nod, and winked.

Eight others of the owl committee gave a simultaneous start in answer, as though they had been unconsciously fooling around a galvanic battery. The gentleman from Havana alone was quiet; he did not yet understand, but the others did, and he was ready to follow. Texan herders say that a drove of ten thousand cattle will sometimes at night leap to their feet like a flash, without apparent cause or warning. There will be a roar of thundering hoofs, a distant rumble, and that herd will have vanished like smoke from the camp-fire, "on the stampede!" Our boys had "stampeded."

Ten or fifteen minutes later a certain wakeful teacher was pleasantly made aware of the fact that a cataract of boys, each with one of the nice white blankets belonging to *Mrs.* Teacher, tied across his shoulders, was streaming down the lightning-rod by his window; and stepping lightly thither, he caught a disconnected word or two about "old Brown's sugar-house."

'How shall we get her out?"

"Tie up her feet in straw!"

"But the carriage will make such a racket!"

"Well" — after a moment's thought — "we can take the cart; that's been newly greased."

There was a rumble, a slow sque-e-ak, and the cart was out without much noise. Two boys at the thills and two more pushing behind, they softly trundled it down the yard, stopping at every unusually loud squeak. It was almost as light as day; only in the yard the trees cast a slight shadow of tangled branches, leafless as they were.

There was a suppressed sense of excitement, a strained thrill of the nerves that made thumby work of their handling the buckles. The old horse was sleepy, and wouldn't "stand round" to order, and they had to push her into place; but they were ready at last, and Happy-go-Lucky whispered "Pile in!"

They piled in literally one above the other, and lay down upon the hay in the bottom of the cart. There might yet be some stray wanderer to meet and run the gauntlet of his cross-questioning. The wheel struck a stone, and there was a jounce; the bottom fellows wriggled out, what was left of them, and sat up, gasping. They had rather run the risk than try that again. But they met no one.

It was a night when there is no sound. The insects are dead, the birds have gone South with the other members of the higher circles of society; there was only the rattle of the heavy cart, springless and jolty, along the dusty road that wound like a great horseshoe around the long slope of the ridge that shot up suddenly into "Paradise Hill." Beyond the river a dog barked, a mile away, and ended in a melancholy howl. Ramon shivered, and drew his blanket around him; he had a superstitious fear of that sound.

The mountains in the North never seemed so high and dark before. Then they saw that it was a cloud, black, sullen-looking — great masses of vapor heaped in billowy folds, blackening the slopes with shadow, and barely touched above with silver-gilt.

"Looks a little like a storm to-morrow," said Harry.

No one answered him. The chatter had somehow died away, and they were more intent on keep-

THE OLD HORSE WAS SLEEPY . . . BUT THEY WERE READY AT LAST.

ing warm than talking. It wasn't all their fancy painted it — this clear, cold moonlight; it was icy.

"Never mind, boys!" cried Charlie Brown cheerfully, as they drew up at an old hop-house by the side of the road, and got out stiffly, "we can howl now if we like, and nobody to hear."

But nobody wanted to howl. They did want to get up the slope to the edge of the woods, where the sugar-house was, and putting horse and cart together in the shed, they scaled the fence and started up the hill at a lumbering trot. Now that their beds were so far away they were sleepy enough.

As it happened, just as they struck the fence, a brisk, elderly gentleman, with iron-gray hair, and spectacles, and a queer twinkle in his eye as he glanced up at the mass of clouds piling up in the mountains, walked hurriedly down a narrow sheep-path through the leafless woods, and entered the sugar-camp. It was dark in there,—dark as Erebus; only in two or three places a ray of light streamed down through the holes in the roof.

The gentleman in spectacles glanced around serenely, as though it were quite the thing for him to be wandering around in the woods at that unearthly hour, poked at the roof here and there with his cane, knocked up a few shingles that let more light in on the subject of his investigations, and came out again hastily as he heard the boys approach, and disappeared in a clump of spruces. Five or ten minutes afterward, he suddenly appeared at the bottom of the hill, backed the horse out of the shed, put on the bridle, and removed the blanket, sedately got in and drove quietly home.

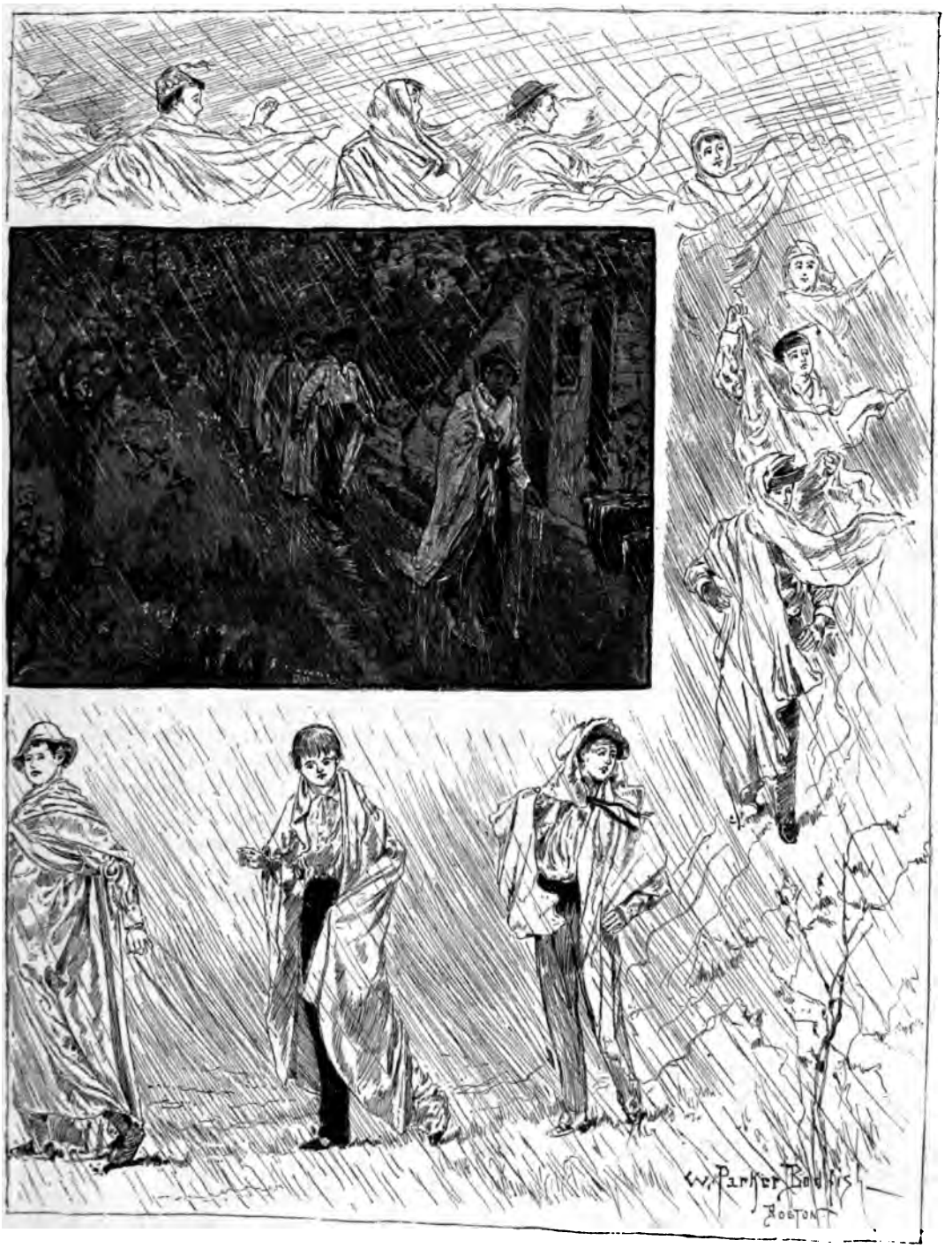
Charlie Brown was the first up the hill, and heralded the sight of the camp with a cheer. "Now then, lively! Out with your jack-knives and off with a lot of spruce boughs!"

Then followed a great hacking of dull knives and cracking of limbs, with the occasional swish of an armful into the camp. The boys worked like beavers for a while, and got thoroughly warmed again, and the air within was filled with resinous fragrance. That done and arranged to their experienced leader's satisfaction, they wrapped themselves like Indians in their blankets and tumbled down upon the heap of boughs; the air trembled with a chorus of strange sounds as one by one they dropped off into a drowsy sleep, with an occasional wriggle as a knot, or the end of a limb, made itself felt through the many-folded blanket, and engraved a distinct dent upon the sleeper's back; while overhead, the giant cloud crept upward slowly, slowly toward the zenith, spreading east and west without a break. One half of the valley had vanished in the blackest shadow, and still the gilded edge swung steadily on with the slow, resistless sweep of misty legions upon legions, armed in ebon mail; vast billows of night that drowned the scattered stars that met them, one by one. Then it struck the full moon and blotted it from sight. The world of the little valley dropped into night, and all was dark as Erebus. A breath of wind whispered through the forest, and died away, sighing, in the pines.

Ramon awoke suddenly.

Straight from the centre of that sea of blackness, like the plummet of an engineer, like the lead of a storm-tossed sailor, shot a drop of rain. Down it came with unerring swiftness, right through one of the spectacled gentleman's improvised "sky-lights" in the roof, and splashed in the Cuban's face. Half-dreaming still, he sleepily rolled over out of range; he had been awakened before in that way, and was used to it.

There was a slope now in the pile of boughs, and Harry Eveleth slid down into the vacated place unconsciously. Splash! and the raindrop covered his cheek with water. Dimly through his dormant brain the idea crept that he was back in the dormitory, and some one was trying the old trick of hanging a saturated sponge above his head; he had done it himself, once, and this was retribution. With a smothered grunt of discontent he gave Ramon a shove that sent him further, and rolled over into his place. Frank Hapgood began to slide — began to dream that he was falling down through a frightful place that had no bottom! The air whistled shrilly past his head. The black walls of the pit shot upward swiftly and he could see the faint light far up at the mouth of the shaft growing dimmer until it too went out! He tried to scream, but the wind caught the sound and carried it away with a rush of mocking laughter; he tried to reach out and grasp the walls but his hands were bound! Then he felt that he was drawing near the end; he had fallen miles! — and now his speed was slackening, and he was falling so softly, so lightly, till at last, like a downy feather he floated on the air, as a spirit from another world. He had reached the centre of the earth!



THE RETURN OF THE VALIANT STAMPEDERS.

Splash! came the rain upon his face, and the cold breath of the night and storm.

"Great Cæsar! boys, it's raining!"

There wasn't much doubt of that fact. And as stream after stream began to pour through the roof there was a sudden resurrection among the white mummies stretched upon the spruce boughs. Frank glanced around, and then made another equally wise observation:

"This old shanty's mighty leaky!"

As the ground covered by the mansion thus disrespectfully alluded to was about eight feet by twelve, and there were at that particular moment sixteen different streams of water pouring down upon their heads, the rest had already discovered the fact, and there was a hasty consultation.

"Can't we stop up the holes?"

"Nothing to do it with!" said Harry Eveleth mournfully. "And I've been sitting in a puddle for the last two minutes!"

Ramon jumped. A waterspout had shot down the back of his neck. "We mus' go out of zis! We soon shall be wetter; we can run to ze horse's house!"

"Good for you, Havana! your head's solid!" sang out Charlie Brown heartily. "Now for it! Put your blankets over your heads, woman-fashion, and travel like a blue streak; and — Jupiter Pluvius! how cold this rain is!" His words ended in an involuntary chatter.

There was a momentary hesitation; then with a sigh they ducked under the blankets and dashed out into the darkness and the rain which fell hissing through the tossing limbs of the trees, and, stumbling over the fence with a crash of breaking rails, they ran violently down a steep place without the least idea of the direction, till they all brought up in a heap in the bottom of a ditch, with some six inches of water for company! However, within a few rods was the "horse's house." They scrambled out and ran for it, their once white blankets streaming with muddy water, chilled through and through with the cutting wind. They reached it, crowded in, felt blindly around in the dark, and then came a cry of dismay:

"The horse is gone!"

They looked at each other in silence. It was too dark in there to distinguish a single feature, so they did not get much comfort from that. For a full minute not a word was spoken. Then Frank Hapgood drew a long breath and then ejaculated:

"Well, I'm blessed!"

"So ze horse is stole by ze ladrones," remarked Ramon philosophically. "How we shall pay!"

"Pay! no; the beast untied the knot and walked home, which is what we shall have to do — and it's raining brickbats!" snapped Harry, as a gust of hail crashed upon the roof. "He did that once before."

Somehow their spirits rose a little at that; the indefiniteness of the animal's fate had alarmed some of them, and pocket money was scanty. They even cracked a feeble joke or two, in a half-hearted way, but the steady splash and spatter of the rain chilled the fun all out of it, and wet as they were, they huddled together among a lot of straw and blankets until they were quite comfortably warm. They were even dozing when Charlie Brown suddenly pointed to the doorway with a husky hurrah. It was the gray light of a cold November dawn.

Father had some peculiar ideas when he built our house, and the dining-room juts out from the rest like a great bay-window — a room with three sides of glass. We were at breakfast, discussing buckwheats diligently, when father glanced down the roadway and began to laugh.

We turned, looked, and then rushed to the great windows in a crowd. Up the drive with slow and solemn tread, swaying under the gale, pelted with rain, came the valiant stampeders, a procession of blanket-mantled figures in dingy white, the water dripping from their coverings in streams, squashing and churning in their boots as they splashed indifferently onward through mud or grass alike; such miserable-looking rats!

Frank looked up with a wan attempt at a smile as he passed under the windows and saw the rows of grinning faces looking down, but the rest kept their eyes fixed upon the ground.

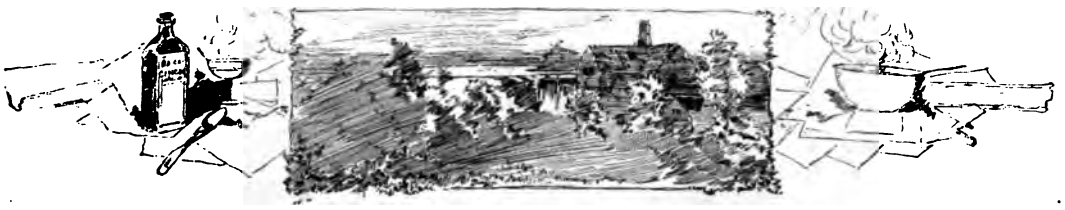
Father went out upon the piazza. "Good-morning, boys! out for a constitutional? nothing better to get up an appetite," he said with a cheerful smile.

Frank laughed; he really couldn't help it, although a moment before he had been mad with himself, the horse, the rain, and the world in general. As they looked at each other sheepishly out of the corner of their eyes the rest took it in, and began to grin at the ludicrous sight of themselves,

and for a few minutes very great was the hilarity.

"That's right; that's right. A hearty laugh is good medicine! but you will need something more, so in with you, quick!"

And before they knew it, they were running the gauntlet of the rest of us, and scudding for the dormitory, from whence came presently a sound as of mighty rubbing, and the flavor of Jamaica ginger. But they had to stay in bed all day, to their great disgust, and "ginger" was a dangerous word to mention for weeks after; and for two whole terms not one of those boys were in any of the scrapes that were going on. "They had been there!" they said, with a rueful smile, which we could appreciate. As father used to say, "There's nothing like learning the logical sequence of consequences!" And they had a big washing bill that week.



THE CARLISLE SCHOOL FOR INDIAN PUPILS.

By Margaret Sidney.

CENTURIES of wrong often right themselves by the refusal of scales to longer blind the eyes of "the powers that be." And poetic justice is satisfied when retribution is meted out from the long garnering of silent abuses. Sometimes we can afford to wait for these slow processes in the which Justice comes tardily to herself. In our backward glance over our dealings as new-comers with our Indian brethren, the owners of our boasted possession — this goodly land, we exclaim · "Why was Justice so slow to take the sword herself?"

That will do for the past. Having awaked and turned our faces toward the light, we only ask now, "What can we do for the Indian to requite him?"

It is some comfort to know that much has been done for him. That into the seething turmoil of many political problems, and the almost overwhelming mass of matter, great and small, that clogs the Congressional wheels, has penetrated the thin blade of a "This do; for the Lord requireth it at thy hand."

So now the Indian stands at our right hand, not so much as a suppliant, but a brother demanding his rights; and having awaked to our duty, we gladly, yet with considerable perplexity as to the how, cast about in our minds what and how to requite.

Brave men have worked at the problem long. Women as brave, have struggled on and prayed. Their work stands before us all as monuments of wonder in the face of everything but despair.

"The Carlisle School for the education of Indian youth" is one of these huge endeavors successfully wrought out. For the young people and the family, the Wide Awake gives space to a description, with authentic pictures, of its inception, its working force, its methods and plans, that by this study of what has been done, what is still being achieved, and what the future is to bring, we may all come somewhat more understandingly to a clearer idea of the claims of the Indian upon us.

How did the school begin? In 1875, some Indian prisoners were sent for various misdemeanors from the Indian Territory as prisoners to Florida. By order of General Sheridan, the War Department placed R. H. Pratt, 1st Lieutenant Tenth U. S. Cavalry over them as superintendent. They located in the sleepy Spanish town St. Augustine. Lieutenant Pratt, with the Christian energy that all of us who know him recognize as one grand element of his success in this chosen life-work, immediately set to work with a zeal unparalleled, on this most difficult problem, "How furnish mental knowledge and industrial training at one and the same time, to these downtrodden creatures?"

CAPT. R. H. PRATT.

A record of this part of the work would be intensely interesting; how he enlisted the sympathy and aid of several ladies wintering in St. Augustine, who volunteered to help teach the Indians; how he seized the meagre opportunities afforded to train them industrially, by setting them to pick oranges, grub the land, to boat pine logs and construct out of them log huts, that they might learn how to replace their skin tepes; how every chance to teach them practical methods of self-support was most eagerly grasped. But the space is short, and Carlisle beckons us on. Suffice it to say that a marked success was his, resulting in the sending to General Armstrong, at Hampton Institute, first seventeen pupils, then fifty-two more, including girls. Then Lieutenant Pratt proposed to the Interior and War Departments to undertake the education of two hundred and fifty to three hundred children at the old military Barracks at Carlisle, Pa., which was accepted.

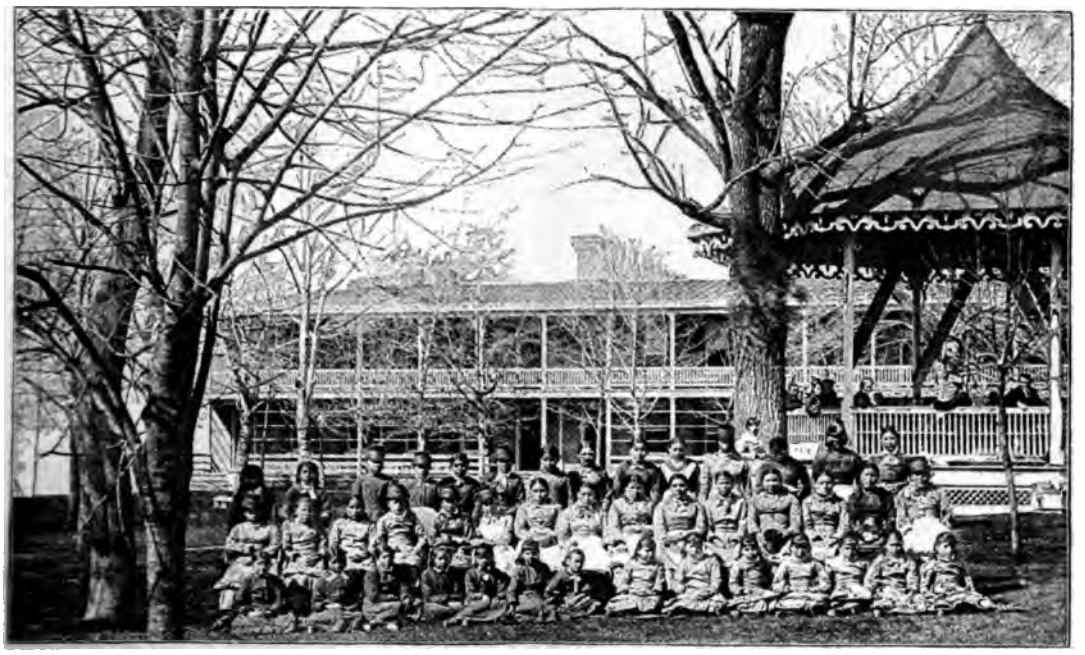
This was the beginning of the Carlisle School which opened on the first of November, 1879, with one hundred and forty-seven students.

Now, then, what and where were "the Old Barracks?"

The Old Barracks were first erected and occupied as a prison for the Hessian troops captured by Washington at Trenton in 1776. The old Guard House built at the time by these Hessian prisoners still remains. Other buildings, in the shape of those now standing, were erected during the Florida War, 1835–36, remaining until 1863, when they were burnt by Fitz Hugh Lee, who then shelled the town of Carlisle. In 1864–65 they

THE DINING-ROOM.

were rebuilt by the Government, and occupied till 1872 as a training school for cavalry, when they were left unoccupied until the opening of the Indian school in 1879. For many years before the war they were occupied as a training school and depot for instructing soldiers in the art of war, whose principal duty was to fight Indians! (Poetic Justice takes grim satisfaction in this overturning of the Old Barracks.) The buildings stand to the west of the town of Carlisle, occupying the sides of a square used for parade ground, etc., one being occupied by the superintendent and his staff, another by teachers and female pupils' dormitories, a third as dormitory for the boys. Other buildings have been either converted from old ones or newly built to meet the needs for chapel, infirmary, refectory, schoolhouse, gymnasium, trade-schools, etc. So much for the buildings. One portion of one of the large number only can be given here, with an interesting group of girls seated on the lawn.



INDIAN GIRLS FROM TEN TRIBES. — GIRLS' QUARTERS AND PAVILION BAND STAND.

It was on a cold, snowy day in March, 1883, that, responsive to an invitation from Secretary Teller, my husband and I joined the Congressional party of Senators and Members going with their wives, daughters and a few invited guests, to witness the workings of the Carlisle School. The the day was raw and chill, but our reception was of sunniest and most cheering description. As our party of fifty-four drew up in carriages, barges, stages, and various kinds of vehicles pressed into duty for the occasion, before the door, the whole atmosphere, eloquent with its old historic memories, seemed to ring with new life, and we forgot cold, and snow, and sleet, and stepped in, glad as birds at harbinger of spring. Truly springtime of hope and promise is budding for the poor Indian, thought we. After paying our greeting to the superintendent and his wife, and those of the instructors who were at leisure, everything was delightfully informal, and we were allowed free range to observe, criticise, and admire. Bright-faced, earnest-eyed young creatures met us on every hand; girls with a sweet, ladylike demeanor, boys respectful, quiet and manly. I scanned them closely, to catch the stolidity and habitual dulness of the down-trodden Indian, but except in very rare cases, found only a hopefulness, and a looking forth of soul, to meet my gaze. It seemed to say to me, "Wait! we will yet awake and repay all that is being done for us."

There was a most delightful lunch served by

the deft hands of a corps of Indian girls. Then we began the much more delightful tour of inspection.

The dining-room looked very bright and cheerful as we passed in, with its neat table appointments, and tidy, white-aproned young girls as waitresses. What a revelation to all womanly instincts is this one room with its duties appertaining, to a mind running wild on the plains, and knowing nothing of the sweet home-y-ness of daily life.

As the children come from the plains into the new atmosphere of school and family life, the world seems suddenly to assume limitless possibilities of terror. They huddle on the lawns in their blankets, bone necklaces, skin moccasons and other toggery of their native life, going to Mother Nature for comfort in, and explanation of, this new extremity. A house to their eyes seems to beckon into such a region of confinement, that for the first few wild moments, life on the boundless plain, chasing animals about as civilized as themselves, appears the only delightful thing on earth.

The group here represented, is a quiet, self-controlled one, evidently realizing that by each one must be sturdy acceptance of offered good, else the knowledge they long for can never be theirs. The presence of their loved leader is with them, sustaining and reassuring. How can they be afraid?

No child comes unwillingly to Carlisle. The only difficulty to contend with in the whole matter is the inadequate means to bring the large number, ready and waiting, into the civilization that instruction by competent teachers alone can supply. When the appropriation is what it should be, so that an education lies within the reach of every Indian child, our consciences will be somewhat freer of burdens concerning them. For only by an education *in the best sense of the word*, meaning that introduction into knowledge of *practical* influence in home training, *practical* experience in all manual trades, tilling of the land, etc, and practical rooting and grounding in at least rudimentary mental acquirements, till they are like edged tools, simple it may be, but ready for action, can the Indian be converted from his low savage condition, and we be released from the care of him.

NAVAJOS IN NATIVE DRESS.

To become self-supporting is the first advance that nation or individual makes toward civilization. Hence any working at the problem of the Indian question of to-day, in any other way than the first

simple proposition, that man, as a reasonable being must work if he would live, is both sentimental and useless. Methods of work must then be laid before the subject for civilization; and avenues toward trades of all sorts, *freely opened as to any other specimen of humanity in our land, with a right to practice such wherever he please*, and the most of our part in the matter will have been accomplished. The Indian will take care of himself. We shall hear very little of the terrible atmosphere now clinging to him. To thoughtful minds who have most broadly and conscientiously grasped the situation, the "terrible classes" now swarming in communistic secret strongholds throughout our great city-centres, are infinitely more to be dreaded than the educated Indian.

Here are some of the faces of "our boys and girls," as they lovingly call them at Carlisle. Most of them have probably been but a few months surrounded by the atmosphere of happy home and school life; many probably first entering in the abject state of terror before described; now in greater terror at the prospect of being recalled to their reservations when school-life ends. They do not look very dangerous, do they? Ah! could you see and talk with them, and watch the bright expression, the earnest purpose, the pathetic gratitude, it might enlighten you a bit, and thereby cause a wholesome revolution in your pet theory on the subject.

The bakery at Carlisle affords a most interesting practical refutation of the statement that the Indian is incapable of using knowledge to any benefit to his fellows. Whoever can turn out such good bread as we saw with our own eyes, and

"OUR BOYS AND GIRLS."

tasted and enjoyed with our own mouths, is a real benefactor to the human race. It shamed much that we put on our family tables as the best result of Dinah's or Norah's kitchen administration. It was so pure and white and sweet — well-baked and conscientiously kneaded; truly a most important proof of the Indian's adaptability to domestic duties. Does it not make you want some to see it in the picture?

THE INDIAN BAKERS.

An Arapahoe boy has charge of the bakery; and assisted by a Sioux and a Pawnee, bakes nearly two barrels of flour into the loaves, as you see in accompanying cut, every forenoon of the week, with the exception of Sunday. Afternoons these boys spend in the schoolroom.

Mental discipline and manual labor are given

their proper places at Carlisle. No encroachments on the other's rights is allowed either, by the wise administration at the head of affairs there. The children are taught what they will use when going out from the school. In all cases, the training is done patiently, systematically, sensibly and thoroughly. It is a happy, busy place, where the individuality of each child is brought out healthfully; his or her bent of mind carefully studied, and its wants provided for. If a boy shows a taste for wagon-making, he is allowed to follow it, and not thrust into the tin shop, where, like many another boy obliged to pursue a given calling against his will, he might turn out stupid and spoil a very genius for producing wagons.

THE TIN SHOP.

The wagon shop at Carlisle has twelve apprentices constantly employed making wagons for the Indian service; sending them into nearly every Territory, even to Washington Territory and Oregon. Captain Pratt writes me: "During my recent trip to the West, I saw quite a number of our wagons in use by the Government and the Indians, and rode nearly two hundred miles in one." [We know the good Captain enjoyed that ride more than the pleasure afforded by the most luxuriously appointed car on the whole Pacific route!]

Speaking of the thoroughness of the training given at Carlisle, one little incident which deeply interested us all, will serve as fitting illustration; *also giving some* faint idea of the kind, delicate tact that brings out the best in the Indian character, constantly used by the man who is working out the daily problem of their elevation. Edgar Fire Thunder, a bright, interesting boy, was making us a speech of welcome, and also describing his entrance into, and life at the school. All was going on well; guests were pleased with his sturdy, self-possessed manner, and interested in his manly words. Suddenly poor Edgar, like many another in similar position, found that the graceful winding-up of his speech had treacherously forsaken him. All his pleasing unconsciousness was gone, leaving a mild kind of stage fright. How we sympathized with the poor fellow, and hung on his forlorn efforts to recover the cue. Captain Pratt stood patiently waiting at the side of the room for the lad to recover himself; and as Edgar became at last still and hopeless, like a stranded thing on the tide of endeavor, there broke out such a kind, cheery voice, that it touched every heart. "Edgar works in the blacksmith's shop," the voice said; "now if he will go to the shop, and put on his working suit, the Secretary, Senators and party will meet him there to see him weld an axle in one heat."

TOM NAVAJO.

The boy's face fairly glowed. Chagrin and hopeless depression forsook him, and he lifted up his head with restored manliness, and strode out, again his sturdy little self. I never saw such a kindly thing more delicately

done, and I know I express the feelings of the company, when I say, that to us all it was a spontaneous proof of the spirit of Carlisle School. It is only proper to add that the party did respond to the invitation, Senator Logan saying afterward that he was sure the boy could do that, for he had seen him.

MANUELITO CHOW.

The tin shop gives work to fourteen apprentices. It is a most interesting department. The articles are strong and well-made, and of varied description. My tiny coffee-pot will often, as I make the "fireside cup o' coffee for two," take us back to the day at Carlisle, and brighten the evening talk in the firelight.

Last year, from the tin shop, were sent out over fifteen thousand articles, also seven tons of stove-pipe; all despatched to the agencies for the use of the Indians. No finer buckets, coffee-boilers and pans, I presume, are made than those turned out by some of the Indian boys.

The carpenter shop has twelve apprentices, and has charge of the general repairs and construction of new buildings at the school. Under supervision of the carpenter, the large hospital building was built by Indian boys.

The hospital and care of the sick is under the charge of Doctor O. G. Given, of Washington, Iowa, an intelligent, Christian man, with genial, large-hearted benevolence expressed in every feature. When pupils are taken sick, they are at once separated from their fellows and placed in the hospital.

The shoe shop is constantly kept busy in manufacturing and repairing boots and shoes for the four hundred and thirty-three pupils of the school.

The harness shop turns out a very large proportion of the harness required by the Indian department for the use of agencies and Indians.

The sewing department was a most interesting feature, particularly to us matrons, who walked around among the girls, inspecting the neatly mended clothing, and the piles of new garments. All of the girls' clothing, and the boys' underwear, are manufactured mostly by the Indian girls, under the instruction of Mrs. Worthington.

The laundry, with its methodical appliances and nice arrangement, also detained us some time, to examine closely the various sorts of work executed by the strong, tidy Indian girls, who take hold of this kind of work with an alacrity that shows they are waking up to the truth of the statement, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Each mechanical branch is under the superintendence of a practical workman; the instruction, therefore, is not at all vague, and merely theoretical, but thoroughly practical in every detail.

WHITE BUFFALO (CHEYENNE).

Carlisle School has also a fine farm of one hundred and fifty-seven acres, worked by the pupils

under the training of Mr. Amos Miller, an experienced farmer. The crops raised here compare

OSAGE BOYS.

favorably with those of the best neighboring farms.

About one half of the pupils are placed out during the summer vacation in the families of farmers, where they learn, by practical experience, the details of agriculture and civilized life. This feature of the school life has been productive of the best results.

I wish that space would allow me to quote from the letters in the *Morning Star*, the paper published by the Indian boys at Carlisle. These letters are written by pupils living in different families through the long summer vacation, that they may learn to put their knowledge in domestic and farm matters to the proof, while they are in positions to acquire, through association with practical teachers, many valuable additions to their store of knowledge. They are graphic, ambitious, and of excellent spirit, often funny, from the marked individuality of the writer, and the violent struggle to get the best of the English language. But not even one of the letters may be crowded in, for magazine limits must be banded with the stern fiat of necessity, and this article already is swelling toward its uttermost bound.

The exercise, drilling and mental discipline of the various school departments afforded us intense pleasure. Particularly as we noticed a marked absence of that disagreeable feature of most school exhibitions — the "show system." It was not with any desire to parade knowledge that pupils exhibited on the platform and before the blackboard what they knew. It was the conscientious wish to show their methods of study; to display to the guests the workings of the different minds to be disciplined. Often impromptu questions and

IRON, NORTHERN ARAPAHOE.

diversions to the train of reasoning would be presented to the pupil, to disclose the trend of his or

her mind, and to ascertain if the knowledge were real or only superficial. The first thing with these teachers seemed to be to make the pupil grasp the idea, and work at it until it was understood. In all cases this appeared to be thoroughly striven for before the second step should be taken. I attribute to this sensible, conscientious care, the well-grounding in the rudiments of knowledge that the Carlisle children are receiving. And the Institution is to be congratulated in the possession of such a competent, painstaking and devoted instructor as Miss Carrie M. Semple. She was educated at the Western Female College, Cincinnati; for years connected with the work of instructing the Freedmen of the South at Fiske University, also superintendent of the public schools at St. Augustine, Florida.

I wish I could give space to mention individually the different teachers of this department of the school life — the intellectual training. I enjoyed conversation with many of them, and caught never-to-be-forgotten glimpses of their devotion and adaptation to the cause. But the length of list forbids.

There are at present at Carlisle School four hundred and thirty-three pupils, one hundred and sixty of whom are girls, representing thirty-six tribes.

We will glance at some of these pupils in their native dress. Here is White Buffalo, a youth of eighteen years of age, with naturally gray hair, Tom Navajo, Iron, Northern Arapahoe, and Manuelito Chow, son of the former great chief of the Navajos, Manuelito.

The group of boys given represents six Osage Indians. All of them have good, clear faces, while the little fellow down in lower left corner might be "our boy" in some cultivated home-circle, as far as bright, lovable appearance goes.

Susie is the sole representative of her tribe, the Delawares or Leni, who were parties to the celebrated treaty with William Penn. They have been bought out, fought out, and driven out, from one point to another as the Anglo-Saxon forced his way across the country, until at present there remains a mere handful in the southern part of the Indian Territory. Susie is an exceptionally bright child, with a sweet voice, and is a member of the school choir. The doll (which certainly seems possessed with ambition to be a model of deportment) was a gift through that good friend to the school, Miss Susan Longstreth, of Philadelphia.

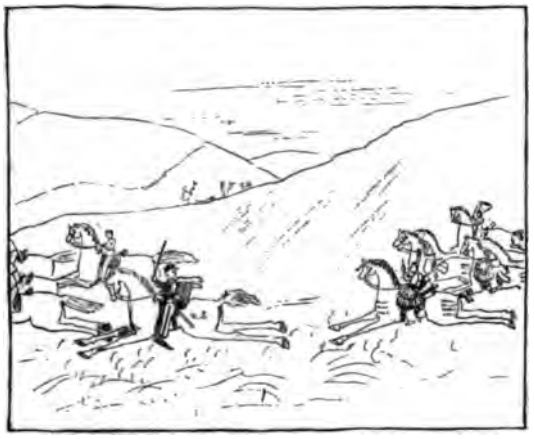
Some two weeks after my return to Boston, I was very much touched by the reception of a package of sketches which some of the Carlisle pupils had executed for me. Out of a generous number, I am compelled to select but three. So I give Otto Zotom's idea of a battle with United States troops. Otto, of course, had his patriotic duty to his own tribe to perform, yet he is very generous

SUSIE AND HER DOLL.

to his white brethren. The hills seem to trouble him somewhat, his rules on perspective not being so thoroughly acquired during his few months' sojourn at the school as to be wholly at his command. Yet he gets over it very well, and shows an original dash and force, born of his extremity.

It is a singular fact that the Indian children under education and the influence of family life are very averse to fighting. In their reachings after civilization, there is a recoil from the revenge, brutality and love of conquest attendant upon war. In their letters, in their talk, in their spirit, more

than all, is exhibited a desire to live and learn in peace with all. Their thirst is for knowledge.



IN PURSUIT OF U. S. TROOPS.

This Otto Zotom, a young Kiowa, is a very bright, promising boy. He was sent to Carlisle by his brother, now a deacon in the Episcopal Church, and a missionary in the Indian country, but formerly a prisoner under the care of Captain Pratt, at Fort Marion (San Marco), Florida.

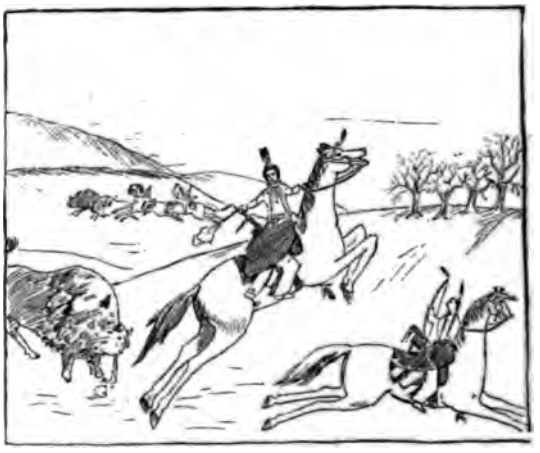
HORSES IN MOTION.

A study of horses, by Otto, is interesting as showing the development of ideas as regards pose and proportions of equine anatomy, as they arise naturally to the self-tutored mind of an Indian boy, while his portrayal of an engagement with a buffalo enlists our sympathies for the poor "King of the Plains." Otto in his extreme generosity wishes every one engaged in the encounter to enjoy a shot that tells; so that the glory of the whole thing is most satisfying. The young artist has a true love for his pencil, and such a painstaking industry that the world may yet hear from the Indian boy at Carlisle. All success to him — young Otto Zotom!

In closing this meagre account of Carlisle School and its workings, so different from what I long to give, I can only express the earnest wish that every reader of the WIDE AWAKE could visit and see the institution for themselves. If ever your wanderings call you in the vicinity of the quiet town, grasp the opportunity, I beg of you. You will never regret it. You may be sure of a cordial welcome, a capital chance to inspect and criticise, and you will come away enlightened on many points. Such visits are worth hundreds of magazine articles and countless letters from enthusiastic friends. "Seeing *is* believing," now as it has ever been.

I am glad to announce that the Fair under the auspices of Mrs. J. Huntington Wolcott and her corps of young ladies in Boston has netted for Carlisle the grand sum of two thousand dollars. On the strength of it, Captain Pratt writes me that he expects to undertake the care of five boys and five girls from the Pueblo village of Isleta, N. M. Think of it! Ten children rescued by these noble, womanly efforts, from savage degradation to grow up into good citizenship.

How many other fairs can be held? If we cannot raise two thousand dollars to educate ten, we may gather in two hundred dollars; and who can estimate the influence of one Indan child at Carlisle? The hearts of his tribe go with him, and are awakened to gratitude, and the cementing of



AN INDIAN BOY'S DRAWINGS. — A BUFFALO HUNT.

ndly ties with our Government. Wars will be ided; peace and good-will toward those who ognize in their children faculties capable of tivation toward the best and truest things, will the inevitable result.

The years speed us on, taking many opportunities for good in their relentless grasp. Shall we resign this idly? — the effort to aid in the bringing up of the Indian children and youth toward the light a loving Creator designed for all?

THE BABY'S REVERY.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

AN exquisite little maiden
With a head like a golden flower,
She soberly stood at the window
In the still, white twilight hour.

"And what are you thinking, sweetheart?"
She was such a little child
She could not answer the question;
She only dimpled and smiled.

But I wondered, as she frolicked,
Her mystic revery o'er,
Was she a rose-shade less a child
Than she had been before?

Was she pausing, as a rose-bud
Seems pausing while it grows?
Had I caught the blooming minute
Of a little human rose?

A BRAVE GIRL.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

CHAPTER IV.

T was over. Three words how easy to say — how hard to understand! It was over? at was over? Rather it had just begun.

They sat down in the parlor, and looked at each er, like people who had met for the first time a strange land. It seemed to Loto as if she l never seen before that person whom she 'ed her mother — the calm, set face, and patient ile; the hair that whitened already, visibly in se three days—the stillness, and above all the iful cheerfulness confused the girl. She had pected tears and sobs and uncontrollable grief. is was her first trouble. After she had cried nself half blind, she remembered that, and thought how years taught endurance, and wondered again at the way that life instructed people how to live; and remembered how very young she was, and ignorant, and how much was before her, and how much courage she should need, until the very thought killed half the courage out of her.

It was over — the funeral, and all the miserable details — and the relatives had come, and some of them had gone, and some of them hadn't (and Fern had been there too, and Egbert brought her, but *they* had gone), and the house had been full and confused, and the will had been read, and the uncle who thought he knew what they ought to do had discussed everything with the aunt who was sure she didn't, and the cousin who said they could keep a boarding-house, had got offended

with the sister-in-law who thought they had better sell; and the other uncle who proposed their going West — but he had taken the noon train, thank Heaven!

Loto looked about confusedly. She wondered why they had so many relations. She half hated them. It seemed to her as if every minute her father must come in, and thank them all, and tell them it was quite unnecessary to take so much trouble since he was better and entirely able to look after his own family. She instinctively turned to the door now and then, to see him enter, and once when some one opened the office door, she actually sprang to go and tell him what had happened. She was all ready to say:

"O, papa, papa! They all think you are dead and can't take care of us. Won't you just go into the parlor and explain it?

"And, papa, aunt Matthews would *not* have colored flowers at your funeral — and I *told* her you hated all heliotrope and white things, and mother was up-stairs alone and didn't notice, and uncle Peter —

"Yes, papa, uncle Peter says we ought *to go* WEST! Please be quick and tell him — O, papa!"

Poor Loto! She stole away out of the parlor. It was one of the minutes when she could bear no more. She left the aunts and cousins and the uncle, and the nurse and a neighbor and two patients, and her mother, white and sweet like a statue among them all, and got away into the back yard by the wood-pile, and hid herself for a little while. Dash came too, and crawled close to her so that she could bury her face in his warm neck. Dash seemed to understand. He was very quiet and sober. One of the patients followed her. It was a pale girl, hardly more than her own age. She spoke gently, and timidly:

"Would you mind if I spoke to you a minute?"

"I don't know that I should," said Loto, battling back the sobs she had sought freedom for in solitude. "It depends on what you have to say."

She did not know this other girl. It was a new patient; yet where had she seen her face? Suddenly Loto remembered where. It was the first day that her father had been left down-stairs in the darkened parlor; she, Loto, was in there on some errand for her mother, and had just stepped into the next room, leaving the door ajar. While *she was there, some one* allowed this girl to come in, and left her alone with the dead. She had brought flowers — blush roses — only a few; she was rather a poor girl, Loto thought. Unseen and puzzled, Loto in the adjoining room was the witness of a scene which she never forgot.

The girl stood for a few moments perfectly still. She was as pale as the dead himself. She did not shed any tears at first; it seemed she hardly breathed, but only looked. Then advancing blindly, she laid her scanty hothouse roses down upon the dead man's breast, and bending over, gazed into his face with the look of one who had been bereft of more than another could understand. Suddenly, she drew in her breath, and began to sob — threw herself down across the casket, and broke into a passion of grief which racked her slender body as the wind blows a reed.

"Oh, my dear Doctor!" she cried. "My dear, *dear* Doctor! Oh, what shall we do? What will become of us? Oh, I never *half* thanked you! I never *began* to bless you! Doctor, Doctor, dear Doctor! Hear me, can't you? Please *try* to hear me! Oh, what shall I do?"

Believing herself alone, the patient abandoned herself to her sacred grief for her dead physician in a way that inexpressibly touched the daughter's heart Loto would have gone up and comforted that other girl had she dared to; but, instead, she turned her back upon the scene of which she was not meant to be a spectator, and felt as if she stood in the presence of a bereavement almost as deep as her own, and so took the stranger into her heart as one of the "nearest" mourners, with a solemn sympathy.

This was the girl who now approached her where she cowered away behind the wood-pile in the yard, alone with the sober dog.

"I am a patient," said the stranger simply, "I loved him. I wanted to tell you so."

"All his patients did," said the daughter, with trembling lips.

"Nobody could help it," replied the young girl. "He was as kind as God — kinder, I used to think. But he taught me better than that. I don't think *any*body loved him like my mother and me. She had that tumor, you know — no, you don't know; but the rest had given her up. He said she could be saved, and so he saved her. He saved her — and *he* is dead. Why, I never thought of such a thing! He! He was so well

and strong. He kept us in courage and hope. There was no end to it. And I had the fever — and he saved me too, but that doesn't count for so much, only to mother. I don't know what would have become of mother if I had died. I don't know what would have happened to me if mother had died. There are only we two. We're neither of us very strong — and — poor. And he never took a dollar from us, not one, for all that care. Oh, there was no end to it — and nights too. And came just as often as if we were rich patients: oftener, I thought; and when he was tired, he was never cross or quick. And I had other trouble that nobody else knew, but I told him — and I can't tell you — but he helped me out. Your father helped me like an angel of God. I can't *explain* to you what your father was. You don't *know* what a patient loses in a doctor. It is all alone. It is a grief by itself. He carried our lives. He kept us from every danger. He stood between us and trouble. We leaned on him. We loved him. There was never any one like him in the world. . . . I would have died to save *him*."

"There," added the girl, after a silence, broken only by the daughter's sobs, "I wanted you to cry. You've been keeping up in that parlor too long. I thought I'd tell you this. I thought if you knew how the patients feel — Oh, there is sorrow for miles around! Almost every house is afflicted with yours. Half the people in the town are mourners too. You don't know me — Letty Blayne. It doesn't matter. But I thought I'd dare to come to tell you. Most people like their doctors, but oh! we *loved* ours. There was never any one like him. There was no end to his unselfishness — nor his tenderness — nor his patience — and when you were nervous he was as gentle as if he had been a sick girl himself — and everybody blessed him, and everybody loved him, and nobody knows what to *do* now he is gone — such a man your father was! There, I'll go now. Might I kiss you? I love you because you are my doctor's daughter. Thank you! I shall remember that! I won't trouble you any more. Oh, you poor, poor thing! . . . Oh, we none of us ever thought of it! We never *thought* our *Doctor* could die!"

Loto had but half cried her cry out behind the wood-pile when steps again disturbed her.

"Are people not allowed even to be miserable in peace?" she thought.

But, turning, she saw that it was her brother. Slam looked pale and forlorn. Her heart went out to meet the boy to whom, she remembered, she had not been any too devoted in these hard days. He was not so old as she. She must take care of him now. Had she been forgetful because he was only Slam?

"What is it, dear?" she said gently.

"I haven't any particular place to be," said Slam. "Nobody wants a fellow round after funerals."

"Come and sit by me," said his sister, "I shall be glad to have you. You haven't got cut, or — hurt — in any new way, have you? There hasn't anything happened to you, has there?"

"What do you take me for?" asked Slam reprovingly. "I haven't done a thing, but hammer my finger-nail, since father died. And S'reeny bound it up. I was helping Jake and Wake about that curtain to make two bedrooms for all those cousins in the little corner east. It don't ache so much as it might. I hate that cousin that says we might go West."

"That isn't a cousin," said Loto. "That is uncle Peter."

"Is it?" asked Slam, with an air of indifference. "I thought it was a sort of cousin. I'd like to see the whole pack of 'em leave us to manage our own affairs."

"They mean to be kind, Slam. It's all right, you know — I suppose we ought to be thankful and all that, and we've got to manage our own affairs fast enough."

"I s'pose I shall have to do it," said Slam, with an important air, whittling tooth-picks out of pine kindlers while he talked, "I'm the man of the house, now."

"When you stop getting banged up and cut to pieces and drowned and all that, dear — why, yes, sometime. You will be the man of the house ultimately, of course," replied Loto musingly. She was thinking of many things that had but now occurred to her.

"Ultimately?" This word was rather beyond Slam. "But father wasn't the man of the house ultimately. If he wasn't, you needn't expect it of me. I've got to be the real thing. Say, Loto, how do you like that cousin with the red wig?

He asked me if I said my prayers every night."

"Did he?"

"Yes; 'n he told me to be a good boy, too. You see if I don't be even with him! I put pins in his boots, but you needn't tell."

"Why, Slam! At such a time as this!"

"Oh, I didn't do it till after father was out of the house," said Slam, with the tears starting in his big, bright boy's eyes. "I didn't show any

THE GIRL STOOD FOR A MOMENT PERFECTLY STILL.

disrespect to my father. You needn't worry. I waited till after the funeral. I did it because I wasn't happy. If father hadn't died I wouldn't have done it. I was so unhappy I felt better to see that cousin squirm when he got them on. I wanted to put pepper on aunt Ginger's luncheon when she went away. But she was only a woman so I thought I wouldn't."

"But Slam, they're all very good to us," urged Loto, smiling despite herself. It was her first smile since the trouble. Slam returned it. The boy and the girl looked into each other's eyes, and laughed a little, and so felt better. Loto wondered if her father would like to see them laugh, and concluded that he would.

"See here, Loto!"

"Well, Slam?"

"When the whole caboodle is gone — only I like uncle John; I wouldn't mind uncle *John* — but when the lot is packed off, what is going to become of us?"

"I don't know, Slam."

"We ain't rich, are we?"

"Not rich. Almost poor."

"Wasn't father rich?"

"Not rich; only always busy."

"Oh! patients, I s'pose. I always hated 'em— coming round Christmas, and stormy nights, and taking our father off" — Slam choked, and whittled violently.

"What's going to be done?" he asked after a silence; "when you and me and mother get to ourselves in peace, what's goin' to be done with ME?"

"We haven't decided yet, Slam."

"I suppose," said Slam loftily, punching the sawdust with his toothpick, "I suppose *I* shall have to educate YOU!"

Finding that Loto made no reply to this self-sacrificing remark, Slam snapped his jack-knife together, and said that S'reeny had promised him a hot biscuit at eleven, and he guessed he'd go and see about it. "Just you don't worry, sis," he said grandly, as he walked away. "You're only a girl. Girls shouldn't worry about business. I'll attend to things."

"Kiss me, Slam," said Loto, laughing through her tears. The two fatherless children exchanged a short, furtive, but forlorn and troubled kiss — the boy half as if he were ashamed of it, and the girl as if she thought it were best for the boy — and both felt better for it, and Slam went for his luncheon, and Loto dried her eyes and gathered her heart, and returned to the house.

There she found that the group in the parlor had lessened. The carriage had come and gone with more or less of the cousins. Only her mother and uncle John and Aunt Matthews were in the room. They were talking earnestly together and stopped as Loto entered, looking a little embarrassed.

"Shall I go away?" asked Loto.

"We were discussing family matters," said Aunt Matthews gravely. "It would be better for the child to stay out."

"No, no, my dear," her uncle John said kindly,

as Loto turned, "I don't think you need to go."

"Stay, Loto," her mother bade. The girl crept up to her side, and sat close beside her on the sofa. She took her mother's hand, when no one noticed, and held it, under the folds of the crape-bound widow's dress.

"The question is," said Aunt Matthews abruptly, "What is to be done with you?"

"With me, Aunt Matthews?"

"About your education, you know," gently said uncle John. "We want to do the best thing we can — for you all."

"Am I not to go back to college?" asked Loto, rising to her feet quickly. She had never thought of such a thing. The blood surged all over her face. Fern, in the blue wrapper trimmed with white lace, came before her suddenly — Mary Mace and Daisy Dubbs; the green and pink Sophomore, Nelly Hope, and the frizzled Freshman with the bangle bracelets — all the girls like the figures on the frieze again. They seemed to step solemnly in a procession like the creatures of an ancient fable, and to regard her as they moved with sorrowful, kind eyes. In the background, far behind them, fading away as she looked, the outlines of the college buildings stood and the dear old walks and the teachers' figures and the familiar Northampton sky. All her bright girl-life swept by her for that moment in sweet, insistent colors. It was like tints upon a palette that she had dipped a brush into, only to see them dry upon it before they could be used.

"How do you think you're going to afford it?" asked Aunt Matthews, snappishly.

"Hush, Jane," said uncle John softly.

"We — must — do the best we can, my dear Loto. Your father has not left you much, you know. Of course we shall all be glad to do what we can."

"But we can't be expected to support a family," observed aunt Matthews. "We all have our own to do for."

Now Aunt Matthews was rich. Uncle John was poor. Loto looked from one to the other, with kindling eyes. She had sat down again, and gripped her mother's hand so hard that she hurt it under the crape over-dress.

"Loto wants to do what is right," said Mrs. Rollinstall quietly. "And I want her to do what is best. We shall soon find out what that is. Her father was anxious to have her finish her college course."

"There's the boy, too," said Aunt Matthews.

"Yes," sighed the widow; "there's the boy, too."

"A *boy* ought to go to college," observed Aunt Matthews, pointedly.

"Did you like it, my dear, at Northampton?" asked uncle John gently.

"It isn't what she likes," said Aunt Matthews.

"Uncle John," said Loto, who had been silent, "how much money did my father leave?"

"Well, my dear — not so very much, but something, you know; something."

"I didn't notice when the will was read," said Loto. "I was crying. Slam spoke of it, but I couldn't bear to hear him."

"There is the house," said uncle John hopefully. "And the life insurance?"

"How much is the life insurance?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Is that all?"

"There was a little invested in bonds, besides, about two thousand at par" —

"Yes," interrupted Loto, "I know what par means."

"And some land," said he, "if you could sell it. It will all come under eight thousand."

"How much will that bring, uncle John?"

"Properly cared for — an average of not over six per cent. in these days."

"To support three people on and educate that boy," suggested Aunt Matthews sadly.

"But a little goes a great way," said uncle John cheerfully; "and if Slam goes to the Academy up at our place, and stays at my house" —

"THANK you, uncle John," cried Loto nervously. "But we want to trouble our relatives as little as possible — you may be sure, aunt Matthews. Uncle John, I am the oldest child."

"Well, my dear?" asked uncle John, looking puzzled.

"My mother is not strong. She is not young. She is afflicted and unhappy. She shall not worry about these things. Do not you, any of you, trouble, please. We will think it over. I am the oldest child. It is my place to care for my mother and my brother. I am young. I am strong. I am well. I am ready. I am not afraid. *I* will support this family."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BERTIE'S RIDE.

By Lady Dunboyne.

ERE'S a nice state of things! We have run short of candles for the Tree, and of course the shops will be shut to-morrow, and the day after. What *is* to be done? Almost anything else might have been managed in some way, but a Christmas Tree in semi-darkness — can anything more dismal be imagined?" And Alice Chetwynd's usually bright face looks nearly as gloomy as the picture she has called up.

"What's the row?" cries schoolboy Bertie, planting two good-natured, if somewhat grubby hands on his sister's shoulders. "Alice in the dumps? That is something quite new. Can't you cut some big candles in two and stick them about? Here's Cousin Mildred — ask her. She'll be sure to hit upon something."

"No, don't bother her," whispers Alice, giving him a warning pat, as a pretty girl some years older than themselves, enters the room. "She is so disappointed at getting no letter again to-day — I am so sorry, for it has quite spoiled her Christmas. Hush! don't say I told you anything about it."

"What mischief are you two children plotting?" Cousin Mildred tries to speak cheerily, and to turn her face so that they may not see any traces of tears about her pretty blue eyes, but there is a little quiver in her voice which betrays her.

In a moment Alice's arm is round her neck and Bertie is consoling her after his rough and ready fashion.

"Cheer up, Cousin Milly! I'll bet anything you'll get a letter to-morrow."

"I can't do that, Bertie, I'm afraid, for the postman doesn't come on Christmas Day."

"Doesn't he? What a beastly shame! I declare I'll speak to Father" —

"No, no — your father knows all about it — it's quite right, and I'm so glad the poor old man has one day to spend comfortably with his wife and children. I don't quite know why Cecil has not written — but worrying about it won't do any good. Now let us talk about something else. Alice, when you can be spared from the tree, Mother wants all the help she can get for the Church-dressing."

"Is she down at the Church now? All right, darling — I'll come in two minutes. Isn't it a plague about these candles? The shops are sure to be shut in Appleton the day after Christmas, and the poor children will be so disappointed if we have to put off the tree."

"The poor, dear school-children! Oh, that is a pity. But candles — oh, dear! I don't know how we can do without them. Is it quite impossible to send to Appleton to-day?"

"Why, to say the truth I asked Father this morning, and he said there was no one to go. You see Coachman is away for a holiday, and Sam is as busy as he can be — and there is no one else who can be trusted with a horse — and one cannot ask anybody to trudge five miles and back through the snow, though it is not at all deep."

"And there is more snow coming, I fear," says Mildred looking out at the grey, thick wintry sky — "it's awfully cold. Ah! there is a feeble little ray of sunshine struggling out! Well, I must go back to my occupation of measuring flannel for the old women's petticoats — it is nice and warm for one's fingers at any rate. And, Ally dear, tell Mother I'll join her at the church as soon as ever I can. The keepers have brought us such lovely holly out of the woods — you never saw such wealth of berries. The wreaths will be splendid this year."

And Mildred goes away humming a little Christmas carol, and bravely trying to forget the sore anxiety that is pressing on her heart, for the far-away soldier lover whose Christmas greeting she had so hoped to receive to-day.

"Isn't she a trump?" cries Bertie, who can see and appreciate the effort his cousin is making.

"I know she has half cried her eyes out when she was by herself, but she didn't mean us to find it out. I say, Alice, I'll have another try for that letter of hers, and get your candles too. Grey Plover has been roughed, and he's as sure-footed as a goat — the snow is nothing to hurt now, and I'll trot over to Appleton and be back in no time at all."

"Oh, Bertie, don't! Cousin Mildred said there was a snow-storm coming, and you might get lost like the people in the Swiss mountains" —

"Or the babes in the wood, eh? You little silly, don't you think I'm man enough to take care of myself?"

And Master Bertie who is fifteen, and a regular sturdy specimen of a blue-eyed, sunburnt, curly-haired English lad, draws himself up with great dignity and looks down patronizingly at his little sister.

Alice, of course, subsides, vanquished by this appeal, but she cannot help feeling some very uncomfortable qualms of conscience when it appears that she is to be the only person admitted into the young gentleman's confidence.

"Don't go bothering poor Mother about it — she always gets into such a funk, as if no one knew how to take care of themselves. And be sure not to say a word to Cousin Mildred — I want to surprise her by bringing her letter by the second post. And if Father asks where I am — oh! but that will be all right. I shall get back before he comes home from shooting" — and Bertie is gone before his sister has time to put into words the remonstrance she has been struggling to frame.

"He'll miss his dinner — poor dear" — she thinks compassionately, but is consoled by the remembrance of an admirable pastry-cook's shop in Appleton where the ginger-bread is sure to be extra plentiful on Christmas Eve of all days in the year.

"A real old-fashioned Christmas, Father calls it!" thinks Alice as she goes to the window and looks out at the whitened landscape, amongst which the leafless branches of the trees stand out like the limbs of blackened giants. The snow which has been falling at intervals for some days is not deep, but there is a heavy lowering appearance about the sky betokening that the worst is yet to come. The little birds, which Alice has been befriending ever since the winter set in, come hopping familiarly round the window, and one saucy robin gives a peck to the glass, as if to intimate that a fresh supply of crumbs would be acceptable.

Alice feels in her pocket for a bit of bread and finding some fragments hastily scatters them on the window-ledge, promising a better repast by-and-bye. Then she gives a last look at the half-dressed Christmas Tree, shakes her head over the insufficient candles, and murmuring that Bertie really is the dearest boy in the world, runs off to aid her mother in decorating the old village Church.

Meanwhile Grey Plover is swiftly and resolutely bearing his rider over the half-frozen snow in a manner worthy of his name. He is a handsome, strong-built pony, Squire Chetwynd's gift to his son on his last birthday, and a right goodly pair they make, at least in the fond father's eyes.

Perhaps if either Mr. Chetwynd, or his steady old coachman had been at home, Master Bertie would not have found it quite so easy to get his steed saddled for that ten miles' ride, with the ground already covered with snow, and the heaviest fall that has been known for many a year, visibly impending.

There is a keen north-easter blowing, but Appleton lies to the west, so that for the present it only comes on the back of his neck, and Bertie turns up his collar to keep out the flakes which seem scattered about here and there in the air, and trots bravely along, whistling and talking by turns to his pony, and to a wiry little terrier, which is really Cousin Mildred's property, but in common with most other animals, is deeply devoted to Bertie.

"Steady, lad, steady," and Bertie checks his steed as they descend a somewhat steep incline, bordered by high hedges, of which the one to the north is half concealed by a bank of snow.

"I declare I never thought it could have grown so deep in the time," mutters Bertie to himself. "I hope it won't snow again before to-night, or I shall have some work to get home. What's the time? Just two — all right — two hours more daylight at any rate — more if a fog doesn't come on. Good-day, John, Merry Christmas to you," as the village carrier, his cart heavily laden with Christmas boxes and parcels, passes him leading his old horse carefully up the hill.

"The same to you, Master Bertie, and many of them. How be the Squire and Mrs. Chetwynd, and" —

"All well, thank you, John, but I can't stop to go through the list now. I've to get to Appleton and back as soon as I can."

"To Appleton! Laws now, Master Bertie, don't 'ee do nothing of the kind. As sure as I'm alive there's awful weather coming, and you and that little pony will never get back if you don't mind."

"Little pony indeed, John! Grey Plover is nearly fourteen hands — and do you suppose I care for a snow-storm?"

Old John points to the wall of gray cloud advancing steadily from the north-east.

"You just look yonder, Master. If that don't mean the worst storm that we have known for many a long year, my name's not John Salter."

"Well, then, I must make all the more haste. If I don't turn up by church-time to-morrow, you and old Moss will have to come and dig me out! Come along, Nettle!" and whistling to the terrier which has been exchanging salutations with the carrier's old half-bred-colley, Bertie canters on.

"I don't think I can find time to go home to luncheon," says Mrs. Chetwynd casting an anxious eye round the half-decorated church, which presents a one-sided appearance, two columns being beautifully wreathed with glossy dark leaves and coral berries, shining laurel and graceful ivy, and the third as yet untouched.

"Mildred, when you come back, will you and Alice bring me some biscuits, and I can eat them in the vestry. The daylight now is so short, and I think to-day is even darker than usual. We shall have to work very hard to get finished in time."

"I'll stay with you," replies her cousin, "and Alice shall bring provisions for us both," and by this means the secret of Bertie's absence from the early dinner remains unobserved.

It is snowing heavily as Alice, in fur cloak and snow-boots, trips back to the church some quarter of a mile distant from her home.

The girl is beginning to be very anxious about her brother, and sorely repents her extorted promise of secrecy as to his intentions.

"We are getting on," says Mrs. Chetwynd glancing round, "I wonder if your father will look in on his way back from shooting. I suppose Bertie must have gone to join him, as we have seen nothing of the boy. I hope they won't be late; the *snow is getting* quite deep."

A hasty knocking at the Church-door makes Alice start and turn so pale that her cousin laughs at her for setting up nerves. Before however they can open it the intruder makes his own way in, and proves to be the stable-helper, with a face so white and scared that the alarm is communicated to Mrs. Chetwynd.

"Milly," she says faintly, "there has been some accident — ask him — quick — Herbert's gun" —

"No, no," says her cousin bent only on re-assuring her, "speak out, James — don't you see how you are frightening your mistress?"

"If you please ma'am, Gray Plover has come home alone, and" —

"The pony! Master Bertie wasn't riding?"

"Yes, ma'am — he started to ride to Appleton about half-past one o'clock" —

"To ride in such weather!"

"Yes, ma'am —he *would* go — and the Squire not being at home I could not hinder him — and now the pony's just gallopped into the yard, and" —

"Mary, dearest, don't look so frightened!" cries Mildred, fearing her cousin is going to faint. "I daresay he got off to walk and warm himself, and the pony broke away — Bertie rides so well, he would not be likely to have a fall" —

"But the snow! Isn't it quite deep in some places, James?"

"Yes, ma'am — six or seven feet they say in the drifts, though most part of the road was pretty clear this morning. But it's been snowing heavily these two hours and more, and nearly as dark as night — and Grey Plover must have been down some time or other, for when he came in *the saddle was all over snow!*"

Mrs. Chetwynd gives a gasp, and for a moment her cousin thinks her senses are going, but with a brave struggle she rallies her powers.

"James, you and the gardeners had better go off at once, two of you try each road to Appleton, to meet Master Bertie. Alice dear, run up to the house, and fill father's flask with brandy — and see that they take it, and — and a blanket — and tell some one to go and meet your father — he will know best what to do — I must go myself to look for my boy — God help me — what shall I do if he has come to harm?"

"You cannot walk, darling," and Mildred tenderly leads her to one of the open seats, and strokes her hands in loving but vain efforts at en-

ouragement — "don't imagine anything bad till t comes — Bertie is sure to have taken some of he dogs with him, and they would have come ome to tell us if anything were wrong!"

"There was only little Nettle at home," Mrs. Chetwynd answers with a sigh — "Jerry and Nell re out shooting with Herbert, and the new dog is o use. Oh Milly, my bright bonny boy, where an he be? See how dreadfully dark it has grown nd the cold — think if he should be lying helpless n the snow!"

About the same time on this December afternoon a young man is getting out of the one-horse omnibus which the George Hotel (a small third-rate inn, albeit the best in Appleton) usually sends down to meet the afternoon train from London. He is a tall soldierly looking person, with bright dark eyes, and a brisk imperative manner which ensures a certain amount of attention even from the surly landlord.

But when, instead of demanding luncheon, or any creature comforts for himself, the traveller orders a "dog-cart, or any sort of trap with a good horse," to take him to Mr. Chetwynd's house, five miles distant, the host demurs.

"Impossible! The omnibus horse is the only one roughed, and he has been out twice to-day already. Besides there is likely to be a heavy fall of snow before night: even if a horse and trap could get to Edenhurst there would be no possibility of getting back before night-fall — mine host is very sorry to disoblige the gentleman, but it is quite out of the question."

The young man, who is evidently not accustomed to stolid opposition, begins to chafe, and his dark eyes give an angry flash. However he forces himself to speak quietly and persuasively, and even descends to bribery, in his anxiety to spend his Christmas at Edenhurst.

Still the landlord remains obdurate, the fact that he has a big commercial dinner impending at five o'clock making him the less inclined to spare any of his men.

"Well, hang it all!" cries the young man impatiently, "then I declare I'll get there on my own legs. I can carry my bag," swinging it stoutly over his shoulder as he speaks, "and you must find some means of sending the other things over to-morrow morning at latest. It would be too tantalizing," he adds to himself, "after coming two thousand miles to see the little woman, if we could not spend our Christmas Eve together after all."

And turning a deaf ear to the landlord's remonstrances and prophesies of evil, he sets forth briskly on the road, well-known to him although untrodden for two long years. "Dear little soul," he is saying to himself as he strides through the snow, "what a surprise it'll be to her! I am half sorry now I did not write — perhaps she'll be startled — but I don't believe in sudden joy hurting anyone. I wonder if she'll be altered — I hope not — the little face couldn't be sweeter than it was. And Herbert Chetwynd is a rare good fellow — what a welcome I shall get from him and his kindhearted wife — it's almost worth toiling and broiling for two years in India to come home for such a Christmas. I wonder if that jolly pickle Bertie is much grown! Capital little companion he used to be I remember. How far have I come? Oh! just past the second milestone — the snow is getting plaguy deep and I can hardly see ten yards ahead — I can't say it is pleasant travelling — how I shall appreciate the splendid fire in the big hall fire-place at Edenhurst. They will be burning the Yule-log for Christmas. How I shall enjoy taking up all the old home customs once more. I wonder if the Waits go round now? What a brute I used to feel, lying snug in bed and listening to the poor little shivering mortals singing outside in the frosty morning air, almost before it was light — but I believe Herbert's wife and Milly always took care that they had a warm breakfast and a toast at the kitchen fire afterwards — but hulloa! I say, what little dog are you, out alone in the snow in this lonely part of the road? Lost your master, have you, poor little beggar? Never mind — you had better follow me home to Edenhurst for to-night — they wouldn't refuse a welcome even to a stray dog on Christmas Eve. I say, you are very pressing in your attentions, my friend — I'm afraid you are on a wrong tack, sniffing and prancing around me — I'm not your master nor have I the honor of that gentleman's acquaintance, unless — by Jove, if it isn't little Nettle — the dog I gave Mildred when I went to India. What can she be doing out here alone? And what does she want me to do I wonder?" as the terrier, delighted at the sudden recognition dances round him more energetically than ever, catches his hand and the skirts of his coat gently in her teeth, then runs on

a little way ahead, looking back to see if he is following. "Lead on — I'll follow thee — that seems to be what you want me to say, eh, little Nettle? All right there!" and the traveller's two long legs contrive to make quite as rapid progress along the road as the terrier's four short ones especially as the poor little animal occasionally lights on a snowy heap softer and deeper than the rest and is nearly lost to sight altogether for some seconds.

Presently however, in spite of all obstacles she scurries on ahead, and stops short with a joyful self-satisfied bark, in front of a dark object which is half sitting, half lying in a bed of partially melted snow under the hedge — an object which upon closer inspection proves to be a slight curly-headed boy, clad in heather-colored jacket and knicker-bockers. His cap has fallen off, and his eyes are nearly closed, as he leans back on his cold couch, with an expression of half-conscious suffering on his young face.

"Come, this won't do!" exclaims the traveller in a tone of no small surprise and concern. "I say, young sir, have you forgotten that this is December, and not exactly the season for enjoying life in gypsy fashion?"

The boy's eyes open dreamily and scan the keen brown moustached face which is bending over him, but he neither moves nor makes any response. The traveller lays a hand on his shoulder and speaks again, somewhat more peremptorily.

"I say, young one, get up — do you hear? Do you want to get frozen to death?"

If there is some roughness in the tone, there is none in the manner and gesture with which dropping on one knee in the snow, the traveller proceeds to chafe the cold nerveless hand, which, in answer to this appeal, the boy slowly tries to lift. He points to his left foot which is stretched out in an uncomfortable twisted attitude, and his new friend is not long in discovering that a sprained ankle is the cause of the mischief.

A serviceable many-bladed knife is quickly produced, and the boot dexterously slit open, to the instant relief of the injured limb, which is much swollen.

The boy gives a gasp of satisfaction, and murmurs "Thank you," as he makes a still unsuccessful effort to scramble to his feet.

"Take care — let me give you a hand. Poor *little chap* — "as the patient collapses again, "here, take a pull at this," producing a somewhat battered sherry flask from an inner pocket — "that's right — you'll be able to tell me all about it presently. Nettle, little lass, it's a pity you can't speak, isn't it?"

"How do you know the dog's name?" the boy inquires, now almost roused into curiosity.

"How do I know it? Why because she belonged to me for six months before I went to India, and then I gave her to the lady who I hope is to be my wife now I've come back."

"What — are you Cecil Gordon?"

"The same — at your service 'Cousin Cis,' as your little sister used to call me, if, as I suppose, you are my old playfellow Bertie. Two years have made a difference in your size, my lad — and this snow gave your face a blue sort of look which prevented my knowing you at first. And now tell me what pranks have you been playing to get into such a plight?"

"I rode Grey Plover to Appleton this afternoon to get — some things the girls wanted — and the snow-storm came on heavily — and it got horribly dark as you see — and somehow we stumbled into a snow-drift — I'd marked the bad places as I came and thought I could keep clear of them — but the darkness misled me, and the snow got into my eyes. We rolled over together — and my foot caught in the stirrup and came out with an awful wrench — but it's ever so much better since you cut the boot open."

"And then I suppose, the pony made off?"

"Yes, I believe so. I felt awfully sick when I got up, but I managed to crawl out of the drift, for I'd just sense enough left to mind being smothered. I don't suppose I could have lain here very long when you came, or I should have been frozen."

"Well the great thing will be to get you home as soon as may be — but the snow is getting so deep that it won't be very pleasant travelling. Can you bear to put that foot to the ground? No? Then don't try — my legs must do duty for two."

"Oh! I'm too heavy — you'll never be able to carry me, especially through the snow."

"Nonsense! If you begin making difficulties I shall have to treat you as one of our fellows (so the story goes) did the wounded sergeant in Zululand."

"Oh what was that?"

"Why the enemy were close upon them, and

—— (that was the officer) was bent upon rescuing e sergeant of his troops who was wounded and elpless, and whose own horse had been killed. o he told him to get up behind on *his* horse— nd the sergeant refused, and told B—— to save mself and leave him to perish, and B—— anwered in peremptory fashion, 'If you don't obey rders at once, I shall punch your head!'"

"Don't punch mine to-day," says Bertie with a ather feeble laugh. "It feels so queer and topeavy. I'll give you leave to try as soon as I'm ll right again."

"All right. But now about this getting home? Here! you take the bag, and I'll carry *you*. Will ou ride in ordinary pick-a-back fashion, or as I've een soldiers do at what they call 'chummy races' engthwise across their bearer's shoulders?"

Bertie prefers the former method, and with some little difficulty is hoisted into the required position.

"How are they all at home?" asks Captain Gordon, after they have advanced some little way in silence.

"Very well — and very jolly — only to-day Cousin Milly was out of spirits, because" —

"Well what?" The tone is sharp and impatient.

"Because you hadn't written, and she did so want a letter for Christmas. And I thought there might be one by the afternoon post — they do come then sometimes."

"And that was the reason for your taking that crazy ride through the snow? My dear little fellow," and the brisk voice is very kind and gentle now, "I am sorry to have been the cause of all this trouble."

"Oh! never mind — it was partly too to get Alice the candles she was bothering about for the Christmas Tree. — By-the-bye, I hope they've not fallen out of my pocket — no, here they are, all right."

"I'm afraid you found no letter at the post-office after all. You see the orders for home came to us rather suddenly, and when I found I could be in England as soon as a letter could reach, I didn't write. I am so sorry it happened so!"

"You had lots of real fighting among the Afghans, hadn't you?"

"Yes — I'll tell you about it some day. Just now I want my breath for something more than talking. How deep the snow is between these high hedges!"

"Yes — if only we could get over into the fields it would be better, — and there is a short cut too."

"Can we find it?"

"I'll try — but my head is so stupid somehow — don't I hear some one whistling behind us?"

As Bertie speaks a young laboring man comes up to them, looks with some surprise at the pair, and answers with a surly grunt to Captain Gordon's enquiry as to the nearest way to Edenhurst.

"Why Jack, you can show us!" cries Bertie impatiently.

"There's a stile somewhere that leads right past your mother's cottage, and then we can get across Higgins' fields."

"If there is a cottage I shall be glad of five minutes' rest by the fire-side," says Cecil who is beginning to get decidedly "blown."

"I was just thinking what an awfully lonely road this was."

"Jack Brown is a surly fellow," whispers Bertie in his ear, but not so low but that the man catches the last words.

"Surly! And who wouldn't be, young master, I'd like to know, in my place? Didn't the Squire have me up for poaching, and didn't I get three weeks in jail along of snaring a few worthless pheasants? Much he or anyone would have cared if my old mother had starved the while!"

"For shame!" Bertie's wrath is making him quite energetic. "As if mother and Mildred didn't go to see the old woman nearly every day, and make sure she wanted for nothing."

"Well, well," interrupts Cecil, "don't rake up bye-gones on Christmas Eve of all days in the year. Forgive and forget — peace and goodwill — that's what the bells always seem to me to be saying. I say, my friend, I'm sure your Mother would be willing to let the young master sit by her fire for five minutes, after he's nearly got himself killed — and buried too — riding to Appleton to do his sister and cousin a good turn."

A shadow of a smile lurks on Jack's grim visage at this appeal, and he proceeds to lead the way across a difficult "hog-backed" stile, over which he helps to lift Bertie with more gentleness than might be expected. Then striding before them through the snow, which is more even, and easy to wade through in the open field, he pres-

IT IS SNOWING HEAVILY AS ALICE TRIPS BACK TO THE CHURCH.

y stops at the door of a little thatched cottage :h is opened by a tidy old woman.

ertie is soon established in her own high-ked wooden chair by the fire, drinking hot if ewhat hay-scented tea, and obtaining great ef from the attentions his friend is now better : to bestow upon the injured foot. Meanwhile is becoming a very sad Christmas Eve to the ious watchers at Edenhurst. The Squire has rned home, puzzled and half incredulous at confused report of Master Bertie's disappear-e which has reached him, but when the snow-ked saddle and the riderless pony have been wn him, he too grows seriously alarmed, and hout waiting to change his wet things sets off the direction of Appleton.

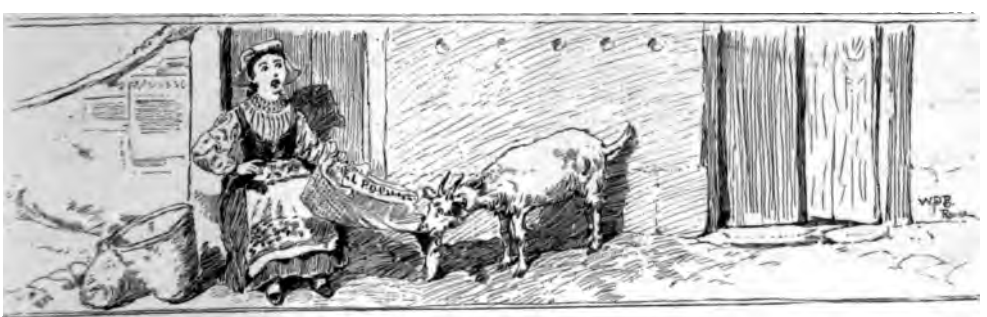
Other messengers have already been despatched : the hours pass by and no news is obtained, no e happening to think of the short cut and old rs. Brown's cottage. Even the bells are mute — e villagers cannot bear to ring them when their ar lady is in such trouble. She is trying hard) force herself to believe that nothing *can* be so ry wrong — it is foolish to be so over-anxious.

No one has any heart to carry on the joyous eparations for Christmas in which Bertie usually ears an active part, but Mrs. Chetwynd will not t the poor people suffer, and their gifts of warm othing and tea and sugar are all looked over d carefully ticketed by Mildred and Alice.

Poor girls! they have little spirit for the work, r it is better for them than the dreary waiting hich follows. At last Alice can bear it no longer. e throws a cloak round her and steals out into e avenue. The air is clearer now and the snow has ceased to fall. The earth is covered with a brilliant white sheet, and overhead the wintry stars are shining out one by one in the deep blue vault. The girl begins to feel more hopeful, as the still frosty air cools her hot cheek, and the stars look down upon her with their silent greeting of peace.

"Glad tidings of great joy" — the Christmas message of nearly nineteen centuries ago — surely it cannot be that a heart-breaking grief is to come on them on this, of all nights in the year! A prayer is in her heart — on her lips — and even in that moment, as if in answer, there burst forth the most joyous of all sounds to Alice's ear — their own village bells ringing a Merry Christmas peal! It had been understood that this was to be the signal of Bertie's being found and safe. Louder and louder it comes, and eager congratulations are exchanged by the anxious watchers. Mrs. Chetwynd wants to fly to meet her boy, but is gently restrained by Mildred, who reminds her that his father must be with him. Nor is it long before a happy group are seen approaching.

There is Bertie (who has insisted on putting his injured foot to the ground lest his mother should be frightened by seeing him carried) bravely hopping along with the aid of his father's strong arm faithful little Nettle trotting close at his side and Jack Brown, with whom the Squire has shaken hands and exchanged a "Merry Christmas" slouching behind — but whose is the tall figure on Bertie's other side? Ah! cousin Mildred knows, and well is it perhaps that the growing darkness throws a friendly veil over the joyous blushes and the happy thankful tears that mark that meeting.



ON A ROMAN STREET. — "A TASTE FOR LETTERS."

THE WEAVER OF BRUGES.

By M. M. P. Dinsmoor.

THE YOUNG STORK GREW APACE, AND FROM THE LOOM'S HIGH BEAMS LOOKED DOWN . . .

THE strange old streets of Bruges town
Lay white with dust and summer sun,
The tinkling goat bells slowly passed
At milking-time, ere day was done.

An ancient weaver, at his loom,
With trembling hands his shuttle plied,
While roses grew beneath his touch,
And lovely hues were multiplied.

The slant sun, through the open door,
Fell bright, and reddened warp and woof,
When with a cry of pain a little bird,
A nestling stork, from off the roof,

Sore wounded, fluttered in and sat
Upon the old man's outstretched hand;
"Dear Lord," he murmured, under breath,
"Hast thou sent me this little friend?"

And to his lonely heart he pressed
The little one, and vowed no harm
Should reach it there; so, day by day,
Caressed and sheltered by his arm,

The young stork grew apace, and from
The loom's high beams looked down with eyes
Of silent love upon his ancient friend,
As two lone ones might sympathize.

At last the loom was hushed: no more
The deftly handled shuttle flew;
No more the westering sunlight fell
Where blushing silken roses grew.

And through the streets of Bruges town
By strange hands cared for, to his last
And lonely rest, 'neath darkening skies,
The ancient weaver slowly passed;

Then strange sight met the gaze of all:
  A great white stork, with wing-beats slow,
Too sad to leave the friend he loved,
  With drooping head, flew circling low,

And ere the trampling feet had left
  The new-made mound, dropt slowly down,
And clasped the grave in his white wings
  His pure breast on the earth so brown.

Nor food, nor drink, could lure him thence,
  Sunrise nor fading sunsets red;
When little children came to see,
  The great white stork — was dead.

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.

(*A Romance of the Revolution.*)

By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

CHAPTER IV.

A SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST.

GERVAISE, once in his room and no longer in the presence of the aunt who was so dreadful to him, had been able to put away for a time the difficulties of his position; and being tired and beginning to feel indeed some ill effects from the blow upon his head (although it was not a serious matter), he had gone at once to bed and slept soundly the night through.

When he awoke in the morning the sun was shining brightly. He opened his eyes and looked around, not at first remembering where he was. The room was a large and pleasant one, carpeted (as was the case with very few bedrooms in those days) and supplied with heavy mahogany furniture. The sight of his reefer's jacket hanging over one of the chairs recalled to him the events of the night before. Immediately he began laughing to himself. Of all the queer positions that he had ever gotten himself into, surely this was the queerest. Here he was — he, Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia, as arrant a young rebel as was to be found in all the thirteen colonies — securely housed in the heart of the enemy's city, comfortably ensconced in the best bedroom of his tory aunt, and taken by her, without any warrant from his own lips whatever, for his English cousin, the son of the head of the family, and an embryo baronet himself. He laughed again quite out loud as he thought of it. It seemed very funny to him this morning, though he had thought it a serious enough matter the night before. Things look differently to all of us perhaps when we awake in the morning, with vigor renewed and spirits restored and the sun shining in at the window.

And what was he to do about it, now that he must go down-stairs again and face them all once more? He asked himself the question to be sure; but he asked it lightly enough and answered it as lightly. What was he to do about it? Well, where was the need of doing *anything* about it? If his aunt and cousins chose to think him somebody else, need he object? He might let them think so — for a little while. It would be a harmless joke enough and was likely to make his visit all the more entertaining both to them and to himself. Then came a knock at the door and Ptolemy's voice outside informing him that breakfast would be ready in half an hour.

"All right," Gervaise called out in reply. "I will rise to the occasion."

He dressed himself leisurely, whistling all the while in contented mood and moving about the room and examining this or that article on its walls or shelves that interested him. He went and stood at the window by and by, looking out on the lawn bright with the sunlight, inviting with long, cool shadows. And something about its peace and stillness seemed to strike him.

"Upon my word," he said to himself, "I had forgotten all about its being Sunday."

He stood there thoughtfully, not a little ashamed to himself of his forgetfulness, for he had been well taught at home.

"I do believe," he mused presently, "that Nature herself is different on Sunday mornings. There's a sort of solemnness and hush about everything that tells you it is Sunday, even if you didn't know it. I never thought of it before, but I think I understand now what it means when we are told to remember the Sabbath day and *keep* it holy. It is holy already and we have only to *keep* it so by not doing anything wicked or unholy on that day, to break its holiness. Well," he added, after a long pause, though the connection of his thought with what he had before been saying was sufficiently obvious, "I don't see that there is anything *very* wrong in letting them suppose I am cousin Gervaise from England, if they want to. It isn't as though I wasn't their cousin at all. And I can't get myself turned out of doors just because of Aunt Brenshaw's absurd prejudices. I can let it go as it is just for a day or two, and then when she gets acquainted with me I will frankly tell her the truth and make her forgive me."

Gervaise had implicit confidence in his ability to make people forgive him his faults when they came to know him: a confidence, it may as well be said, that was not on the whole a misplaced one.

When he had completed his toilet he stood a moment contemplating his image in the glass. His borrowed costume seemed to fit him perfectly and was really a very becoming one. A jaunty blue jacket with a broad, rolling collar and adorned with anchor buttons; a white kerseymere waistcoat beneath; blue breeches that stopped not at the knee after the land fashion of the time, but continued on and fell in flowing proportions about the shoe; this was the general make-up of a midshipman of the navy of George the Third. Gervaise, viewing the reflection of himself thus attired, saluted it with complacent satisfaction.

"Good-morning to you, Master Gervaise Brenshaw, son of Sir Gervaise Brenshaw, of Brenshaw Hall, County Cumberland, England, Midshipman in His Majesty's Navy," cried he gayly. "I'm delighted to see you on this side of the water. You're a very fair-looking sort of fellow, I must say — every inch an officer and heir to a baronetcy. There's the breakfast bell this minute! You will go down now and make yourself agreeable to your aunt and cousins. You need have no fears at all of their not liking you however. There's nothing like a title and a King's uniform to please the ladies."

He found his aunt and cousins waiting for him in the library below. Madame Brenshaw greeted him with a cordial, though stately, good-morning, and inquired after his health. The two girls too, looking deliciously cool and nice in their fresh morning gowns, advanced prettily to meet him and hoped he was feeling none the worse this morning for his last night's adventure. He was here introduced, too, to the young ladies' governess, Mrs. Eden, a quiet, refined person whom he felt sure he should like. They went at once out to a rear hall where Prayers were held — to which all the servants were summoned — and then passed into the dining-room for breakfast.

"It seems strange to have you here," Madame Brenshaw said to our hero, as soon as they were seated. "I am scarcely able as yet to realize that it is you: you came upon us so suddenly and unexpectedly last night, and then went off upstairs so quickly. But we shall have opportunities to become well acquainted, I hope. You must be with us as much as your duties on shipboard will possibly permit. And there are a thousand questions, to begin with, that I shall want to ask you, about Sir Gervaise, and Lady Brenshaw, and about the old home in England. It is many years now since I have seen them."

"I am sure, my dear aunt," Gervaise replied, as he helped himself to the fish Ptolemy at that moment brought him. "I shall be glad to answer your questions to the best of my ability."

He bethought himself here, however, with something of a tremor, that his ability in this direction would be extremely limited, and that he would

ave to depend largely upon what he could remember of his father's accounts of Brenshaw Hall and his relatives there.

"Yet I must not omit to thank you," she continued, as she arranged the cups before her, "for the noble service you did us last evening. Your cousins should not have been out so late; and your arrival was most timely. It was a gallant act on your part; just what might be expected from an officer of the King."

"It is not what *I* should expect from *some* of them," cried Patty energetically. "Imagine Mr. Wiggleworth, for instance, throwing himself upon those men as cousin Gervaise did. He would have been more likely to climb up into a tree."

The Mr. Wiggleworth referred to was a young ensign of their acquaintance, who sometimes called at the house, and of whose soldierly qualities Miss Patty had not, it would seem, a particularly high opinion.

"I am glad, at any rate, that you were not seriously hurt," his aunt went on, showing her disapproval of Patty's interruption by taking no notice of it. "The cut upon your head is hardly to be seen this morning. But I have had some tea made. I thought it would be better for you this morning. Ptolemy"—to the old negro who had replaced himself behind her chair—"take Master Brenshaw this cup of tea."

"I thank you, Aunt Brenshaw, but I don't think I care for it this morning," Gervaise said in some embarrassment. It was difficult, under the circumstances, to decline; but tea drinking was something which as a good American he could not possibly indulge in, not even to keep up his character as an English midshipman. He felt the need of explaining his refusal in some way however and did so readily enough. "I have quite gotten out of the habit of drinking tea lately," he said. "As a general thing they give such slops on board ship."

"I suppose," Patty remarked mischievously, "that they dip the water up out of the river and give you that for tea. You know a large number of tea chests were emptied into the harbor not very long ago."

"That," Madame Brenshaw severely declared, "was an act of folly which is only equalled by the

THE SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST.

foolishness of those who, for political reasons, refuse to drink tea at all. They spite themselves more than they do the King."

"Oh, if you mean me, mamma," said Patty placidly, "*I* don't spite myself at all in refusing it. I don't like it, nowadays. It has too strong a taste of injustice and oppression."

"I am sorry to say," Madame Brenshaw resumed to her nephew, with an air of apology, "that your younger cousin is sorely lacking in those sentiments of loyalty and reverence for the King that would be proper in her. I fear, Eden," — this to the governess — "that Patty's attention has not been sufficiently called to that portion of her 'duty towards her neighbor,' which bids her honor and obey the civil authority, and submit herself to her lawful governors."

"I am sure, Madame," Mrs. Eden respectfully replied, "that Miss Patty has been duly taught all that the catechism has to say upon the subject."

"By the way, cousin Gervaise," Dolly here said to her cousin, with a view perhaps to changing the subject, "you have not told us yet just how it is that you come to be here, and what ship you belong to."

"Oh," cried Patty, "I do hope you belong to one of the *big* ships. It must be ever so much nicer to sail in a big ship."

"How would the *Somerset* suit you?" inquired Gervaise.

He knew almost nothing about the ships in the harbor himself; for that matter he did not know very much about any ships, but he took it for granted that his cousins were at least as ignorant as himself.

"The *Somerset?*" said Dolly. "Oh, yes; she is a large ship."

"How many guns has she?" Patty asked her cousin.

"Oh," said he, "I don't know exactly! A hundred or so, maybe!"

"A hundred!" exclaimed Dolly. "Why, the papers said sixty-eight."

"Well," said Gervaise, "perhaps you are right. I haven't really counted 'em one by one."

"Perhaps, too," suggested Patty, laughing, "some of them have *gone off* since they were counted."

"But the *Somerset* has been over here ever so *long," Dolly continued* reproachfully. "Do you mean to say you have been with her all the time and not been to see us until now?"

"Why, no," returned Gervaise in confusion. "You see — that is — well, I've only just joined her men, you know."

"Your cousin came over, no doubt, with the re-enforcements that have just arrived," Madame Brenshaw observed to Dolly.

Gervaise smiled. He had read in the Worcester paper of the arrival on the twenty-fifth of May of the *Cerberus* with the three English generals on board, and a fleet of transports.

"You see," he explained jocosely, "things were getting pretty serious over here, so His Majesty thought best to send over Howe and Clinton and Burgoyne and myself to take them in hand. You may depend upon it there will be something done now."

"Oh, no doubt," cried Patty. "We have heard that the English generals brought their fishing-tackle with them, expecting to go fishing every day and catch a lot of fish."

"Why, Patty," her sister remonstrated, "you know that these are the King's best generals. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that they will not soon put an end to this trouble. General Burgoyne has served in Portugal; and everybody says he is a great soldier. You know what he said when the packet met them as they were coming in and told them that the town was besieged: 'Let *us* get in there and we'll soon find elbow-room?'"

Dolly was thoroughly loyal herself and believed fully in the invincibility of the royal troops.

"He doesn't seem to have found it yet," retorted Patty. "He seems to have made up his mind to stay here in town for a while and ride about the streets on horseback."

"We may be sure," Madame Brenshaw here felt called upon to declare, "that when the proper time arrives, something will be done. It is hardly probable that a mob of ill-armed, ignorant peasantry can keep ten thousand disciplined troops shut up here any longer than they wish to remain."

"I should think not!" exclaimed our hero, thinking that some decided expression from himself had become necessary.

"Indeed!" rejoined Patty with flashing eyes, "that remains to be seen, perhaps. It was only a few weeks ago that they were planning to make a sally and were frightened out of it by General

homas with only seven hundred men — marching em round and round a hill at Roxbury until the ıglish thought there were seven thousand."

"An army that is obliged to resort to such ;ans to deceive the enemy as to its force is cernly not greatly to be feared," observed Madame enshaw, with logic not entirely faultless.

"They'll find they can't use their men over ıin that way when it comes to fighting," asserted ;rvaise looking at his cousin.

He thought Patty's rebel wrath exceedingly beming to her.

"I am sure at least," she hotly rejoined, "that ;ry one of them would be *willing* to die a thouıd times rather than submit to the wicked injuse of the King."

"Patty," her mother sternly admonished her, must ask you not to speak of the King at all less you can do so in decent and proper lanage. I am deeply mortified that our cousin ım England should hear such sentiments in this use as those you have chosen to utter. *Our* ınch of the house, I would have him believe, is horoughly loyal one."

"Is it true, Aunt Brenshaw," Gervaise asked, ropos of the allusion which her emphasis rather ın her words seemed to make, "what we have ırd of the younger brother, that he is disposed ;ake sides with the colonies against the King?"

Alas," was the reply, "I regret to say that it ıt too true. Mr. Edward Brenshaw has from first been notoriously active in every moveıt looking to a rupture between us and the her-country."

But he would hardly be able to bear arms nst us? He was disabled, was he not, in the French War?"

Yes; but he possesses wealth and influence, can do even more harm with these."

Let me see," pursued Gervaise, much interl in the subject, "he has a son, hasn't he — of ;ame name as myself?"

Yes; and of about the same age, if I rememrightly. I have never seen him, nor do I care No doubt he has grown up imbued with the e seditious sentiments as his father. We really ı little about them. There has been no corondence between us for several years." Then Madame Brenshaw changed her tone and the subject. "But we will not talk of them. Indeed I have thought it best to forbid the mention of your uncle's name in this house: he can be nothing to us now, since he has renounced his allegiance to his sovereign. Let us speak rather of *your* home and family, of Sir Gervaise and your lady mother. We have always lived in the hope of seeing them; but your uncle Matthew's health never permitted an ocean voyage, and since his death it has seemed more than ever impossible."

Then Madame Brenshaw launched forth into a series of questions as to the family in England and the affairs there — the answers to which shall not be given here since they were derived only from the family hearsay which now proved of importance to our hero. The conversation was joined in of course by the young ladies, and lasted, much to Gervaise's discomfort, until the end of the meal.

Nor will it be possible to dwell here upon the farther events of the day, interesting enough of themselves but not essential to the story, which must hasten on. Madame Brenshaw and Miss Dolly attended church in the morning; but Gervaise, not deeming it prudent to appear at King's Chapel (where most of the royal officers were in the habit of attending service) in his borrowed uniform, pleaded the slight remnant of a headache as an excuse for remaining at home; and Patty kindly stayed with him, reading aloud, to their mutual edification, a sermon of good old Bishop Andrews. The afternoon was spent very quietly within doors; and in the evening they sat together on the piazza until the moon arose. Gervaise began already to feel at home in the house and looked forward to his stay there with decided pleasure. The young people separated that night with an agreement to meet again in the lower hall at four o'clock the next morning in order to go out together to the top of Beacon Hill to see the sun rise. Patty laughingly declared that she knew she should have to come around to her cousin's door to awake him; but Gervaise insisted that he was able to wake himself at any given minute if he really wished to do so and that he was certain to be up in time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Maid & The Milkpail

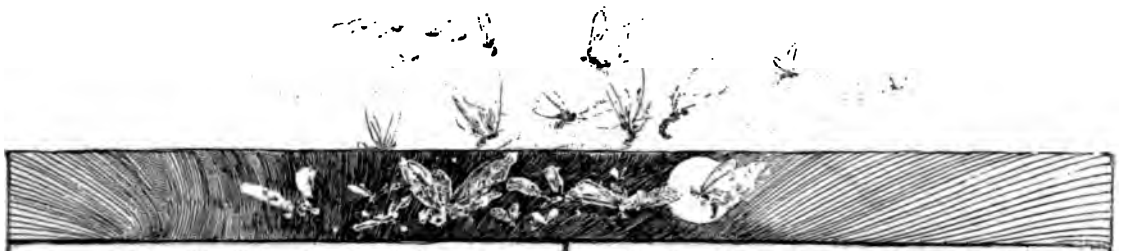
Versified from Aesop's fables by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

DOWN the lane to the meadow bars
Went tripping a country LASS,
She could hear the cow-bells tinkle, tinkle,
While they cropped the grass:
She carried her bonnet on her arm
And a pail to hold the milk,
And her eyes were as blue as periwinkle,
Her hair like yellow silk,
And she called, "Co', boss! co', boss!"

The cow with the crumpled horn lowed back:
The little red heifer moo-ed;
Old Brindle, glad to see her coming,
Went close to the bars and stood;
And soon in the bright tin pail the milk
Streamed warm and sweet and white,
Till it was full to the top and foaming;
And when the flies would bite,
The maid said, "So — so, boss!"

The milking done, the brimming pail
She placed upon her head
With strong young arms, and from the meadow
Passed with a lightsome tread.
The sun was sinking in the west
Red as a sun could be;
And longer and cooler grew the shadow
Of every bough and tree,
And she hummed, "Tra-la! tra-la!"

What could the LASS be thinking of,
Sauntering so slowly there?
Not of the film-winged midges gleaming
Through the soft, purple air;
Not of the cow with the crumpled horn,
Nor the jangle of her bell;
Ah, none of these, for she was dreaming
Of how the milk would sell,
As she hummed, "Tra-la! tra-la!"



"This milk will buy three hundred eggs,"
She planned, "or thereabout;
And the speckled hen is very thrifty,
And she will hatch them out:
Allow for broken ones, bad luck,
And loss, when all is told,
Two hundred, I am sure, and fifty
Young chickens can be sold!"
And she smiled to think of it.

"But first I'll feed them meal and corn,
And their coops, all in a row,
I'll keep straw-strewn and clean and sunny,
And then how fat they'll grow!
They'll fetch the very highest price
When they are brought to town,
And with my portion of the money
I'll buy myself a gown —
A shining silken gown!

"Three gathered ruffles round the skirt
I'll have, with a puff between;
A full round waist with bows upon it,
And the color shall be green;
I'll buy long primrose elbow gloves,
And a little scarlet shawl,
And I'll have a feather in my bonnet,
And a shrimp-pink parasol!"
And she merrily laughed, "Ha! ha!"

"And when I go to the village church,
Or to the fair-week dance;
And the lads come round me all devotion,
I will not deign a glance.
This one will bow, that one will smile
And whisper some sweet word,
But I'll toss my head with a scornful motion,
As if I had not heard —
Like this — heigh-up! heigh-ho!"

And she tossed her foolish, playful head
With the hair like yellow silk,
And down the frothing milk-pail tumbled
And spilt the precious milk.
Where now were the sea-green gown, the gloves
And the shrimp-pink parasol?
She gazed at the ground, dismayed and troubled,
And tears began to fall.
And she sighed, "Alas! alas!"

She reached the kitchen; on a shelf
Were ranged the burnished pans;
The kittens ran to meet her mewing,
For supper from her hands;
She felt her mother, waiting, tired,
Would blame her and bewail,
And ask what could she have been doing
To overturn that pail,
And spill the milk — oh dear!

All for a dream, a silly dream,
A castle in the air,
A little breath-blown rainbow bubble
For which she did not care!
Dear were her mother's peace and thrift,
And painful were her frowns,
Nor would she have brought her fret or trouble
For half a score of gowns —
Nay, nay, not for a score!

So to herself this LASS, whose heart
Was really sweet and sound,
Reflected that in fancied pleasures
Is little comfort found,
And though one's lot be always tame,
Nor ever fine or gay,
Happy is she who seeks her treasures
In real things every day!
— Grown wise had the little MAID!

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOLMASTER.

By Edwin D. Mead.

UEEN ELIZABETH'S schoolmaster's name was Roger Ascham—so much a good many of you know already. I suppose that Roger Ascham was the most famous schoolmaster that there ever was in England, except Arnold ugby himself, because he had such a famous lar.

was ten years before Elizabeth became queen Roger Ascham first became her teacher. She only fourteen years old then. Her father — uff King Hal," you know — had died the year re, and he had had her mother's head cut off n she herself was a mere baby, so that she was rphan now, and she was in the hands of a very lot of women. I think that it was the most mate thing in the world that so good a school- er as Roger Ascham came to her at just this . If, with her bad governess and all the rest e bad people around her, she had had a bad olmaster too, I don't know what would have ne of her.

ger Ascham came up to her from St. John's ge, Cambridge. He had studied in the Uni- y almost all his life, and knew so much and wrote such beautiful Latin letters that body in England, who could read at all, knew him. He was only fifteen years old when rst came to Cambridge from his Yorkshire , in 1530, to study in St. John's College. St. s College had been opened just as Ascham orn and was already the most famous college mbridge — though now it is not nearly so im- nt as Trinity College. But it is very much r now than it was when Roger Ascham came study there; and it has a beautiful building e farther side of the Cam, with a beautiful e, like the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, across iver from the old brick buildings around the courts, which were there in Ascham's time. I often used to walk through these old courts, when I lived in Cambridge. In one of them, up a little winding stair, lives an old professor. He has a good many rooms up there, and the rooms are all so full of books, piled on the shelves and the tables and the chairs and the floor, that one can hardly get about. There are Greek and Latin and Hebrew books, and French and Italian books, and books in every language, I guess, that were ever spoken by decent men; and this professor can read them all. But I think he likes the old English books best of all. He has everything that Roger Ascham ever wrote — the long Latin letters and everything — and once he published a beautiful edition of the *Schoolmaster* — that is Ascham's famous book — with many learned notes. He has written a big history of St. John's College too, with a great deal about Ascham in it. I never used to go by the little winding-stair in the gateway, that led up to this wise professor among his books, without thinking that it was something so that Roger Ascham used to live at St. John's College, and hoping that he had those very rooms. Perhaps he did.

At first he didn't, certainly, for at first he was only a common student, and four students had to sleep in each chamber; only the doctors had each a chamber to himself. At four o'clock in the morning, one of the scholars had to get up and ring the college bell, to wake such scholars as were willing to leave their beds for their books so early. At eight in the evening in winter, and nine in summer, the gates were locked, and all the students had to be inside the college before that time. They all had to speak Latin; if they spoke English in the college they were fined. None of them could keep hawks or dogs, or play at cards or dice, except at Christmas, and then only in the hall.

Ascham was a very diligent student and he began to play the schoolmaster in his earliest college days. He adopted for his motto, "*Qui docet discit*"—*who teaches learns*." One of the Cambridge wise

men told him that he would gain more knowledge by explaining one of Æsop's fables to a boy, than by hearing one of Homer's poems explained by another; and as soon as he had got well started in Greek, he read lectures, while he was yet a boy, to other boys who wanted to learn. He was elected a Fellow of the college, and in a few years he had a great many pupils and all the people in the University were talking about what a wonderful scholar he was and how well he knew how to teach others what he knew himself. He was not merely a book-worm, this young scholar; he was famous in the University for all sorts of accomplishments. He learned to play on musical instruments, such as they had in those days — aunt Lu can tell you what the great-great-grandfather of her piano was; — and he was one of the few who excelled in writing. The English people were then only just beginning to learn how to write; it was quite a new thing. Roger Ascham wrote very beautifully, and afterwards taught Queen Elizabeth and her brother, King Edward the Sixth, to write. He not only wrote his pages neatly, but he would embellish the margins with beautiful drawings, which were much admired at Cambridge, and at Whitehall too. He was very skilful also with his bow and arrow. He was never very strong and he had to exercise a good deal in the open air, to keep from being sick with all his hard study. His favorite amusement was archery. He was as fond of archery as Isaac Walton was of angling; and he wrote a book called *Toxophilus* — which means "Lover of the Bow."

Roger Ascham lived nearly twenty years at St. John's College, and I think he was happier there among his books than he ever was at Whitehall, writing Latin letters for Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. While he was teaching Elizabeth the first time — she was only the Princess Elizabeth then, not Queen Elizabeth — he was always thinking of his little room at Cambridge, and of the pleasant talks the scholars used to have after dinner, about Plato and Cicero.

Elizabeth, as I have said, was only fourteen years old when Ascham first became her teacher. Her father had died the year before, and her brother, whom she loved so much, and who had always called her his "dearest sister," or his "sweet sister Temperance," had become king, and she almost never saw him again. Good Catherine Parr, the last of Henry's queens, who had carefully attended to her earlier education, was now married again, to a bad man; and Elizabeth was living, with her governess and her other ladies, at Cheshunt. She was a very bright and pretty girl, and a good scholar. At the age of twelve she wrote very nice letters in French, Spanish and Italian, and was studying geography, architecture, mathematics and astronomy. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made very good verses herself. But she gave more attention to history than to anything else; and I think that was very wise of her, for history could teach her what made good kings and queens, and what made bad ones.

Ascham taught the princess for nearly two years. He had known her before; had given her little presents — a pen, an Italian book, and a book of prayers — and had praised her for her progress in learning under his good friend, William Grindal. When Grindal died, Queen Catherine and her bad husband, the Lord Admiral, tried hard to have Elizabeth take Mr. Goldsmith for her new master; but she would have nobody but learned Roger Ascham — and so up came Ascham from St. John's College.

At the end of the two years, he left very abruptly and went back to Cambridge, offended by the impertinence of some of the servants. The Lady Elizabeth too was quite broken down in health — for she had many things to worry and weary her in those days; and so it was not till after the schoolmaster had been to Augsburg — I wish I could tell you about his journey there — and was back in London as Queen Mary's secretary, that the princess and he read more Latin and Greek together.

I suppose that some boys and girls think that it is a very easy and delightful thing to be a princess. Perhaps they think that a princess can do anything she likes and that all her days are holidays, in which she walks about in the beautiful rooms in her palace, and goes riding in a beautiful purple velvet dress in a beautiful golden chariot with a great many beautiful lords and ladies on beautiful cream-colored horses. But really princess has to work very hard, very mu harder than other girls. She has teachers a gre many hours every day — Latin teachers a French teachers and music teachers and all rest — and must study very diligently; for eve

body would be ashamed of an ignorant princess, and laugh at her.

She cannot often marry the man whom she loves, like other girls, but must marry some prince or duke who is picked out for her by the court. And in Queen Elizabeth's time a princess was very fortunate if she didn't get her head cut off; and the most that the lords and the ladies on the white horses and in the beautiful palace had to do was to keep murderers from getting at the princess. I don't think that was a very delightful life, I'm sure. But Elizabeth was very brave and not at all afraid of murderers.

THE LADY ELIZABETH AND HER SCHOOLMASTER.

A great many ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time were fine scholars, quite as good as any of our ladies to-day. Roger Ascham said that Mildred Cecil, Sir William Cecil's wife, talked Greek as well as English. Queen Mary, Elizabeth's sister, was almost as good a scholar as Elizabeth herself; and Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*, tells a most interesting story of how, when he made his farewell visit to Lady Jane Grey, before going to Germany, he found her in her chamber reading Plato's *Phædon* in Greek, with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in *Boccacio*. Her parents and all the gentlemen and gentlewomen were hunting in the park; but she said that all their sport was but a shadow to the pleasure that she found in Plato. Her parents were very sharp and severe with her, but she had a gentle and learned schoolmaster. "When I am in presence either of father or mother," she said to Ascham, "whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and other ways so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him."

She would fall to weeping when her study hours were over, and all her other pleasures were but trifles and troubles to her, beside her book. Poor Lady Jane Grey! Roger Ascham wrote her a let-

ter from Augsburg, telling her how pleasantly he remembered his visit and begging her to write him a letter in Greek, as she had promised to do. But he never saw her again; and she was beheaded in the Tower soon after he returned to London.

With Elizabeth our schoolmaster was altogether delighted — she was a pupil after his own heart — and I think you will like to see what he wrote about her after he went back to St. John's College, so as to know what kind of a scholar a princess can be. This is a very famous letter:

There are many honorable ladies now who surpass Thomas More's daughters in all kinds of learning; but among all of them the brightest star is my illustrious Lady Elizabeth. She has just passed her sixteenth birthday, and shows such dignity and gentleness as are wonderful at her age and in her rank. Her study of true religion and learning is most energetic. Her mind has no womanly weakness, her perseverance is equal to that of a man, and her memory long keeps what it quickly picks up. She talks French and Italian as well as English; she has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, and moderately so in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her handwriting. She is as much delighted with music as she is skilful in the art. She read with me almost all Cicero and great part of Titus Livius; for she drew all her knowledge of Latin from those two authors. She used to give the morning of the day to the Greek Testament, and afterwards read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles. To these I added Saint Cyprian and Melancthon's Common Places, etc., as best suited, after the Holy Scriptures, to teach her the foundations of religion together with elegant language and sound doctrine.

The Lady Elizabeth must have been a very bright young lady indeed to have got so far along in her studies when she was only sixteen years old, yet the schoolmaster was very careful not to crowd her, but to teach her in ways that would make her love learning. "If you pour much drink at once into a goblet," he said to her governess, "the most part will dash out and run over; if ye pour it softly, you may fill it even to the top." After Elizabeth had learned to decline the nouns and conjugate the verbs, he never had her take a Greek or Latin grammar into her hand; but he kept her translating Demosthenes and Cicero from Greek and Latin into English, and from English back into Greek and Latin, until she was quite familiar with the languages. It was the same way in which the best masters teach French and German, and begin to teach Latin and Greek, *nowadays.* *Queen Elizabeth's* schoolmaster was the forerunner, you see, of Otto and Ollendorf and the men who are relieving us of the drudgery of the grammars.

The Lady Elizabeth did not think her education "finished," when she grew up, nor put her Greek and Latin books away in the cupboard, as some of our young ladies do when they leave the high school. After she became queen and Roger Ascham was her secretary, she still used to read and study with him every day. "Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court," wrote Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, "and all they together show not so much good will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that, beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week." Ascham was very proud of her accomplishments and loved to tell of them. He wrote to his friend John Sturm at Strasburg:

I was one day present when she spoke in three languages at once to three ambassadors — the French, the Swedish and the Imperial. She spoke to them in Italian, French and Latin, not hesitatingly or confusedly, but with ease and fluently, in reply to the various things they talked about. That you may see how elegantly she writes, I send you enclosed a piece of paper on which she has written the word *quemadmodum* with her own hand; the upper one is mine, the lower one the Queen's.

He was very proud too of his own part in the education of the Queen. He said that he counted it his greatest blessing, next to the knowledge of Christ's religion, that it had pleased God to call him to the work of setting forward such excellent gifts of learning, in so excellent a prince.

Of course the schoolmaster was very intimate with the Queen, and he used to write her very interesting letters; but the most interesting of them all, I think, is one in which he writes to her as though she were two persons, and asks her, as his friend, to beg the Queen to relieve him in some of his financial troubles. He wrote:

I humbly beseech your majesty to imagine that your highness were absent in some withdrawing chamber, and your goodness only present to read this letter; for I write now not as to the Queen to make any suit, but as to my dearest friend to ask some counsel in a suit I would fain make to

the Queen. But surely I will make no suit to her highness before I ask counsel of her goodness. If your goodness will allow of it, her highness will grant it.

And so he goes on, talking alternately to "her highness," and "her goodness," through a great many pages.

I should like, of all other times, to have lived when Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster did and have seen the things which were going on in the world then. That was the age of the *Renaissance*, as it is called, or *new birth*, when the old world was waking up from its middle-age torpor. America had been discovered and Sebastian Cabot had found New England; Copernicus was showing that the earth goes round the sun; Luther was nailing his *theses* upon the church door at Wittenberg just as Roger Ascham was born, and before Ascham died England had become a Protestant state. Raphael and Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were painting their pictures in Italy; Albrecht Dürer was court painter to the German emperor, and Hans Holbein had been born at Augsburg twenty years before and was almost ready to come into England with his letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More. Henry the Eighth was King of England, with Wolsey for his minister, Francis the First was King of France, Charles the Fifth was about to become Emperor of Germany, and Leo the Tenth was Pope of Rome. We can learn a fine lesson in history, you see, from the life of this old schoolmaster. The art of printing had given people books and there was such a thirst for learning as never was before nor since. The monks had been the only scholars before, and they had known almost nothing but Latin; but now the study of Greek sprang up everywhere. "Aristotle and Plato have been read by the boys at St. John's for the last five years," wrote young Ascham from Cambridge to an old friend. "Sophocles and Euripides are now more familiar to us than Plautus was when you were here; they talk as much of Demosthenes now as they did of Cicero at that time. Yet we do not treat the Latin writers with contempt, but cherish the best of them who flourished in the golden age of their literature."

Only think of all the exciting things that Roger Ascham saw in the course of his life, and of all the interesting people whom he knew! He was acquainted with four English princes and their courts — Henry and Edward and Mary and Elizabeth. He was too young to go with King Henry to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" — he was only a little boy in Yorkshire then; but he saw the King after his return in triumph from the siege of Boulogne, and presented him with a copy of his *Toxophilus* in the picture gallery at Greenwich. Catherine Parr was Henry's queen then. Queen Catherine Howard had been beheaded there years before, and Anne Boleyn had also been beheaded while Ascham was at St. John's College.

That was a great time for beheading people and burning them at the stake. Cardinal Wolsey had not been beheaded, but he would have been if he had not died conveniently of his own accord, that same year that Roger came up to Cambridge to begin his studies. Thomas Cromwell was beheaded in 1540, while Ascham was teaching mathematics; William Tyndale, who translated the Bible, was burned at Vilvoord in 1536 — Ascham stopped to see the place on his journey to Augsburg as secretary to Sir Richard Morison; Sir Thomas More, who wrote the *Utopia*, was beheaded at the Tower while Ascham was at Cambridge, and Lord Protector Somerset while he was at Augsburg. And Lady Jane Grey, whom he loved so much, to whom he wrote letters from Augsburg, and whom he had left in England reading in Plato about immortality — when he came back to England, she was a prisoner in the Tower, and the next year she was beheaded. Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, too; Ridley had been with him at the University; Cranmer had shown Sir Richard Morison and himself about Canterbury Cathedral and ridden to Dover with them, when they were going to Augsburg; Latimer he had often heard, I do not doubt, preaching at Paul's Cross. These were all burnt at Oxford while he was Queen Mary's secretary.

Roger Ascham was Queen Mary's secretary during almost her entire reign. He wrote her Latin letters and he read Greek with the Lady Elizabeth at Greenwich, and altogether he lived very peaceably while so many people were being burned at Smithfield.

But I think the schoolmaster-secretary must have breathed much more freely, after all, when Mary was really dead and the people told the Lady Elizabeth, as she sat under the tree in Hatfield Park, that she was queen. All England

breathed more freely too, for everybody had had enough of the Smithfield fires. They brought Elizabeth up to London, where the bells were all ringing, from Cheapside to Westminster, and crowned her in Westminster Abbey; and her old schoolmaster became her secretary and wrote her Latin letters, as he had written Queen Mary's letters before — wrote to Duke Charles of Austria, declining his offer of marriage, wrote to the King of Denmark and the Duke of Florence and the Sophi of Persia and the King of Sweden and the King of Spain and all sorts of great people.

THE YOUNG QUEEN ELIZABETH.
(*From painting in the English National Portrait Gallery.*)

Copies of all the letters were kept and we can read them now in the books. He knew Cecil well and Sir Walter Mildmay and the other lords of the court, and I suppose he used to talk with them often about Mary Stuart and John Knox and about Charles the Fifth and all the things he had seen at Augsburg. He knew Sir Nicholas Bacon. Sir Nicholas was keeper of the great seal, and he was Cecil's brother-in-law; and I think it very likely that Ascham heard him tell Cecil when his youngest son was born and that he was going to name him Francis. I do not doubt either that he heard some of the Sidneys tell of the bright young Philip, who was studying at Shrewsbury, getting ready for Oxford and Cambridge; and he may sometimes have met in the London streets, without knowing who he was, a boy whose name was Edmund Spenser, who was already dreaming of fauns and nymphs and dwarfs and giants, and who was going by and by to write the great poem called *The Faerie Queen.* Ambassadors and their secretaries came and went to and from the French court and the Italian states and the King of Spain, just as Sir Richard Morison and Ascham had gone to Emperor Charles at Augsburg; and I do not doubt that the Spaniards told the schoolmaster, as they sat with him around the big fires at Whitehall, of the great river Mississippi, which De Soto had discovered in America, and of Ponce de Leon's wanderings in Florida, in search of gold and the Fountain of Youth, and of the town that was being built there, called St. Augustine, at the very time that Ascham was writing his book — the *Schoolmaster.*

Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster* is a very famous book. I think it was the first great book ever written in England on education. The schoolmasters in those days were a very savage set of men and they used to whip the children almost to death; the flogging-block was almost the principal thing in the school — the thing, I am sure, which most of the boys remembered longest. Good Roger Ascham thought that all this flogging was very bad business — and when you come to read his book and then think what pleasant places your own schools are and how gentle your teachers are and how much you owe to Roger Ascham and such men for making things so much better, I know that you will be very grateful.

About Latin and Greek, too. The way in which the old schoolmasters used to teach Latin and Greek Ascham thought a very poor way — and I think so too, for I had to learn my own Latin grammar that way. "To read the grammar alone by itself," said Ascham, "is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both." The scholar who translates one little book of Cicero into English, and then back from English into Latin, "will come to a better knowledge in the Latin tongue than the most part do, that spend four or five years in parsing all the rules of grammar in common schools.

Grammatica itself is sooner and surer learned by examples of good authors than by the naked rules of grammarians." So you see that this old schoolmaster of Queen Elizabeth, three hundred years ago, was the same sort of a reformer as Richard Grant White and the men to-day, who are trying to rid the schoolboys of the drudgery of the grammars.

The way to be educated, Roger Ascham said, is to read the best books. "If ye would speak as the best and wisest do, ye must be conversant where the best and wisest are." Best of all writers he thought Plato, Aristotle and Cicero. "I never yet knew scholar," he said, "that gave himself to like and love and follow chiefly those three authors, if he joined withal the Bible, but he proved both learned, wise, and also an honest man." I hope the boys will all write that down — Plato, Aristotle, Cicero and the Bible; only they must add to these the name of the man who was a little baby at Stratford-on-Avon when Roger Ascham was writing the *Schoolmaster* — Shakespeare.

The best of all teachers Roger Ascham thought was Socrates; and he says with Socrates, that the kind of child that a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose to make a scholar of is one that "hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep and ready to deliver; hath love to learning; hath lust to labor; hath desire to learn of others; hath boldness to ask any question; hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well doing." Is not that a fine description of a scholar?

A WIZARD.

By James Pennypacker.

'TWAS a famous East Indian wizard —
He could change a cow to a lizard,
A fish to a squirrel,
Or, just by a twirl,
Make gold from a black hen's gizzard.

This clever East Indian wizard
Fell in with a Kansas blizzard;
They had a set-to,
And when they got through
He didn't know "a" from "izzard."

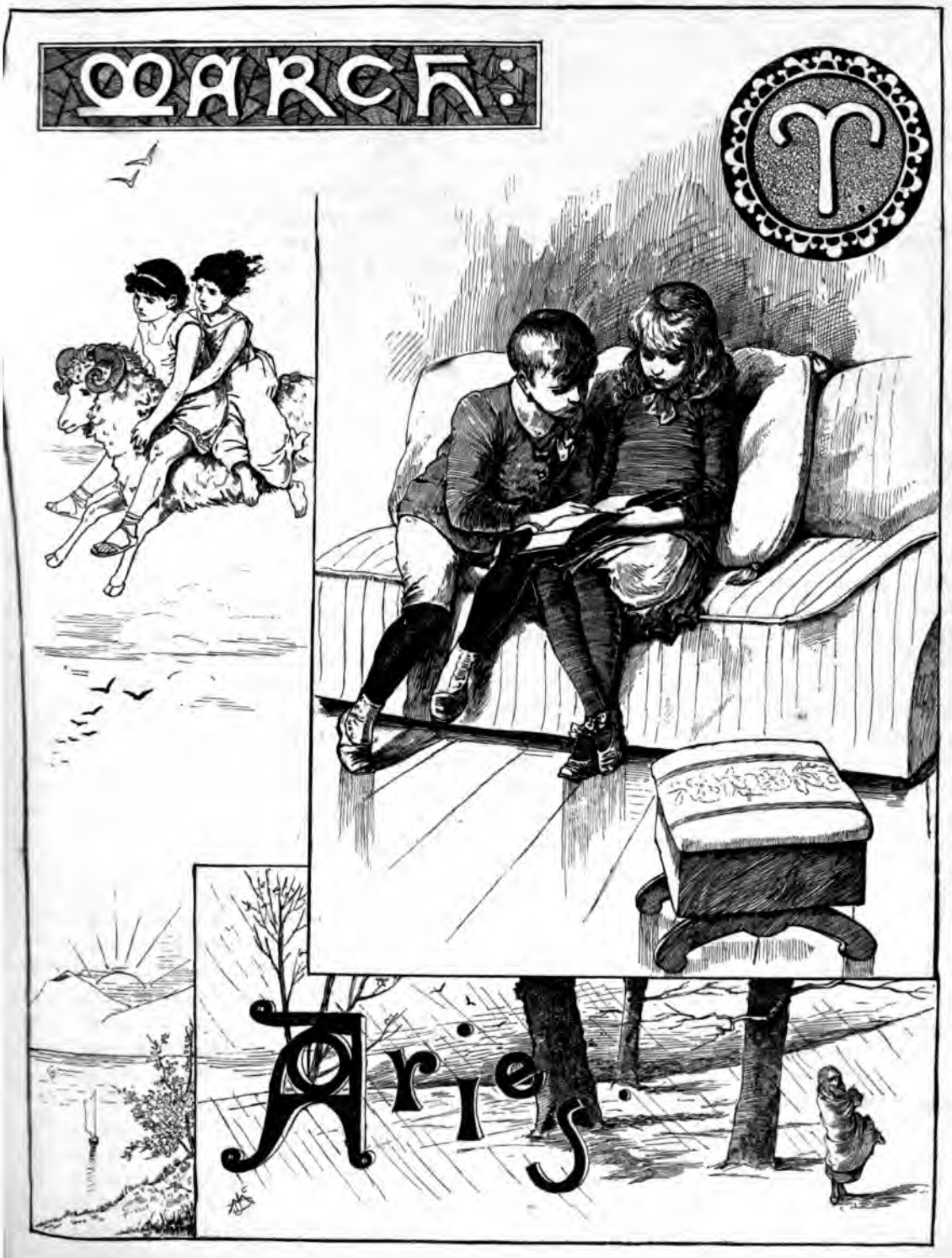
"'His golden horns and fleece of gold
Shone dazzling in the sunset light.
With Hellê and her brother bold
He skimmed the air in dizzy flight.'"
The raindrops down the window slide,
The hoarse wind moans in muffled rage;
Within, two fair heads, side by side,
Bend low above the enchanted page.

All heedless of the storm, they stray
In sunny fields of ancient Greece,
And with the fabled children play,
And see the Ram with golden fleece.
"Hark, Amy! 'Swift they flew and far,
Till "Farewell, Phrixos!" Hellê cried;
And falling like a falling star
She sank forever in the tide.'

"I would have held you, Amy dear!"
"Oh, how could Phrixos lose her so!
Please read the rest. I want to hear
What happened to the Ram, you know."
And all unheeded moans the gale,
While still they walk in Fairyland,
And ponder o'er the ancient tale
They can but dimly understand.

"So lived the Ram and so he died
Within the palace-walls at peace;
And people flocked from far and wide
To seek and win the Golden Fleece.'"
A charméd silence fills the room,
The firelight flickers on the floor,
The rain sounds softly through the gloom;
A footstep pauses at the door.

"You here, my dear?" a clear voice says.
"I've hunted for you everywhere!"
Then Ralph, in laughing earnest, lays
His hand on Amy's shining hair.
"No wonder that you looked in vain,
Mamma, for we have been to Greece —
We did not mind about the rain —
And I have found the Golden Fleece!"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IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE DINNER-TABLE WENT TO THE OPERA.

ALMOST before the strains of the "Sorrow comes here never" died away they all sprang to their feet and around and around the great Throne Room the whole court darted and dashed in a splendid game of Tag. The polished floor shone like ice and, somehow or other, almost before Ruthie could wonder how it came to pass, every one in the room was whirling around on roller-skates. Tag on roller-skates! It was glorious.

The Gamekeepers darted in every direction with their little pieces of carpet, or "Hunk," and just at the very instant that any one wished to "touch hunk," there it was close at hand. Every one was "it," just when he or she wanted to be, and no one was caught unless he or she felt like it. And so, sliding and gliding, and racing and chasing, around and around the great Throne Room, they all scampered until Ruthie panted for breath and thought that she had never known quite so nice a game of Tag in all her life.

Then, after they had all "cooled off" at the great Lemonade Fountain, three or four of the rainbow-hued pages took their places around the Throne. The Chief of the Gamekeepers cried out, "Now, then, hide your eyes!" and the obedient pages instantly took out their eyes and hid them under the rugs, or in their pockets. And while they counted up to five hundred all the rest of that jolly company secreted themselves behind rocks and trees and in all sorts of curious hiding-places — for, suddenly, there was the whole room full of the most convenient nooks and corners and rocks and trees just when they were wanted. And then the pages, having counted up to five hundred, put in their eyes again and went peering and poking about the room with long poles, like a boat-hook or a shepherd's crook, to pull the fugitives out of their hiding-places; and, while they searched for the hiders, the Gamekeepers scattered their strips of "Hunk" around the room and, suddenly, there would come a great rush as with ringing shouts of "Relieve O!" the hiders scampered to their places of safety.

Well, after this very real game of "Hide-and-Seek" had been kept up, long and boisterously, until every one was flushed and tired with all the running and dodging and laughing, the Chief of the Gamekeepers cried out, "What goes up the chimney?"

And Ruthie, thinking it might be a conundrum, answered promptly, "Why, smoke."

"Then the play's broke!" shouted every one in the room and, with that, puff! came a great cloud of smoke and, when it had cleared away, the nooks and corners, the rocks and trees had all vanished and the floor of the Throne Room began to move up and up, "just like the elevator at Arnold's or Loesen's," thought Ruthie. Suddenly it stopped and, behold! there they were in a beautiful banquet hall, with a long dining-table in the centre on which were the most lovely toy dishes and doll's dinner-services that could be imagined, and the same charming French dolls that Ruthie had seen in the square of the Mulberry Bush waited at table and the whole court sat down to a brilliant and beautiful make-believe feast. In fact they all ate so much "make-believe" food and drank so much "make-believe" tea and coffee that Ruthie declared she felt as full as — well, as a Third Avenue Elevated Railroad train or a Fulton ferry-boat at six o'clock, "because," she said, "my papa says they are the *fullest* things he knows of."

Then the goat danced the sailor's hornpipe on the soup-tureen, turned bottom side up for the purpose, and the squirrel waltzed elegantly with the sugar-tongs, while the Eagle with the Golden Beak,

Diamond Eyes, Silver Claws, and Purple Featheas, sang the ballad of "The Lobster and the Quail" so touchingly that an *encore* was demanded. So he sang again with much force and feeling:

The Lobster on the quarter-deck
Sang sweetly to the Quail,
"Come to me, dear,
Come to me, here,
As merrily we sail;
O'er land and sea
There's none like thee,
Bird of the nut-brown tail."

The Quail demurely shook her head —
And then she looked aghast!
For stealthily,
The Weasel, he
Came climbing down the mast!
He checked her moans,
He crunched her bones,
And sighed when all was past!

The Lobster on the quarter-deck
Looked o'er the ocean's swell,
And dreamily
Composed a glee,
The coy young Quail to quell.
For love is blind,
As love does find —
And *both* did love her well!

When the applause and the murmurings of "How sweet!" and "Wasn't it beautiful?" had subsided, the Chief of the Gamekeepers cleared the table and, marking it off in squares, made all the court act as counters while he and Ruthie played with these novel counters a splendid game of Parchesi on the dining-table. And though the Blind-Man-in-Buff would persist in losing his way and would stumble into the wrong square, though Puss-in-the-Corner would worry and frighten the squirrel, though the Genteel-Gentleman-always-Genteel would in his over-politeness escort Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun to her square or stay behind in order to be agreeable to the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-Horned, still, as Ruthie said, all these perplexities only made the game more lively. At last Ruthie won the game and, mounted on the goat, rode as victor in triumph around the table with a smilax-wreathed salad dish on her head as a crown and the squirrel frantically waving a yellow and crimson doily as the banner of the conqueror.

"How do I look to go to the opera, my dear?" asked Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun.

"The opera?" said Ruthie, quite puzzled, "what opera?"

"Why, our court opera, to be sure," answered Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun. "We always have an opera here — well, whenever we like; and as we always like, why of course we can always have it. So, how do I look?"

"Why, you know you always look the same," Ruthie responded. "Don't you know —

'As fair as a lily
As brown as a bun.'"

"Talking of buns," said Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun, "did you ever see a bun dance on the table?"

But Ruthie had heard that before and was not to be caught with old riddles.

"Of course," she replied carelessly, "I saw abundance of everything on this table only a little while ago."

TAG ON ROLLER-SKATES.

"It's not polite to answer conundrums correctly," said Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun, rather touchily; "you should always say 'I don't know,' you know."

"But I do know, you know," said truthful Ruthie.

"How do you know I know?" demanded her companion.

"Oh, I don't know you know, you know, but I do know I know, you know," Ruthie explained.

A HORNPIPE ON THE SOUP TUREEN.

"What an absurd child!" exclaimed Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun. "Why, how can"—

But just here the Chief of the Gamekeepers called out, "Now, then; who's for the opera?" and immediately every one sprang up on the dining-table and sat there, Turk fashion, waiting for the next move.

"Hitch up!" commanded the Chief of the Gamekeepers, and the twenty-six rainbow-hued pages quickly harnessed six heavy black-walnut chairs to the dining-table and handed the reins to the Chief of the Gamekeepers. He cracked his long whip and shouted "Get up there!" to his fiery steeds and, with the Tribune at his right hand tooting away on a long tally-ho coach horn, with the squirrel at his left hand, frantically waving the yellow and crimson doily, with six pages galloping ahead as outriders mounted on spirited high-chairs, and six more closing the procession on prancing crimson-covered piano-stools, around and around the great Throne Room at a tearing rate went the dinner-table carrying the whole jolly court to the opera.

"Where is the opera, please?" asked Ruthie of Puss-in the-Corner.

"Oh, it's right here; we'll be there in a jiffy if we keep on at this rate," Puss-in-the-Corner replied. "Hello there, hold fast! Look out for that turn, Ruthie, or you'll get pitched overboard. Goodness, how these chairs do travel!"

"What is the opera to be?" asked Ruthie, still thirsting for information.

Puss-in-the-Corner consulted his watch. "Well, if we get there on Time," he said, "it will be 'Bachelor Blue and the London Lassie,' but if we are late the chances are that we shall all be sold."

"Oh dear, I hope we sha'n't be late. It would be dreadful to have to be sold. Imagine the auctioneer offering Me for sale. 'Now, then, who takes the next lot? One Ruthie'"—

"A trifle shopworn and somewhat the worse for wear but warranted to be sound, kind and true!" put in the squirrel.

"Dear, dear, though; don't be late," pleaded Ruthie.

"Well, Time flies, you know," Puss-in-the-Corner explained, "so if we can only get on Time, we're all right."

"Here comes Time!" shouted the outriders.

"Take him by the forelock!" called out the Gamekeepers.

So the Chief of the Gamekeepers took Time by the forelock and all the court clambered up behind.

"That's all right; now we are on Time, you see," said Puss-in-the-Corner, as he helped Ruthie up, "and here we are at the Opera!"

In an instant, by one of those sudden transformations that were continually bewildering Ruthie, in this town of Play-Day, the dinner-table changed into a stage with a beautiful curtain of satin and real point lace, with footlights, and decorations and luxurious boxes in one of which sat Ruthie with the Chief of the Gamekeepers. She heard with delight the spirited overture by the full orchestra and waited in sweet and eager anticipation until the lights flashed up and the curtain rose. And then, with all her eyes and ears, Ruthie drank in the song, and scenery, and action of the curious and comical opera of "BACHELOR BLUE AND THE LONDON LASSIE." And such an opera as it was! Of course, one cannot attempt to describe it here. Whoever could describe one of those bewitching

A WALTZ WITH THE SUGAR-TONGS.

and bewildering operas they have in No-Man's Land? Even Miss Ruthie's report of it was rather misty and uncertain and she herself, as she has tried to remember a half-forgotten air, has said time and again, "O, why didn't I bring the libretto away with me?" Perhaps that libretto may some day come from No-Man's Land, but it is enough now to state that, as Ruthie thought it all over and tried to remember the plot, she came to the conclusion that it was the affecting story of the poor bachelor in "Mother Goose" whose woes had so often aroused her sympathies:

When I was a bachelor
  I lived by myself
And all the bread and cheese I got
  I put upon the shelf.

The rats and the mice,
  They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London,
  And get myself a wife.

The streets were so small,
  And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
  In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
  My wife had a fall —
And down came wheelbarrow,
  Wife and all.

Many and many a time since that remarkable day has Ruthie shut her eyes and seen it all passing before her "Just like a dream," she says: the bright stage, the lively action, the rollicking songs and choruses and a confused mass of gayly-dressed rats and mice surging and singing and scurrying around poor perplexed Bachelor Blue. Costumes and colors and comical action crowded upon delighted little Ruthie as she sat so comfortably in the luxurious private box with the Chief of the Gamekeepers and she didn't take her eyes off the stage from the first scene where the Robber Rats and Mice came trooping around the poor

POOR PERPLEXED BACHELOR BLUE.

Bachelor, to the grand finale where the London Lassie picking herself up from the broken wheelbarrow swooped down upon the marauders and

NOT GOING TO RISE? AH, SHE HAD TO!

swept them all out of the Bachelor's house with her broom and a jolly song.

But, no sooner had the strains of the final chorus ceased than whisk! away vanished stage, curtain, orchestra, opera, and all, and in their place Ruthie saw a beautiful parlor, luxuriously furnished. Into this they all stepped and when they were comfortably seated the Chief of the Gamekeepers told them to put their hands in their laps, palm to palm. Then with his hands, in the same position, he would stop before each one and, seeming to drop something into their hand would say:

"Hold fast all I give you! hold fast all I give you!"

Ruthie really did feel something drop into her palms as he stopped before her an instant, but, though she was dreadfully curious, she made no sign.

The Chief of the Gamekeepers stood facing them all. "Button, button! who's got the button?" he demanded.

No answer. Each one looked at his or her neighbor inquiringly, but no one replied to the question. Then the Chief of the Gamekeepers said, "The one who's got the button, rise!"

"I'm not going to rise," said Ruthie to herself. "He can find out for himself."

Not going to rise, eh? ah, but she had to. For the Chief of the Gamekeepers holding a great horseshoe magnet before him pointed it straight at each member of the company in succession. And, when it pointed towards Ruthie she began to rise and rise, up from the ottoman on which she was sitting, and she couldn't help herself either.

"Ah ha; ah ha! Ruthie's got it; Ruthie's got it," they all shouted.

In her novel position, Ruthie forgot all about the hard substance in her hand. "O, what have I got?" she cried, "whooping cough, or mumps, or measles, or what? Is it catching?" for Ruthie's mamma was a very anxious mamma and her fear lest Ruthie should "catch something" was well known to that little maiden.

"Ho — no," they all cried, "the button, the button! You've got the button!"

"O, have I?" she said, still "sitting on nothing" above their heads. And then as the Chief of the Gamekeepers swayed and waved his magnet this way and that Ruthie floated through the air following the wave of the magnet. But all at once he raised the magnet high and held it motionless and then — pop! out from Ruthie's hand flew the bright steel button straight to the horseshoe magnet while Ruthie as promptly dropped from her "ærial flight" plump into the golden side saddle on the goat's back. But ever since that magnetic ride she declares that she knows just how it feels to be a bird and she says also, that "it's perfectly lovely."

After that they all sat in a circle and played "He can do Little that can't do This," with a gold-headed cane. But the squirrel would persist in rapping the goat's clumsy hind-feet each time with the cane until the goat protested, "Well, you can't do this again," and threw the cane away in disgust. Then they tried "Malaga Raisins," and Ruthie learned what had long perplexed her, that "Malaga Raisins are very good raisins," because they are nice and fresh and juicy, but, then, "the Raisins of Smyrna are better," because, "you see," she said, "they were all put up in French candies and *glacé*."

She felt real sorry for the poor little page whom the Chief of the Gamekeepers next made to stand up on a hassock in the centre of the room so that they could use him to play the three panes — "top, middle, or bottom." He was selected because he had eaten so many of the raisins that he answered very well; "He did have three pains, you know," explained Ruthie, "a headache, a stomach-ache, and a corn on his little toe, and so we could play the game splendidly, but O, that poor little page did groan and squirm fearfully all the time!"

As they were playing "Crossed or Uncrossed," the goat who had not forgotten how the squirrel had "caned" him, managed to pass the scissors so clumsily that he "jabbed" the squirrel in the leg with the sharp points. The squirrel, shrieked with pain and scolded the goat in his frankest manner while passing the scissors on to his next neighbor, Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-sun.

"Do I pass these scissors cross' or uncross'?" he asked her, chopping off his syllables spitefully.

"Cross, decidedly!" said Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-sun. "You're the crossest squirrel that ever chattered," and she walked away from him.

As Ruthie put some court-plaster on his wound, the squirrel said, looking at the goat and Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-sun, who stood a little way off, making fun of him, "H'm! they think they're so smart, don't they?"

"Well, that's the difference between you," said Ruthie, pressing hard on the court-plaster to make it stick, "they think they are so smart, and you think you smart so."

"O, O, Ruthie! that's the worst we ever heard!" they shouted. "You must pay for that. Which will you do, twirl the platter or go to prison?"

"I think I'll twirl the platter, please, if it's all the same to you," Ruthie said rather guiltily.

"Well, then twirl away quick," said the Chief of the Gamekeepers, "because it's time to go," and the pages twined a silken scarf about her waist and made her hold a golden platter high above her head. Then three or four pages taking hold of each of the long ends of the scarf, twirled her and twirled her until she spun around and around like a teetotum. Soon the whole room seemed to whirl and spin and the first thing she knew the platter went flying out of her hands, she, followed by all the court, dizzy and dazed with so much

THEY TWIRLED HER AND TWIRLED HER.

twirling, went reeling and spinning out through the parlor door and so on down the great steps of the palace into the air and the sunshine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FAIRY-GIRL was out of money
And wondered how she'd get a bonnet;
And so, she'd such a tiny head,
She tied a purple monk's-hood on it,
And left the poor monk shivering so
Without his purple hood heigho!

WHY HE WAS WHIPPED.

By Mrs. Amy Terese Powelson.

HE was seven years old, lived in Cheyenne, and his name was Tommy. Moreover he was going to school for the first time in his life. Out here little people are not allowed to attend school when they are five or six, for the Law says: "Children under seven must not go to school."

But now Tommy was seven and had been to school two weeks, and such delightful weeks! Every day mamma listened to long accounts of how "me and Dick Ray played marbles," and "us fellers cracked the whip." There was another thing that he used to tell mamma about, something that in those first days he always spoke of in the most subdued tones, and that — I am sorry to record it of any school, much more a Cheyenne school — was the numerous whippings that were administered to various little boys and girls. There was something painfully fascinating about those whippings to restless, mischievous little Tommy who had never learned the art of sitting still. He knew his turn might come at any moment and one night he cried out in his sleep: "Oh, dear, what will become of me if I get whipped!" But as the days passed on and this possible retribution overtook him not, his fears gradually forsook him, and instead of speaking pitifully of "those poor little children who were whipped," he mentioned them in a casual off-hand manner as "those cry-babies, you know?" One afternoon mamma saw him sitting on the porch, slapping his little fat hand with a strap. "Tommy, child, what in the world are you doing?" she asked.

Into his pocket he thrust the strap, and the pink cheeks grew pinker still as their owner answered:

"I — I — was just seeing — how hard I could hit my hand — without crying;" and he disappeared around the side of the house before mamma could ask any more questions.

The next day Tommy's seatmate, Dicky Ray, was naughty in school, and Miss Linnet called him up, opened her desk, took out a little riding whip — it was a bright blue one — and then and there administered punishment. And because he cried, when recess came, Tommy said: "Isn't Dick Ray just a reg'lar girl cry-baby?" (He had learned that word from some of the big boys, but, mind you! he never dared to say it before his mother.)

Dick's face flushed with anger. "Never you mind, Tommy Brown," said he, "just wait till you get whipped and we'll see a truly girl-cry-baby then, won't we, Daisy?"

And blue-eyed Daisy, who was the idol of their hearts, nodded her curly little head in the most emphatic manner, and said she "wouldn't be one bit s'prised if he'd holler so loud that they would hear him way down in Colorado."

Tommy stood aghast! for, really and truly, he wasn't quite so stony-hearted a little mortal as he appears to be; he had been secretly rather sorry for Dick, but — he wanted Daisy to think that he himself was big and manly, and he had the opinion that this was just the way to win her admiration. But all this time *he didn't know what Daisy did* — that Dick's pockets were full of sugar-plums; tiptop ones too, for Daisy had tasted them, and knew that little packets of them would from time to time find their way into her chubby hand.

All the rest of the morning Tommy kept thinking, thinking, thinking. One thing was certain: the present situation was not to be endured one moment longer than was absolutely necessary. But what could he do? Should he fight Dicky? This plan was rejected at once, on high, moral grounds. Well, then, supposing some dark night he should see Daisy on the street, just grab her, hold on tight and say: "Now, Daisy Rivers, I won't let you go till you promise you'll like me a great deal betterer than you do Dick Ray." There seemed something nice about this plan, very nice; the more Tommy thought of it, the better he liked it; only there were two objections to it. Firstly: Daisy never by any chance ventured out doors after dark. Secondly: Neither did Tom.

Both objections being insurmountable, this delightful scheme was reluctantly abandoned, and the thinking process went on harder than ever, till

t last — oh, oh! if he only dared! What a tri-
mph it would be! But then he couldn't — yes,
e could too. Didn't she say that she "wouldn't
e one bit s'prised if he hollered so loud that they
ould hear him way down in Colorado?" Colo-
do, indeed! He'd show her there was one boy
the school who wasn't a girl-cry-baby!

Yes, actually, foolish Tommy had decided to
ove his manhood by being whipped, and that
at interesting little event should take place that
ry afternoon!

What did he do? He whispered six times!

Had it been any other child, he would surely
ve been punished; but Miss Linnet knew both
ommy and his mamma quite well, and therefore
e knew also, quite well, that only a few days ago
e one horror of Tommy's life had been the
ought that he might possibly be whipped. Then
o, it was his first term at school, and hitherto he
ad been very good. So she decided to keep him
iter school and talk to him of the sinfulness of
ad conduct in general, and of whispering in par-
cular. This plan she faithfully carried out, and
e little culprit's heart so melted within him that
e climbed up on his teacher's lap, put his arms
round her neck and kissed her, crying he would
ever be so naughty again. He was just going to
ell her all about Daisy, when in walked a friend of
Miss Linnet's, so he went home instead. The next
morning he started for school with the firm deter-
mination to be a good child, and I really believe
e would have been had not that provoking little
itch of a Daisy marched past him in a very inde-
endent manner, her saucy nose away up in the
ir, and a scornful look in the pretty blue eyes. It
as more than flesh and blood could stand. All
Tom's good resolutions flew sky-high.

When twelve o'clock came Miss Linnet's list of
delinquents begun in this wise:

WHISPER MARKS.

Thomas Brown - - - - - - -	15
Melinda Jones - - - - - - -	11

There was great excitement among the little
people. How dared any one be so dreadfully
bad! Tommy's heart sank, sank, sank, when
Miss Linnet said: "When school begins this af-
ternoon I shall punish Tommy and Melinda."

And she did! She called them both up on the
platform, made them clasp hands and stand with
their backs against the blackboard, then wrote
just above their heads:

Thomas Brown and Melinda Jones } Partners in disgrace. 15 plus 11 = 26

Oh, how mortified and ashamed Tommy was!
If only she had whipped him, or if it had been
some other girl. But *Melinda Jones!!!* At the
end of ten minutes, Miss Linnet let them take
their seats; but Tommy's heart burned within
him. *Daisy had laughed when he stood there holding
Melinda's hand!* There were deep crimson spots
on Tommy's cheeks all that afternoon and a reso-
lute, determined look in his bright brown eyes, but
he was very still and quiet.

Later in the day the children were startled by a

PARTNERS IN DISGRACE.

sudden commotion on the other side of the room.
Daisy was writing on her slate and Melinda Jones,

in passing to her seat, accidentally knocked it out of her hands; without a moment's hesitation,

TOMMY PROVES HIS HEROISM.

Daisy, by way of expressing her feelings, snatched her slate and promptly administered such a sounding "whack!" on Melinda's back and shoulders as brought a shriek of anguish from that poor, little unfortunate who began to think that if all the days of her life were to be like unto this day, existence would certainly prove a burden.

Just about two minutes later Miss Linnet was standing by her desk, a ruler in one hand and Daisy's open palm in the other, while Daisy herself, miserable little culprit, stood white and trembling before her. As she raised the ruler to give the first blow, Tommy sprang forward, placed himself at Daisy's side, put his open palm over hers, and with tears in his eyes, pleaded in this wise:

"Please, Miss Linnet, whip me instead! She is only just a little girl and I *know* she' hurt her so! I'd rather it would be m than Daisy — truly Oh, please whip me

And Miss Linn him, while Daisy, fi morse, clung to him if her heart would be sure, somebody to know, told me lightest "feruling" received; but Daisy both assured their r it was the "dreadful hardest whipping ev

"And did my littl asked mamma.

"No, indeed! I as I could, looked a smiled, 'cause I wa wasn't her."

Then that proud mamma took him i and kissed him; a the midst of the walked Daisy.

"Would Tommy j and take supper wit

Of course he wou walked off hand in h they passed Dick Tommy suggested: they forgive Dick a go 'long too." And Daisy agreeing, that young gentleman out and mag informed him that he was forgiven come and have supper with them.

What in the world they had to forg knows; but then, so long as forgiven such an eminently satisfactory arran round — why, nobody need care.

The children waited outside the gate coaxed his mother to let him go, ar there, hand in hand, Daisy plucked t grace and with very rosy cheeks and a her of general penitence, said some sweet in a very small voice:

"I'm sorry you were whipped, and c I wish I hadn't said you'd holler!"

UNSATISFIED.

By Adelaide G. Waters.

THERE was a little chicken that was shut up in a shell,
He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot tell
What I am walled in here for — a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely morn in May,
Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only proper way;
"This yard is much too narrow — a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He crept up to the gateway and slipped betwixt a crack,
The world stretched wide before him, and just as widely back;
"This world is much too narrow — a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

"I should like to have Ideals, I should like to tread the stars,
To get the Unattainable, and free my soul from bars;
I should like to leave this dark earth and some other dwelling find,
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"There's a place where ducks and pleasure-boats go sailing to and fro,
There's one world on the surface and another world below."
The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink inclined,
They swallowed up the chicken with an enterprising mind.

A SQUALL.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, P. O. Box 188, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY TANGLES.

8. Washington, 1775, made commander-in.chief; 1776, British retreat from Boston; 1777, battle of Princeton; 1778, encamped at White Plains; 1779, Capture of André.

9. ZORIL
SUMAC
NAGOR
.MANIS
NICER
CHEAP

10. A draught.

11. 1. Gubernatorial.
2. Daguerreotypes.
3. Penitentiary.
4. Editorials.

No. 12. BEHEADINGS.

Behead a color and leave want; a level surface and leave a pathway; a part of the face and leave an affirmative; noises and leave an aid to exercise; a term that sailors use and leave a verb; a receptacle and leave to inquire; small animals and leave a cold substance; a bird and leave a turmoil; what is necessary to beauty and leave what is necessary to health; dry and leave curved.

The ten words left after beheading may be used in the following sentences to replace the dashes.

As Grace Merton was walking up the ——, her aunt called to —— her if she had picked the currants for supper. She answered "——." Just then her mamma came from the house and said, "Do the plants —— water?" At the same instant Grace's brother Charlie rushed up saying his —— was spoiled for that afternoon, as he had lost one of his ——. The four now went and sat in the —— entrance to the house enjoying the fresh ——. Grace now asked her mamma if they could have some —— cream, "for you know we —— very fond of them."

FLORENCE AND HER COUSIN.

No. 13. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To value; to embellish; to hang upon; a lazy person; part of a book; short poems; a goddess. Primals, calm. Finals to write.

S. C. L.

No. 14. AMPUTATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail clotted blood, and leave a liquor.
2. To creep on the ground, and leave to wander.
3. A jet of water thrown on some part of the body, and leave an ornament.
4. A little flower, and leave learning.
5. Showy, and leave a relation.
6. To despise, and leave a solemn affirmation.

CYRIL DEANE.

No. 15. A DIAMOND.

A consonant; a step; interstices; a rampart; a pigment; a body of water; a consonant.

UNCLE WILL.

No. 17. TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Change the hind leg of a horse into one who plays for money.
2. The people of England into loose pebbles.
3. Implements of warfare into scattered.
4. Satisfied into in place of; again, into a certain kind of fruit.
5. A graving tool into a name for an animal.
6. To return an impulse into to provide food.

CYRIL DEANE.

No. 19. CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

In work, not in play;
In April, not in May;
In side, not in back;
In sleigh, not in hack;
In pain, not in hurt;
In waist, not in skirt;
In early and in late;
In kind, not in hate;
In seen, not in look.
My whole, a well-known book.

M. D. F.

SOLVERS.

December Tangles were solved by Carl A. Thompson, Harry Lane, Susie Williams, Mary C. Cook, Sphinx, Carl B. Wood, Alice H. Stearns, Harper A. Hime, Geo. Nattinger, Emeline L. Cole, Gypsy, H. Wilbur Paret, Louise A. Browne, C. W. Currier, Jennie Burton, John and Kate Linn, Annie A. Conray, Fannie Marston, Alden March, Miss M. A. Huntingdon, T. Patmie, L. C. T., Cyril Deane, C. Halloway, Marion Potter, Charles B. Elliott, John Cutler, Mollie B. Fox, Winifred Warren, H. A. Davis, Mary H. White, Edith M. D'Orsay, Willard A. Morey, David H. Miller, Maude Bugbee, C. E. Bailey, Deane S. Reynolds, William S. Gaylord, Winifred M. Sebring, Mrs. M. O. Banks, Vennie L. Porter.

PRIZE WINNERS.

No. 1. Maude Bugbee, Quincy, Ill.
No. 3. Susie Williams, Hartford, Conn.
No. 7. Winifred Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.
First complete list, Annie A. Conray, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Next best list, "Cyril Deane," Bryant's Pond, Me.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for first solutions of this month's Tangles: —

No. 13. An illustrated magazine.

No. 17. Mrs. Hurd's Niece, by Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt.

For the first complete list, we will send WIDE AWAKE six months.

For the next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

All answers must be received by March 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, young and old, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original Tangles for publication as above directed.

A SONG OF HOPE.

Words by GEORGE MACDONALD.

Music composed for "Wide Awake," by S. JADASSOHN, of Leipsic.

Agitato.

p *cres.*

Agitato e con passione.

1. Sigh - ing a - bove, Rus - tling be - low,
2. Thro' the brown leaves Gold stars push; A
3. Thro' the bush The winds go, With a

p

Through the woods The winds go. Be - neath, dead crowds; a -
mist of green Veils the bush. Here a twit - ter,
long speech Loud and slow, The grass is fine, and

cres.

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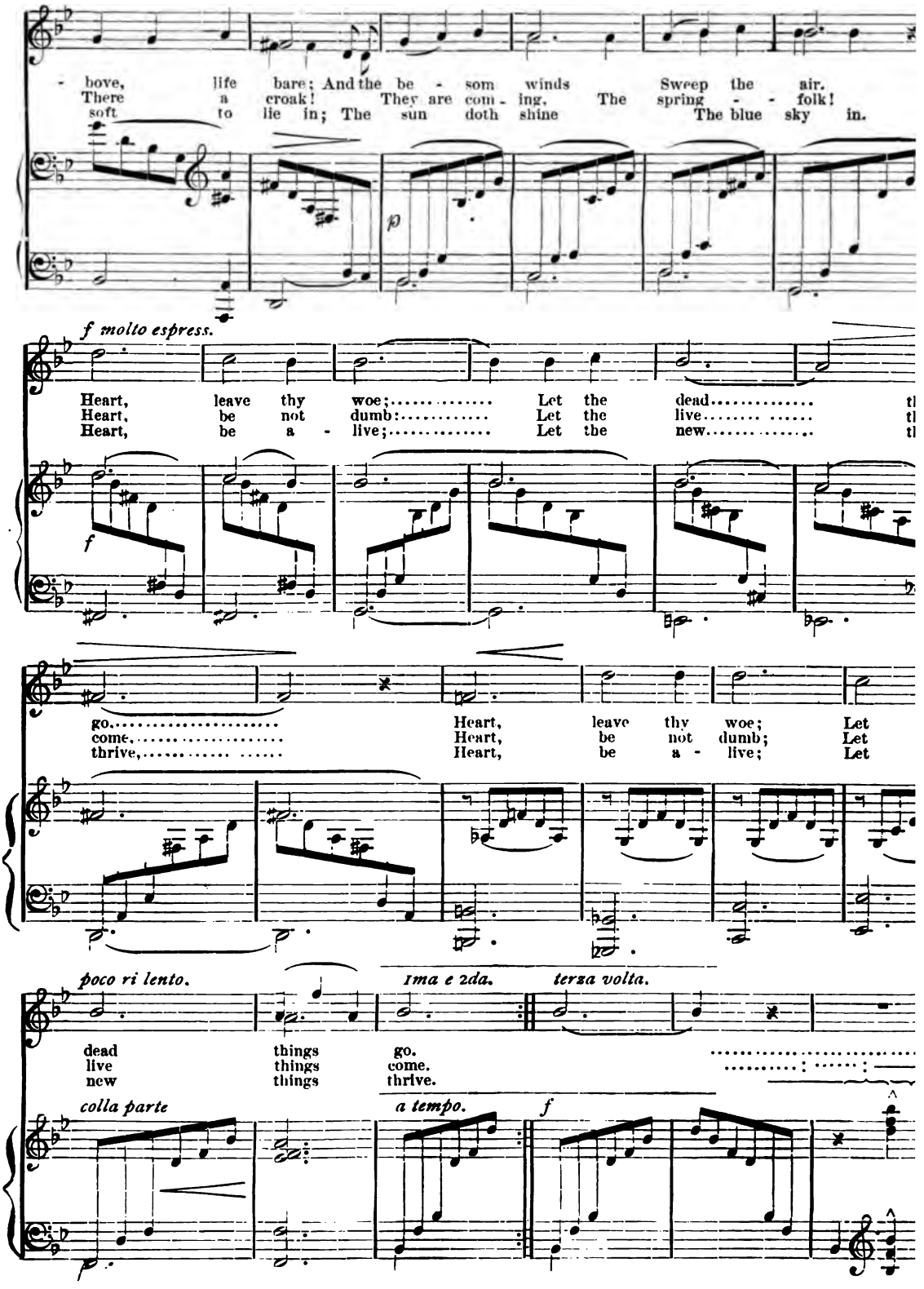
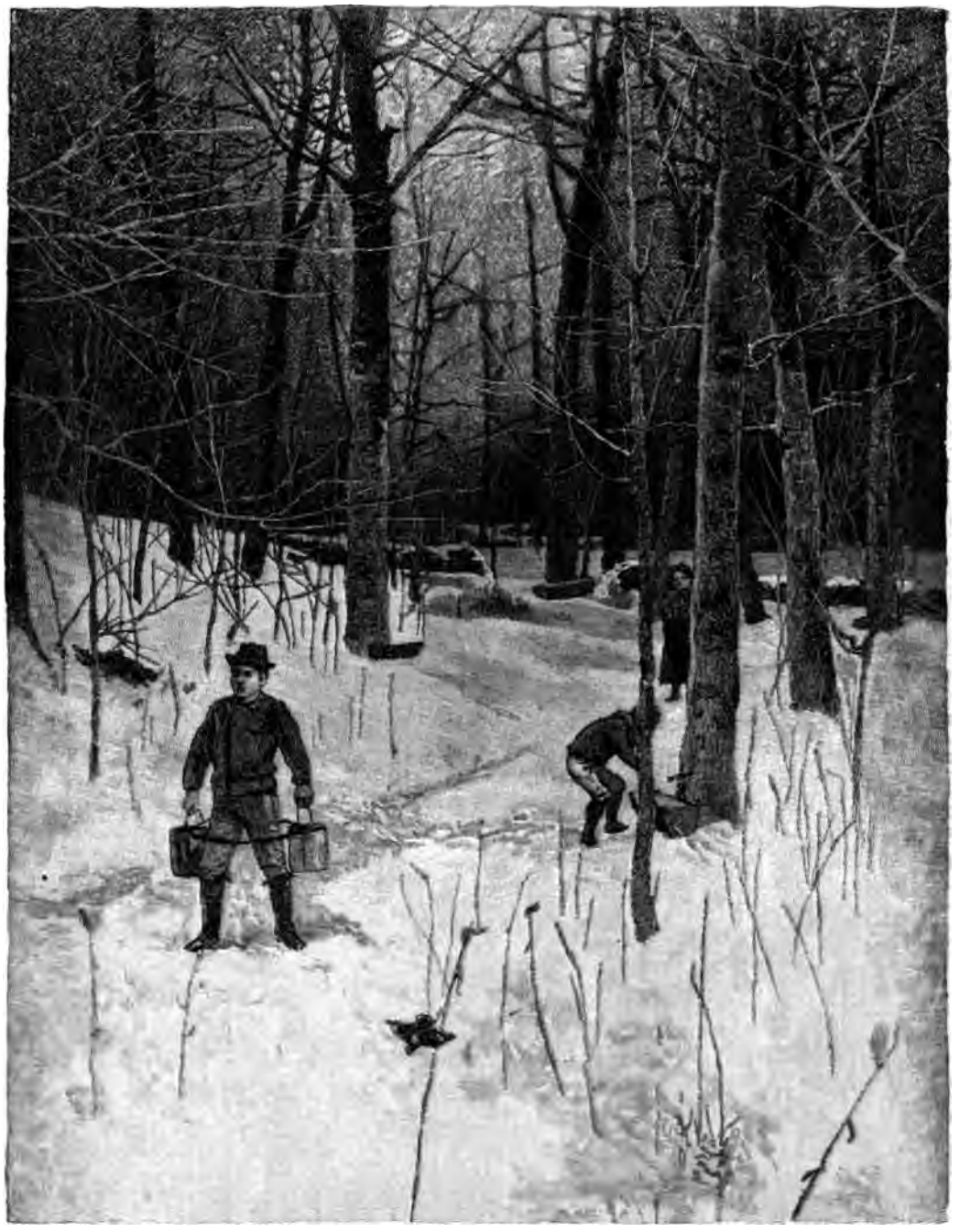

- bove, life bare; And the be - som winds Sweep the air.
There a croak! They are com - ing, The spring - - folk!
soft to lie in; The sun doth shine The blue sky in.
p
f molto espress.
Heart, leave thy woe;..... Let the dead.....
Heart, be not dumb:..... Let the live..... .....
Heart, be a - live;..... Let the new.....
f
go.....
come.....
thrive,..... .....
Heart, leave thy woe; Let
Heart, be not dumb; Let
Heart, be a - live; Let
poco ri lento.
1ma e 2da.
terza volta.
dead things go.
live things come.
new things thrive.
colla parte
a tempo.
f



IN THE SUGAR ORCHARD. *Page* 289.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 18. APRIL, 1884. NO. 5.

AUNT POLLY SHEDD'S BRIGADE.

By Mrs. H. G. Rowe.

"SOMETHING about the Battle of Hampden?" Grandma took off her spectacles and wiped them reflectively. "It seems to me already I have told you everything worth telling; but there!" in a sudden burst of recollection, "did I ever tell you about Aunt Polly Shedd's Brigade? That was quite an affair to those of us that belonged to it!"

"Oh, no! do tell us about it!" called out the three childish voices in chorus; and grandma only waited to knit by the seam needle.

"I've told you all about it so many times that I don't need to describe again that dreadful morning when the British man-of-war came up the river and, dropping her anchor just opposite our little village of Hampden, sent troops ashore to take possession of the place in the King's name. So what I am going to tell you now is how, and where, we youngsters spent the three days that the British occupied our houses. I was about twelve years old at the time. I remember that it was just as we were getting up from the breakfast-table that one of our neighbors, Sol Grant, old General Grant's youngest son, rushed in without knocking, his face as white as a sheet, and his cap on hindside before, and called out hurriedly:

"'Mr. Swett, if you love your family, for God's sake find a place of safety for 'em! The British are coming ashore — three boat-loads of 'em, armed to the teeth — and they won't spare man, woman nor child.'

"Mother's face grew very pale, but she stepped quietly around, with her baby on her arm, close to where father was standing, and laid one hand on his arm, while she said, in a firm, clear voice:

"'*My* place is with you, Benjamin, but we must think of some place of safety for the children. Where can they go?'

"Sol was just rushing out of the door as unceremoniously as he had rushed in, but he stopped when he heard her ask that, long enough to say:

"'I forgot to tell you that Aunt Polly Shedd will take all the children put in her charge out to Old Gubtil's; that's so out of the way they won't be disturbed, 'specially as the old man's a tory himself.'

"Mother kissed us all round, with a smile on her face that couldn't quite hide the tears with which her dear eyes were filled, and as she hastily bundled us in whatever garment came to hand, she bade us be good children, and make aunt Polly and the Gubtils as little trouble as possible. Then we followed father out-of-doors and into the schoolhouse yard where a score or more of children were already gathered — still as mice for intense terror. Aunt Polly, in her big green calash, and a pillowcase of valuables under one arm, was bustling to and fro, speaking an encouraging or admonitory

word, as the case might be, and wearing upon her pinched, freckled little face such a reassuring smile that I soon felt my own courage rise and, dashing back the tears that had filled my eyes a moment before, I busied myself in pinning little Sally's blanket more closely about her neck and setting the faded sunbonnet upon the tangled curls that had not yet had their customary morning's dressing.

"'Come, children,' called out aunt Polly cheerily, 'you're all here now, and we'll start right off. I'll go ahead, an' all you little ones had best keep close to me; the bigger ones can come along behind.'

"Obedient to her order we started, following her steps across the road by the beeches, and up by the grocery store where a crowd of excited men were congregated, talking loudly with wild gesticulations, while farther down, toward the shore, we could catch glimpses, through the thick morning fog, of the blue uniforms of our militia company that had been summoned in hot haste to defend the town. As we filed past, I remember I heard one of the men on the grocery steps speak:

"'I tell you they won't leave one stone on another if they get possession of the town, and they'll impress all the able-bodied men and all the big boys into the King's service besides.'

"A cold shiver ran over me and I caught so hard at little Sally's hand that the child cried out with pain, and aunt Polly said anxiously:

"'Hurry up, dears! 'tain't much more'n a mile out to Gubtil's, and you'll have a good nice chance to rest after we get there.'

"Just then the martial music of a fife and drum announced the landing of the enemy's troops, and I tell you it quickened the lagging footsteps of even the youngest child into a run, and we just flew, helter-skelter, over the rough, little-used road that led to the Gubtil farm. Aunt Polly's gentle tones were unheeded. All she could do was to carry the weakest in her arms over all the worst places, with a word of cheer, now and then, to some child who was not too much frightened to heed it.

"What a haven of safety the low, unpainted old farmhouse looked to us, as we rushed, pell-mell, into the dooryard, never noticing, in our own relief, the ungracious scowl with which the master *and mistress of the house* regarded our advent.

"Aunt Polly soon explained matters, taking care to assure the inhospitable pair that our parents would amply recompense them for the trouble and expense we must, of course, be to them.

"The farmer held a whispered consultation with his wife, and I remember well his harsh, loud tones as he came back to aunt Polly:

"'They'll *have* to stay, I s'pose; there don't seem no help for it now. There's pertaters in the cellar, an' they can roast an' eat what they want. I'll give 'em salt an' what milk an' brown bread they want, an' that's what they'll have to live on for the present. As for housin' 'em, the boys can sleep on the hay in the barn, an' the girls can camp down on rugs an' comforters on the kitchen floor. That's the best I can do, an' if they ain't satisfied they can go furder.'

"I remember just how he looked down at the troubled, childish faces upturned to his own, as if half hoping we might conclude to wander yet farther away from our imperilled homes; but aunt Polly hastened to answer:

"'Oh, we'll get along nicely with milk for the little ones, and potatoes and salt for the big boys and girls, and we won't trouble you any more nor any longer than we can help, Mr. Gubtil.'

"She stood upon the door-stone beside him as she spoke, a little, bent, slightly deformed figure, with a face shrivelled and faded like a winter-russet apple in spring-time, and a dress patched and darned till one scarcely could tell what the original was like, in a striking contrast to the tall, broad-shouldered, hale old man, whose iron frame had defied the storms of more than seventy winters; but I remember how he seemed to me a mere pigmy by the side of the generous, large-hearted woman whose tones and gestures had a protectiveness, a strength born of love and pity, that reassured us trembling little fugitives in spite of our ungracious reception. We felt that aunt Polly would take care of us, let what would come.

"The hours dragged slowly away. Aunt Polly told us that the distant firing meant that our men had not retreated without an effort to defend the village. When this firing ceased, we began to watch and hope that some message would come from our fathers and mothers. But none came. We wondered among our little selves if they all had been put to death by the British, and even the oldest among us shed some dreary tears.

"Dan Parsons, who was the biggest boy among us and of an adventurous turn, went in the gathering twilight gloom down as near the village as he dared. He came shivering back to us with such tales of vague horror that our very hearts stopped beating while we listened.

"'I crep' along under the shadder of the alders and blackberry bushes,' he began, 'til I got clost ter De'con Mileses house. 'Twas as still as death 'round there, but jest as I turned the corner by the barn I see somethin' gray a-flappin' and a-flutterin' jest inside the barn door. I stopped, kind o' wonderin' what it could be, when all at once I thought I should 'a' dropped, for it came over me like a flash that it might be'—

"'What, what, Dan?' cried a score of frightened voices; and Dan replied solemnly:

"'*The old deacon's skulp!*'

"'Oh dear! oh dear!' sobbed the terrified chorus.

"Aunt Polly could do nothing with us; and little Dolly Miles, the deacon's granddaughter, burst into a series of wild lamentations that called Farmer Gubtil to the door to know the cause of the commotion.

"'What's all this hullabaloo about?' he asked crossly; and when he had heard the story he seized Dan and shook him till his teeth chattered.

"'What do you mean by tellin' such stuff an' scarin' these young ones ter death?' he demanded.

"Dan wriggled himself from his grasp and looked sulkily defiant:

"'I didn't say '*twas* that,' he muttered. 'I said it *might* be, an' p'r'aps 'twas; or it *might* 'a' been the deacon's old mare switchin' 'er tail ter keep off the flies. I'm sure *I* don't know which 'twas. But girls are always a-squealin' at nothin'.'

"And with this parting fling at us tearful ones, Dan turned in the direction of the barn; but I was too anxious to hear from father and mother to let him go without a word more. 'Dan,' I whispered with my hand on his arm, 'did you see or hear anything of *our* folks?'

"'No!' was the rather grumpy reply; 'after what I saw at the deacon's I didn't want ter ventur' further, but from there I could see 'em lightin' fires in the village, an' I don't doubt by this time that most o' the houses is in flames.'

"With this comforting assurance Dan went off to his bed upon the haymow, and I crept back into the house and laid my tired head down upon aunt Polly's motherly lap, where, between my sobs, I managed to tell what Dan had told me.

"THERE WON'T BE NO SCULPIN' OR BURNIN', DEAR."

"Aunt Polly laid a caressing hand upon my hair: "La, child,' said she soothingly, 'don't you worry yourself a bit over Dan Parson's stories. That boy was *born* to tell stories. The Britishers are bad enough, but they ain't heathen savages, an' if the town has surrendered, as I calc'late it has, the settlers will be treated like prisoners o' war. There won't be no sculpin' nor burnin' o' houses — no, dear. And now,' giving me a little reassuring pat, 'you're all tired out, an' ought ter be asleep. I'll make you up a bed on this rug with a cushion under your head, an' my big plaid shawl over you, an' you'll sleep jest as sound as if you was ter home in your own trundle-bed.'

"Little Sally shared my rug and shawl, and aunt Polly, gently refusing the ungracious civility of the old couple, who had offered her the use of their spare bedroom, after seeing every little, tired form made as comfortable as possible with quilts and blankets from the farmwife's stores, laid herself down upon the floor beside us, and after commend-

ing herself and us to the God she loved and trusted, raised her head and spoke to us once more in her sweet, hopeful, quavering old tones:

"'Good night, dears! Go to sleep and don't be a bit afraid. I shouldn't wonder if your folks come for you in the mornin'.'

"What comfort there was in her words! And even the very little ones, who had never been away from their mothers a night before in their lives, stopped their low sobbing and nestled down to sleep, sure that God and aunt Polly would let no harm come to them.

"The next day passed slowly and anxiously for us all. From a stray traveller aunt Polly learned that the village was still in the hands of the British and — what was no little comfort to us — that no violence had been done to the place or its inhabitants. Some of the older boys were for venturing to return, but aunt Polly held them back with her prudent arguments. If their parents had

MR. GUBTIL AND HIS ACCOUNT-BOOK.

considered it safe for them to come home they would have sent for them. The British, she said, had been known to impress boys, as well as men, into service, and the wisest way was to keep out of *their sight.*

"The gentle, motherly advice prevailed, and even Dan Parsons contented himself with climbing the tallest trees in the vicinity, from which he could see the chimneys of several of the nearest houses. From these pinnacles he would call out to us at intervals:

"'The smoke comin' out o' Deacon Mileses chimly has a queer look, somethin' like burnin' feathers! I shouldn't wonder a mite if them Britishers was burnin' up his furnitoor! Sam Kelly's folks hain't had a spark o' fire in their fireplace to-day. Poor critters! Mebbe there ain't nobody left ter want one.'

"With these dismal surmises, Dan managed to keep our forlorn little flock as uncomfortable as even he could wish; and as the second night drew on, I suppose the homesickness of the smaller ones must have been pitiful to see. Aunt Polly patted and cuddled the forlorn little things to the best of her ability, but it was past midnight before the last weary, sobbing baby was fairly asleep, while all night long one or another would start up terrified from some frightful dream, to be soothed into quiet by the patient motherly tenderness of their wakeful protector.

"Next morning the brow of the farmer wore an ominous frown, and his wife, as she distributed to each the scant measure of brown bread and milk remarked, grudgingly, that she should think 'twas 'bout time that her house was cleared of a crowd o' hungry, squallin' young ones; and then Mr. Gubtil took out his account-book and wrote down the name of each child, with an estimate of the amount of bread, milk and potatoes consumed by each. He did this with the audible remark that 'if folks thought he was a-feedin' an' a-housin' their young ones for nothin' they'd find themselves mightily mistaken.'

"The third morning dragged slowly away. Dinner was over and still no message for us forlorn little ones. At last aunt Polly slowly arose from her seat upon the doorstep, with the light of a strong, courageous resolve on her little face.

"'Children!' she called loudly, and after we had gathered at her call, she spoke to us with an encouraging smile:

"'I've made up my mind that 'twon't be best for us to stay here another night. We're in the way, and the little ones would be better off at home with their mothers. We know that the

fightin' is all over, and I don't believe that the English soldiers'll be bad enough to hurt a lot o' little helpless children, 'specially if they're under a flag o' truce.'

"Here she drew a handkerchief from her pocket. This she fastened carefully to a stick. Then putting it into the hands of my brother Ben, a well-grown lad of twelve, she went on with her directions:

"'We'll form in procession, just as we came, and you, Benjie, may march at the head with this white flag a-wavin' to let them know that we come in peace. I'll follow next with the biggest boys, an' the girls, with the little ones, must keep behind where it's safest.'

"Perhaps it was the contagion of aunt Polly's cheerful courage, but more likely it was the blessed hope of seeing home and father and mother again, that made the little folks so prompt to obey her directions. We formed ourselves in line in less time than it takes to tell about it; we elder girls took charge of the wee ones who were so rejoiced to leave the inhospitable roof of the Gubtils' that they forgot all their fears of the terrible English, and trotted along as blithely over the deserted road as if not a fear had ever terrified their childish hearts, and as if English soldiers were still simply those far-off monsters that had served as bugbears to frighten them now and then into obedience to maternal authority.

"The Gubtils watched us off without a word of encouragement or friendliness. Aunt Polly walked close behind the flag-bearer with a firm step, but I could see that she was very pale, and when we came to descend the little hill that led into the village, and when just at its foot, where then stood the grocery of old Penn Parker, we caught a glimpse of the scarlet uniforms of several soldiers loafing about — then even we children could see that her steps faltered; and I remember I thought she was fearful of some violence.

AUNT POLLY GIVES BENJIE A FLAG OF TRUCE.

"But the next moment she was walking steadily along again as if no thought of danger or retreat had ever entered her mind; and as we came opposite the grocery and a tall man in an officer's uniform strolled out toward us with a curious, questioning look upon his handsome face, she gave the word of command to her little brigade in a voice as clear as a bell:

"'Halt, children!'

"We all stood still as mice, eying the stranger with looks in which fear and admiration were probably curiously blended, while aunt Polly, taking the white flag from her color-bearer, advanced with a firm front to meet the foe who now, reinforced by several men, stood beside the way, evidently wondering what this queer parade was about.

"'Sir!' and aunt Polly's voice trembled perceptibly, but she waved the white flag manfully under his very nose, 'sir, I demand a safe passage for these innocent children to their different homes.'

"The officer stared, and his mouth twitched mischievously as if he had hard work to keep from laughing outright. But he was a gentleman; and when he spoke, he spoke like one.

"'My good woman,' he said kindly, 'these children are nothing to me. If you wish permission for them to go to their own homes you are welcome to it, though in what way the matter concerns me I must confess I am at a loss to imagine.

"Then, and not till then, aunt Polly broke down and sobbed aloud:

"'Run, children!' she cried as soon as she could speak; 'go home just as fast as you can scud; an' tell your folks,' she added with a gust of gratitude, 'that there's worse folks in the world than an Englishman.'

"You may be sure that we waited for no further urging; and as we flew, rather than ran, in the direction of our different homes, I heard the irrepressible burst of laughter with which the officer and his men received the grateful spinster's compliment which, to the day of her death, she loved to repeat whenever she told the thrilling story of her adventure with the English officer, 'when Hampden was took by the British in 1814;' always concluding with this candid admission:

"'An' really, now, if he'd 'a' been anybody but an Englishman, an' an inimy, I should 'a' said that I never sot eyes on a better-built, more mannerly man, in all my born days.'"

WAKING.

By Thomas S. Collier.

ALL the moist and fruitful ground
Echoes with reverb'rant sound,
For from out each wakened root
Rounded spears of leafage shoot,
And along the curving hill,
Shouting out his merry will,
Speeds the south wind, and the snow
Ripples down to marshes low.

In the orchard all day long
Rings the robin's challenge-song,
And the crow among the pines
Like a deeper shadow shines,
While the sparrow's chirp and whirr
Where the leaves in eddies stir,
And the meadows seem to hark
For the flutings of the lark.

Lowing cattle patient wait
By the pasture's creaking gate,
Far amid the distant wood
Glows the maple's crimson hood,
And the rushes' sombre green
Girts the swift brook's opal sheen
Where the sun's refulgent bars
Light the cowslip's yellow stars.

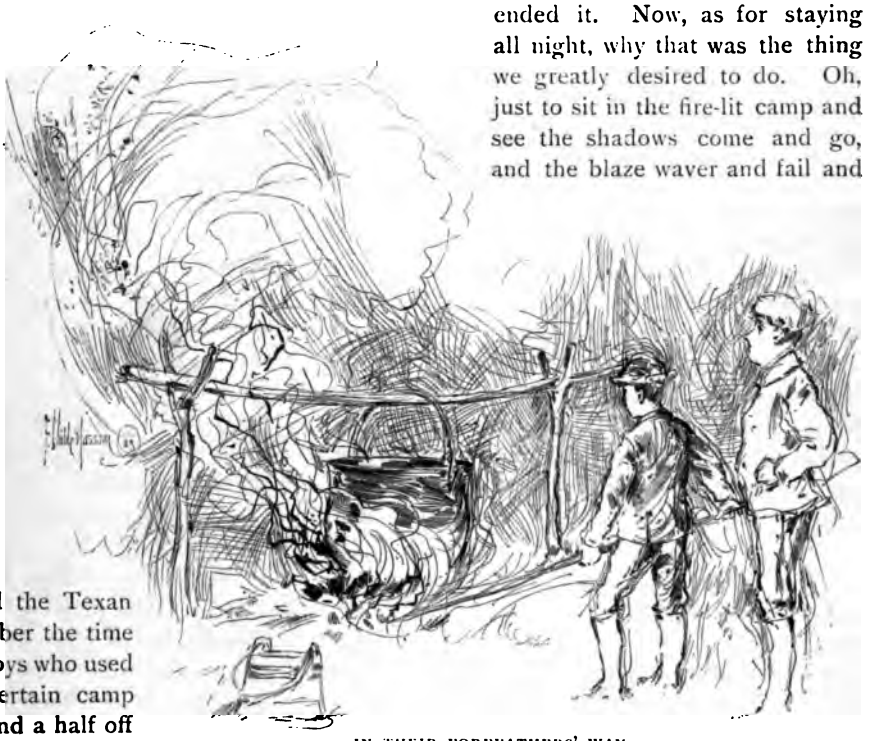
In the murmur of the breeze
You can hear the boom of bees,
And the purple violet swings
Where the swallow northward wings,
And the gray toads slowly creep
From their long, monotonous sleep,
While the iris colors grow
Where cocoons sway to and fro.

A MAPLE SUGAR CAMP.

By Amanda B. Harris.

IS there not a fascination about that word "camp?" The very mention of it is enough to set one wild to be off somewhere. It suggests the freedom of all out-of-doors, which so many of us grown folks, and all children who have the real child nature, so often long for and delight in.

To go, as Charles Kingsley says, and "be a savage" for a while! To go as the trappers and hunters go, only there should be no traps and no guns among our belongings! To do as the explorers and surveyors and naturalists do; sleep o'nights out under the sky, and live on food not cooked over civilized fires, or according to the routine in civilized homes under roofs in houses over kitchen stoves! Would not it be rapture now and then to try the way of Daniel Boone and of Frémont among the Rocky Mountains, of Wilson, the ornithologist, and Audubon and his wife? Or the modern pastoral life of the young men who tend the cattle and sheep on the mountain pastures of Montana and the Texan plains? I cannot remember the time when I did not envy the boys who used to go off sugaring to a certain camp under the maples a mile and a half off on the hill. It was a privilege exclusively belonging to boys; and it always appeared as if boots had something to do with it — those stiff, tall, thick-soled boots of theirs which came about up to their knees, made to order by the shoemaker, out of calf-skin or cow-hide, and by him warranted water-tight, provided they were kept well greased, which matter was faithfully attended to by the wearers, who used semi-weekly to smear them with melted tallow and rub it in till the leather would shed water like a duck's back. What advantages in wearing such boots! Boys could go through the slush and slumping drifts; but the travelling was too bad for girls. Boys could go across lots and climb over walls, and wade. "Besides," it was no place for girls — they could eat maple sugar at home. "Besides," it was too far. "Besides," they would get "all tanned up." "Besides," the boys were going to stay all night. That ended it. Now, as for staying all night, why that was the thing we greatly desired to do. Oh, just to sit in the fire-lit camp and see the shadows come and go, and the blaze waver and fail and then roll up in a great wave of brightness; and to know that we were off in the night; to forget everything we were used to, and live in the new strange world; and look off and see the phantoms of trees, and the cold, glistening, frosty mist down in the valley, and the solemn mountains standing back against the sky; to hear the voices of the night, not like



IN THEIR FOREFATHERS' WAY.

summer ones, for katy-did and grasshopper and cricket were all gone to the Land of Light, if there is one for insects, or were swathed in their shrouds, or hidden away, or had returned to the dust from which they came; but there were birds, and pensive small voices would come out of the dark, a startled squirrel would rustle the dead leaves, and rabbits are known to walk abroad between midnight and cock-crowing; the river rumbled like distant thunder away off somewhere where echo prolonged the sound; brooks under the crust tinkled and gurgled, and whiles, as the Scotch say, the ice would crack. Voices of the night, lonesome and mystic — the air was full of them to one who had ears to hear.

THE SAP-BUCKETS.

We imagined it all, like Annie Keary, who begun her stories with "Let us suppose," and how, before it was dark we would gather dry sticks and cones and the kind of fallen pine-boughs that will snap when you step on them — and then the people who owned the camp would let us tend the fire, and it would roar and send out sparks — and no doubt smoke some, right into our eyes, and drop white ashes on us, and burn our faces and holes in our garments. Perhaps, too, they would let us have a kettle or an old dinner-pot of our own — unquestionably they could hunt one out from some of those dark corners overhead where there were boards laid across for a storage place; and we would have some partly boiled syrup put in, and it would come to candy — flavored a little bit with smoke and the burning on, and mixed a little with hemlock leaflets and the crumbling relics of scorched pine needles.

We should probably find out all about sugar-making, too, about maple-trees, and wood-craft; and we would make our host tell us stories, Indian stories just scary enough to thrill us and make us *afraid to* look behind us if a stick crackled outside, and about the early settlers, and then those neighborhood stories which the shrewd country people can tell so well, real character delineations full of genuine human nature about some odd geniuses such as Mrs. Stowe delights to "write up."

That struck us as a charming idea of sugar camp life. We ought to have been born back three or four generations ago, when the sugar-makers did things in a way more primitive, as the Indians taught them; for it was from the Indians that our ancestors learned to tap the maple-trees in spring and boil the sap down. There were not such limitations to the knowledge of the red men as many persons think. It is doubtful if there was much concerning the qualities of trees and plants that they did not know. To be sure they had plenty of time, the forest all around them, and nothing else to do except fight.

Very soon after the Pilgrims landed, some of Massassoit's people entertained the white strangers with "sweet bread," made of Indian corn, perhaps first parched, and then ground — whether the sweetness was that of corn meal alone, or from some other source, we are left to conjecture. Lately we have been told by a popular author that the Indians used to cook "little doughnuts of meal by dropping them into maple syrup," which is a hint for modern cooks to work out to more esthetic results. The aborigines had no iron utensils, so they used earthen pots of a rude shape, which they set over the fire, and boiled the sap out in the open air. For collecting it they had wooden troughs, fashioned from a log by being burnt out or gouged out with a hard shell. Other wooden vessels were hollowed in the same way; and they had, besides these, pails, or buckets, made from great sheets of birch bark.

It is to be hoped that the Indians who were friendly, taught the newcomers the secret of the maple-trees very soon; for in that olden time when broths and bean-porridge and messes concoted from pumpkins made so much of the fare, when there was no coffee used, and tea only as the rarest luxury, what a treat it must have been to have had maple syrup! A writer who knows, says that "the sap of all the New England maples and birches, and lindens, and hickories, and walnuts, is watery and sweet and contains crystallized sugar." It seems also that under modern improvements there can be sugar made from

eight different kinds of common field corn; but they did not know that it could be extracted from even the one kind they raised in the clearings, and they could not have spared the corn if they had known.

They made the most, however, of what they had. About ten years after the Pilgrims came, somebody composed what was called a "Forefather's Song;" wretched rhymes, telling of wretched fare, but supposed to show us how they lived:

Instead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon,
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

THE SAP-YOKE.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
From pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.

Then four lines are wanting, which I will trust and hope were about something more toothsome than parsnips and pumpkins, namely, maple syrup — for next these two lines come in:

Now, while some are going, let others be coming,
For while liquor's a-boiling, it must have a-scumming.

Which is what the syrup needs.

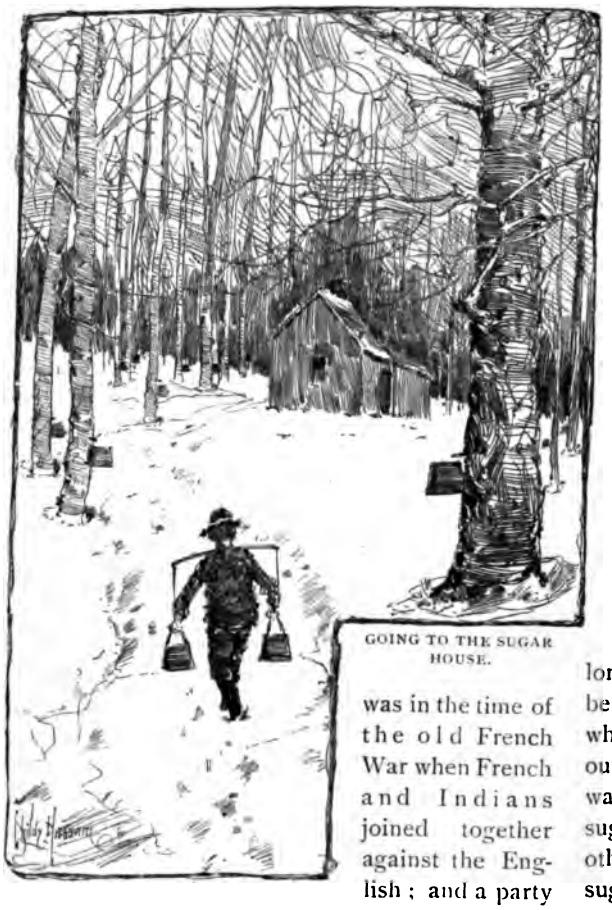
Poor rhymes; and poor forefathers and foremothers, if they had no better food!

The settlers tapped the trees in a way that was no better than murder to those magnificent sugar maples of the primeval forest. The process was called "boxing;" that is, cutting a deep gash to let the sap run out. A piece of sumach with a hole bored through the pith was the spout. The troughs to receive the sap were like a pig's trough. The trunk of a white ash was sawed into proper lengths, and then split in halves, and then dug out with a gouge or a chisel, driven in by hand beetles. An expert woodman, as an old historian says, could make thirty or forty of these in a day. Big troughs out of mammoth logs were hewn out for reservoirs into which to empty the contents of the small ones. The men and boys went around with pails attached to a sap-yoke over their shoulders, to collect the sap. If the snow was deep they wore "rackets," or snow-shoes, such as we see preserved as relics in museums, a sort of kite-shaped frame woven across with leather thongs or basket stuff.

The sap was boiled out-of-doors right in the "sugar bush" as they called it. Two crotched sticks were driven into the ground, perhaps eight feet apart, and a strong pole known as the "lug-pole," was laid across them, a big side log placed against each stick on the inside, and between these the fire was built, usually of fallen limbs, and green ones which were gathered from the forest around. Great potash kettles were used, or smaller ones when those were not to be had; and when the sap was nearly thickened to syrup a piece of fat pork, or even tallow, was put in to keep it from boiling over. At the last it was strained through a flannel sieve and hung up in bags to drain. The women, and children who were old enough, helped, working with handkerchiefs tied over their heads; and altogether it was a wild and picturesque scene.

Sometimes the pleasant sugar-making season had a sudden tragic ending when Indians swooped

down on the little frontier settlements, as happened once in the neighborhood of one called "Number 4." A certain good Deacon Adams started on a bright frosty April morning to make sugar on a hill a mile from the cluster of cabins. It



GOING TO THE SUGAR HOUSE.

was in the time of the old French War when French and Indians joined together against the English; and a party of them came down from Canada to this nook in the wilderness. The unsuspecting man, as he was trudging up the hill, was surrounded by seventy of them and tied to a tree while they went off and seized the next man they met, and the miller whose mills they burned; then with those captives and two hunters whom they took as they went along, set off for Canada. It was the hapless deacon's last sugaring, for though he was afterwards exchanged, he died on the way home.

There is a pathetic story in the old records of a child lost from the sugar bush who never came back and was never heard of after. The father had a "boiling place," at some distance from his *cabin, and his* little boys, one six years old and the other four, were fond of spending the day out there with him. Young as they were they could be trusted, for those children living in the wilderness were shrewd and sharp-witted, used to hardship and on the lookout for danger; and, one day when he was obliged to go to the cabin for something, he felt safe in charging them to stay by the fire till he came back. But the elder one, happening to find a favorite spoon which had been lost there, was so overjoyed that he set out at once to follow his father, saying to the little one, "I will go up to the house and show the spoon to father," and from that moment was never seen again, though all the settlers for miles around turned out and searched the wilderness day and night, day and night as long as there was a possibility of finding him.

A hundred years ago there was a growth of grand rock maples in this part of New England, and some of the farmers at the foot of the mountain (Kearsarge) used to go up on snowshoes, with kettles and tools on their backs, and stay and tap the trees and make sugar. That was camp life indeed. There were bears and foxes in the woods and dens of the rocks, and the solitude was awful. Far up the lonely mountain side, with miles of wilderness between them and the little hamlets they had left, whose lights they could see twinkle and then go out as they sat under the roof of pine boughs and watched the kettles through the night; but the sugar-making came at a season too early for any other work, and in those hard times "boughten" sugar was dear and hard to get. There were trees there then that were three feet through.

The rock maple is the beautiful tree of the rugged New Hampshire hills, the natural growth of rocky soil, as much as the firs and tiny white birches upon the mountain tops, the pine on the sandy lands, the elms on the meadows, the willows by the water. It will live two hundred years; and it is such a wonderful thing for seeding itself that we should find ourselves surrounded by a wilderness in a few years if all the little maples were let live.

Somebody fond of gathering statistics says that in some of the little hill towns before trees were cut down so, many families used to make half a ton of sugar; Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont,

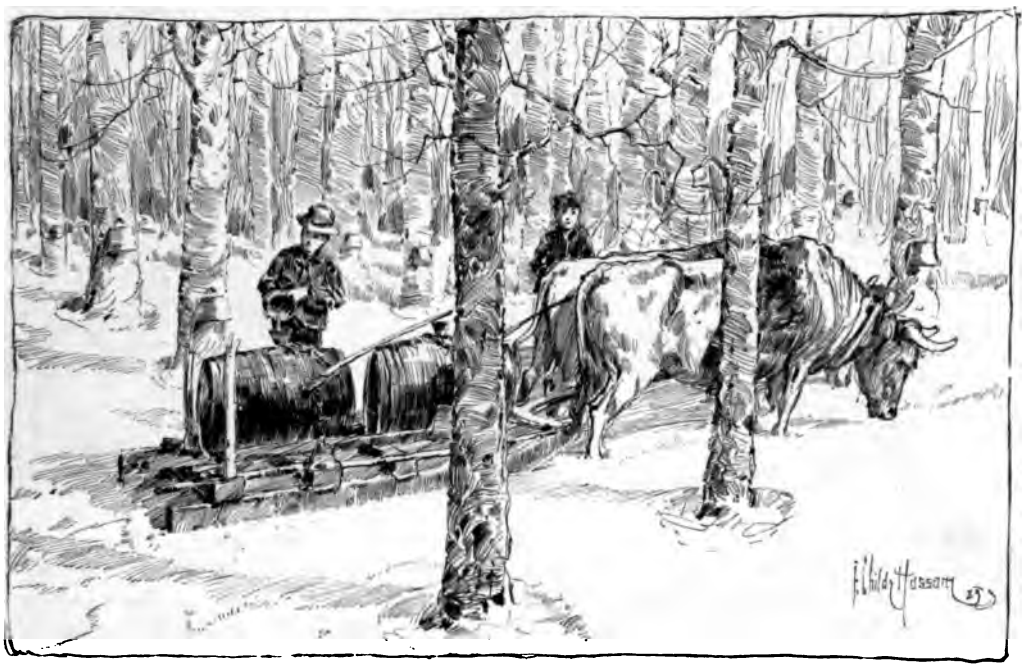
Western Massachusetts, Ohio and Michigan, seem to be the favored regions, and there ought to be rock maples enough there to supply all their people with sugar. There would be if all farmers did as well proportionately as some who manufactured in one season six thousand pounds of "stirred sugar" from seventeen hundred trees, and all this besides the molasses which drained from it.

Some makers refine it to the degree of loaf sugar till it is as white and crystal-like as a crust of snow. One man who described his way, said, as they all do, that the first thing was to have every bucket and spout and "carrier" and pan and kettle as sweet and clean as could be. They think it well to have covers to the sap-buckets, so that no leaves or anything shall fall in. They boil as soon as they can after the sap comes from the trees, keep the boiling sap well skimmed and clarify it with the whites of eggs or new milk stirred in; this makes a curd and all the impurities of the syrup rise with it. The whiteness is obtained by repeating the process of stirring and straining.

It is stir, stir, and strain, strain,
Let it settle, and do it again.

It was news to us that sap things never rust. When the season is over, all the buckets are scalded with water, then rinsed with sap, dried, and put away in the sap-house; the same is done by the iron pans used for boiling; they receive a final washing with the sweet fluid and come out fresh and clean the following spring. The buckets are of pine, though people are beginning to use tin ones holding ten and eighteen quarts, and there is also a tin spout with a hook instead of the wooden one.

But that immaculate whiteness is of no special consequence unless one wishes to take a premium at a State Fair. We can all be satisfied with the "wax"—that delicious stage when we begin to try the hot liquid on a piece of snow crust, and keep tasting and trying, and trying and tasting till we pronounce it perfect; sweetness and flavor can no farther go; the aroma of the woods condensed in substance transparent as amber. When it is ready to "sugar off," one man says the test is to let fall a little from the point of a knife into cold water; if done, it will settle at the bottom "in a round flat drop."



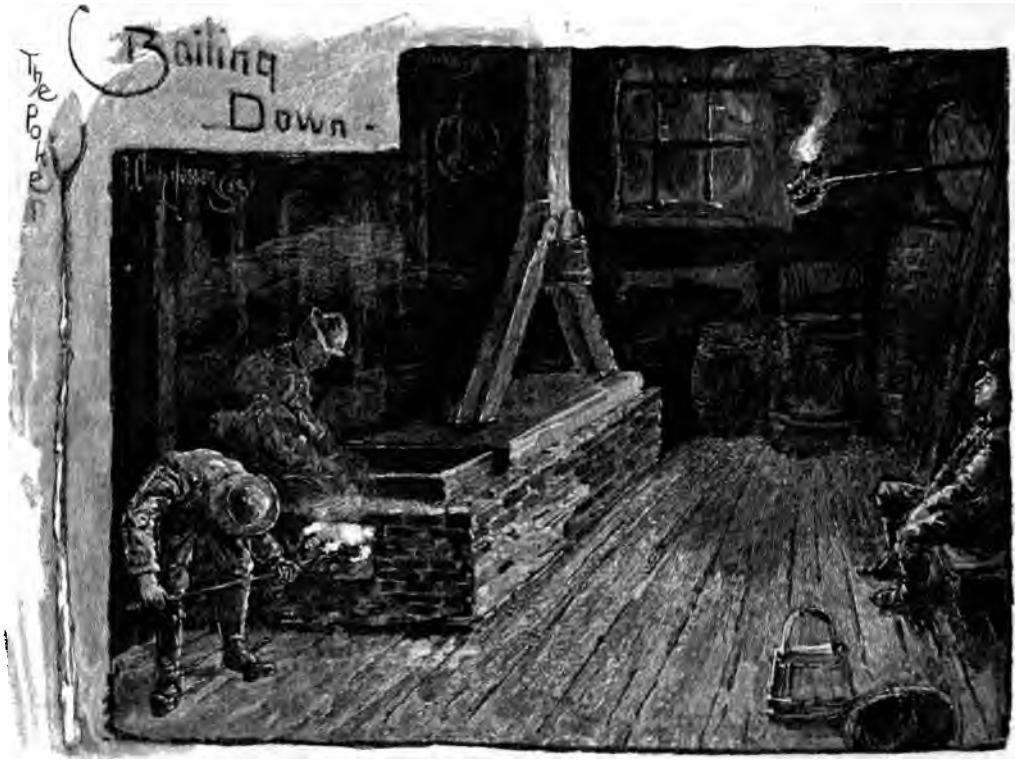
COLLECTING THE SAP.

Did you know that they sometimes feed bees with maple syrup before the flowers come? Think of it!

Honey evolved from maple sugar by the mystic bee agency! What estheticism, what refinement, what luxury! And do not the bees and other insects sip at the sap bucket? The average boy does; and the old inhabitants make "sap coffee" and "sap beer." You have noticed how the shade trees all along a village street will suddenly, on a bright March morning, appear decorated with tin kettles at the end of pine spouts; and the tinkle, tinkle of little rivulets is heard as the generous trees yield their stored-up sweetness. It was not complimentary to the children of a certain place that last year all the trees had the spouts inserted and the pails and kettles hanging at a height which could only be reached by a ladder, and the ladder was not there.

Maple sugar time has no definite limits. Sometimes it begins in February, sometimes in March, or not till April when the "run" is a very short one. There is a mystery about the agencies which make the sap start. The wood-pecker who probes the bark may listen at the hole he has made and *hear* something about it; the woodchuck burrowed *at the roots may be conscious* when there is a stir within there; if there are dryads living in the trees and gnomes under them, they are sure to know. But the wisest woodsman cannot answer some of your questions. He will tell you that sap is sweeter from a tree which stands by itself; that it is thinner near surface water, and darker as you bore farther in; but why it is more abundant some years than others, and just how climatic changes affect the flow, or the time, or flavor, he cannot say.

The genuine sugar camp of old, without a roof over your head, the fire fed by sticks gathered up, a piece of fat pork hung above the kettle to keep it from boiling over, and all the gypsyish sort of life, has quite gone by, or pretty nearly.



You will find many a sugar place such as we did on that misty twilight of last April, when the travelling was neither wheeling nor sleighing; and the horses worrying through drifts that came to the wheel-hubs and then plunging into soft mud — that is the kind in sugar-time — took us in safety at last to the door of a rambling farmhouse. The sugar orchard covered the side hill away beyond. To reach it we floundered and slipped and slumped along the winding country road till we came where

the bars had been taken down and the worn path showed that an ox team had passed that way many times. It was the thing to do to follow it, now up, now down, over hummocks and bowlders and dipping into the snowy hollows, till we were within the sylvan precincts, inhaling the woodsy smells, and the odor of green things down in the root.

The sugar house was as cosey as Thoreau's hut at Walden; a regular hut in the woods, with its two windows looking into the trees, a little lean-to for the firewood, and the door where one could sit and see the sights and hear the voices I had dreamed about as children dream. The rugged tree boles showed gray as far as the eye could reach, and the phantom look of leafless boughs was overhead; the hills, the far valley, the mountains, were all the same with a difference; snowbanks, wet hollows, lush moss and partridge berries; it was in the woods, and of the woods; rural, far-off, fascinating.

Just then the foreground was occupied by the ox-sled, still holding, bound to it by chains, the barrel which had been drawn about under the trees to receive the sap from the buckets which now hung by their leathern loops empty and silent, for the sap was not running.

The interior was a place for a boy to read *Robinson Crusoe* in, or the old tales of Homer, while he waited and watched, and sat up all night to tend the fire, or to get one's first taste of the *Midsummer Night's Dream;* a place to tell stories in with one's comrades, or play fox-and-geese on the rude board that hung on the wall, or to solve problems and guess riddles, and get a firelight education of a kind not set down in school books, all sorts, odds and ends of wholesome learning, with a good deal of nonsense of the right kind.

There is not a little of the work-a-day about the experience of the sugar-makers out under the maples, but a poetic and picnic side, too, that one cannot afford to miss. And I mean to hold stoutly by my statement in the beginning; and say that that lone sugar house with its sylvan outlook and its primitive inlook with its various properties, and all we were made welcome to and free of, is a delightful place to go to.

THE MYSTERY OF SPRING.

By Mrs. Mary B Dodge.

COME, come, come, little Tiny,
  Come, little doggie! We
Will "interview" all the blossoms
  Down-dropt from the apple-tree;
We'll hie to the grove and question
  Fresh grasses under the swing,
And learn if we can, dear Tiny,
  Just what is the joy called Spring.

Come, come, come, little Tiny;
  Golden it is, I know:
Gold is the air around us,
  The crocus is gold below;
Red as the golden sunset
  Is robin's breast, on the wing—
But, come, come, come, little Tiny,
  This isn't the half of Spring.

Spring's more than beautiful, Tiny;
  Fragrant it is—for, see,
We catch the breath of the violets
  However hidden they be;
And buds o'erhead in the greenwood
  The sweetest of spices fling—
Yet color and sweets together
  Are still but a part of Spring.

Then come, come, come, little Tiny,
  Let's hear what *you* have to tell
Learned of the years you've scampered
  Over the hill and dell—
What! Only a *bark* for answer?
  Now, Tiny. that isn't the thing
Will help unravel the riddle
  Of wonderful, wonderful Spring.

Yes, Tiny, there's something better
  Than form and scent and hue,
In the grass with its emerald glory;
  In the air's cerulean blue;
In the glow of the sweet arbutus;
  In the daisy's perfect mould: —
All these are delightful, Tiny,
  But the secret's still untold.

Oh, Tiny, *you'll* never know it —
  For the mystery lies in this:
Just the fact of such warm uprising
  From winter's chill abyss.
And the joy of our heart's upspringing
  Whenever the Spring is born,
Because it repeats the story
  Of the blessed Easter-morn!

A LITTLE WITCH.

By Celia Thaxter.

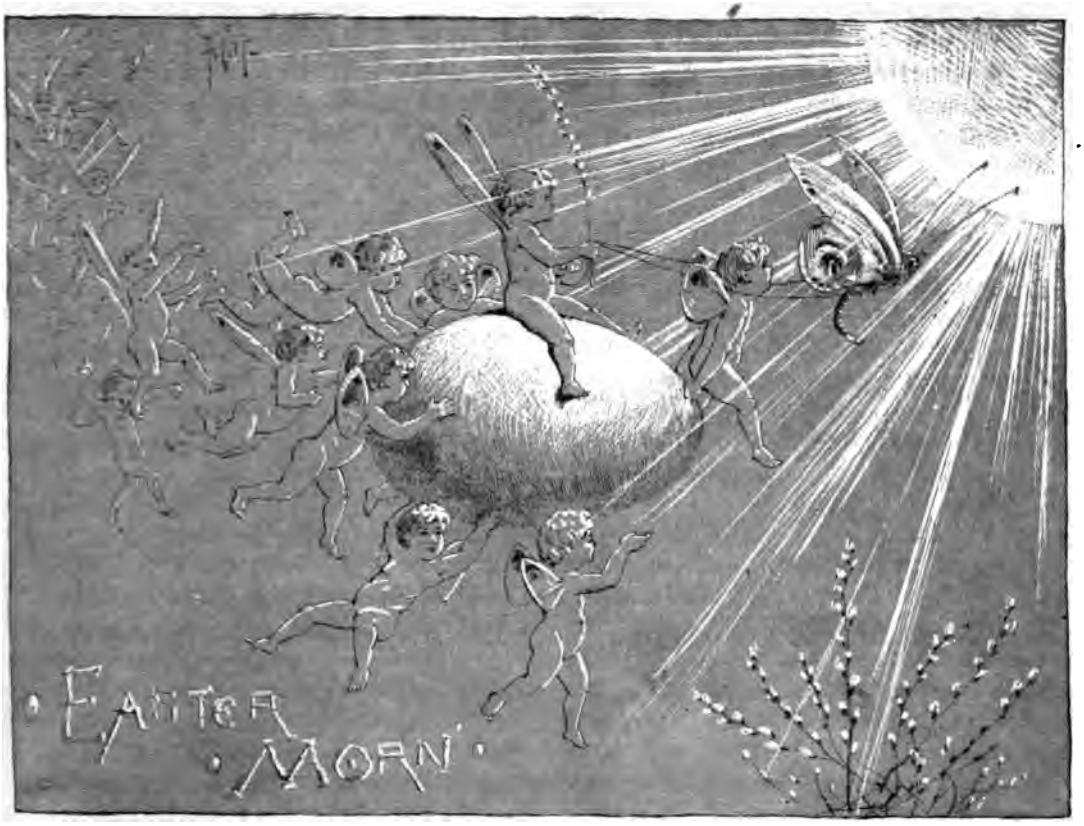
MARGARET.

SOFTLY sweeps the April storm,
  Floods of rain and breezes warm.
Drowsy flowers at last are waking,
Through the dark earth gently breaking;
Though they have not blossomed yet,
Here to seek them through the wet
Merrily comes Margaret.

Nothing recks she of the flood,
Nothing finds she, flower or bud,
But she seems herself a flower
In the tumult of the shower;
While across the field she trips,
O'er bright eyes and ruddy lips
Fast the sparkling water slips.

Gay and daring little witch!
How the color, deep and rich,
Mantles in her cheek's sweet curve!
Mark the pretty mouth's reserve:
Ah, but smiles are hidden there!
Like a torch her golden hair
Flares above her forehead fair.

Slender shape of pliant grace
Crowned with such a charming face!
Not a single flower is out,
But that's naught to mourn about;
She the loveliest blossom is,
All a-bloom with light and bliss,
For the sun and rain to kiss.



A BRAVE GIRL.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

CHAPTER V.

FERN, as I said, had been at the sad home in Happy Hill. She came only to the funeral, staying over a train, and back again. Egbert had to go. It was kind, Loto thought, in Egbert to come. He said that it would not do for his sister to travel so far alone; she had never been alone anywhere, except to Beverly in the summer, and Mr. Holbrooke was called to Chicago on sudden business, on the day before the funeral. So it was Egbert who brought the weeping Fern to Loto's arms.

It comforted Loto to see her; but she wondered why it did not comfort her more. Suddenly, Fern seemed less near than she used to be. It was as if sorrow had cut a gulf between the two girls, and they stood, on either side of it, helpless to understand each other. Fern seemed to wave her hands across the new distance, and from out her own safe and happy life, to call over words of sympathy that the bereaved daughter could hardly hear.

And yet Fern was very dear. And pretty — how pretty! Sweet she looked in her little black silk dress and the black lace on her hat — the impro-

vised mourning that she wore out of respect to her friend's grief. Loto could not help noticing this, even then, and kissed her friend the more lovingly because she was so fair to see. Loto's feeling for Fern had always been partly approval of her beauty. There is no worshipper in the world more ardent than one girl who admires another.

"You must come and spend *all* your vacations with me," Fern had said, vaguely casting about for means of comfort, "and when we get back to College, I'll do your mending for you!"

Loto smiled and sighed, and kissed her pretty friend, and answered nothing. Already she perceived that she should have other things to do besides spending vacations in Beacon street. But of College she said nothing at all. She must go back to College — of course she must go back; but yet, who knew?

Egbert was very kind. Loto saw him but a little while after she came down in her new mourning, pale and strange, waiting in that hard interval before the burial services began. He stood with his hat in his hand, silent and sad, at the foot of the stairs. He, and Fern, and Loto all went into the office together, and Loto sank into the patients' chair and looked piteously at him without speaking.

"I'm sorry for you with all my heart," the college boy said eagerly, "but I don't know what to say. I sha'n't try, Miss Loto. I never had any trouble, myself." He shook hands and turned away. Loto's lip quivered, but she smiled up at him. Somehow he comforted her a wee bit.

What a good, frank, kind fellow he was! She remembered how he looked after he had gone.

And now the rest had all gone too — the relations who knew what the family ought to do, and those who didn't; the cousins who quarrelled and the cousins who were polite; Aunt Matthews, and Aunt Ginger, and uncle Peter (Slam said he hoped he had gone West himself, without any return ticket — tomahawked by the Indians, eat canned meats — and see how *he* liked it), and uncle John — good uncle John last of all. Everybody had gone — even Jake, the doctor's man, who could not be "afforded" any longer — and the widow sat alone with her children in the *bereaved house.*

They began at the beginning in the right way. They shared their smiles and hid their tears, and fought for cheerfulness, and gained it, and were patient with each other in the strangeness of grief, and loved each other more dearly than ever in all their lives, and made the best of everything, and the worst of nothing, and so took the first step into their lonely future as firmly as they could.

In all this Loto helped — how much, her mother never understood till long after, when her own grief grew calm enough to allow her to recall carefully those first days.

It was Loto who thought of everything — what to do first, and then what next, and besides, what now. It was Loto who kept her mother occupied in little ways. It was Loto who looked after Slam. It was Loto who told the first quiet story at which they found they could laugh, poor things! It was Loto who saw the visitors, and wrote the letters, and paid the bills, and made the plans. And it was always Loto who was sure they should find the right thing to do. And always Loto who hoped, and had courage, and loved, and brightened, and blossomed like a flower in the sad home. Before she had been one week a widow, the experienced mother found herself leaning on the inexperienced daughter, and did not know it, but leaned all the more for that.

Loto felt herself to be in a new, strange world. She was like one who did not know herself. She felt excited and strong. She thought, and cared, and planned incessantly. Her head swam with the intensity of her feeling of protection toward those two — her mother and the boy, who needed her best and strongest self.

"He called me his brave girl," she said to herself a hundred times a day. When she was quite alone, she would stretch her arms out into the empty air as if she could find him:

"Papa, papa! I will not disappoint you. I *will* be your brave girl. You shall see!"

Sometimes she would say:

"Papa! I never amounted to much, you know. I wish I'd stood at the head of my class, to please you. I don't think I'm of much account, papa, but I'm not a coward."

One Sunday night, she went away by herself, and laid her cheek down on his newly-made, unturfed grave. It was a cold night, and she could not stay long — only long enough to speak to him, which

e did in a low, quiet, natural voice, like this: "Papa, I'll take care of them. Do you hear? haven't found out how, yet, but I'll do it. on't you worry up in Heaven, papa dear. ake your comfort if you've got it. *I'll* look after em, papa."

To find out how, was Loto's problem. Resotely, she set herself to solve it; but so quietly, at she seemed to be doing little towards this id, and Aunt Ginger wrote to Aunt Matthews at the girl evidently did not realize her posion in the least. At first, Loto did not talk uch with her mother, or any one else, about eir future. She observed, and reflected, and aited. Slam offered various pleasant suggestions om time to time; as that they might take a ranch Colorado, or that he should open a store in oston, or a circus in Vermont. His favorite lan was the leasing of a mountain hotel in which e should figure as an engaging and popular lerk.

A few weeks after their trouble, one gentle April lay, when her mother seemed a little stronger, Loto, who had watched for the right time, said quietly:

"Mamma, I have decided what to do. I mean, f you don't object."

"You have got farther than I have, if you have lecided anything, my dear," her mother said, smiling sadly. "The future seems to me a dead wall. But we shall make our way over it, in time, suppose." The widow sighed. Her trouble eemed to have crushed her. She was not naturlly an indolent or helpless woman.

"Only by climbing, mamma dear," said Loto opefully. "And, mamma, I've got my foot into a evice of the wall so far as this: I have decided at I must not go back to College."

Mrs. Rollinstall's eyes overflowed quickly.

"How can you bear that, Loto?"

"I can bear anything that I must," said Loto heerfully. "I wasn't given curls, and freckles, nd a dimple for nothing. I'm not worth much, ut I'm not a mope. If I can't do what I ought do, because I ought, then I'll go to the foot of e class."

"But your father wished you to go on, my dear. le would be heart-broken to have you give up our College course."

"People don't break their hearts in Heaven," said Loto stoutly, winking back the tears. "And I can't go to college on five thousand and a house, and a boy to educate. I've thought it all out. I am the oldest. I must look after Slam."

Her bright eyes grew dreamy for a minute, and through the dream there passed a vision of the girls in the southwest second corner bedroom, and Mary Mace, conscientiously picking peanut shells off the carpet; and some one's saying: "Mary, what are you going to be?" And Mary's quiet answer: "Whatever will educate the boys." Loto had wondered at that answer then. She thought of it now, with the feeling of one who has learned the grammar of a new language. Mary was older than the rest of them (as well as better) in the other age that is not of years.

"It is just here," urged Loto with the calmness of one whose mind is quite made. "I can't go on without using our capital. That is plain. I was nearly through, that's a fact, and I — well — I wanted to graduate, mamma. And of course I could get a better salary if I did. But there's the capital — and the boy. I won't infringe on either of them. I've determined on that. I've had so much more than Slam already, don't you see? I'm so nearly through. It isn't because he's a boy, you know. I don't believe in this sacrificing of girls to boys, all the same, mamma — poor things that sew and dressmake their brothers into the ministry, and all that kind of thing. Juggernauts, such ministers are. Juggernauts. I'd as lief worship one as the other. It isn't because I'm a *girl* that I think I ought to give up to Slam. It is only because he is my brother," added Loto simply. "And little. And hard to manage. Likely to be wild, perhaps. Always getting bumped. I think if Slam didn't get bumped *quite* so much, I shouldn't feel my duty so strongly, mamma," laughing merrily. "Perhaps nothing *but* an education can save his head. So you see, mamma darling, if you don't mind, I've settled it. Slam shall go to uncle Peter's and try the Academy and fit for somewhere. And — Fern must go back to Northampton alone. And Smith College must be the loser of one great and glorious graduate. I rather think I can teach a district school. My education has done so much for me. That's more than most girls can do. I'd rather sell peanuts than teach — only," regretfully, "I always

meant to be a Professor of Biology. But so much is settled, mamma. I shall support this family, and educate that boy."

"Dear girl! But how are you going to do it?"

"Don't know," said Loto briskly. "Find a way. Boys do."

"But a girl"—

"I'd be ashamed to be a girl," said Loto stoutly, "a great well girl, *with* freckles and a dimple — and not an ache nor an ail to her name, not even a toothache, and most through Junior year at college, and a mother like you, and sleep eight hours a night, and can walk ten miles a day, if I *couldn't* support this family!"

The conversation was interrupted by Slam, who appeared dripping with icy water, and planted himself plaintively in the middle of the largest Persian rug to explain that the raft had sunk in the middle of the meadow and he and the other boys got a little damp, and the little ones went over their heads, and one went down three times, but he (Slam) picked him out, because he'd invited *them,* and their mothers were scary, and the boy that like to drowned was afraid he'd get a licking.

Loto's decision contained the wisdom of necessity. Plainly, there was no other way. The girl must leave College. By and by, when they could all see what was before them more clearly, when the boy was well started, and the family set at ease in some mysterious manner by Loto's undeveloped energies as a fortune-hunter —then, she thought, she would creep back some brave day and take the Senior studies, and get the diploma, and perhaps — who knew? — become a Professor of Biology after all. True, the girls would all be gone, and she should crawl in like somebody who was sent to the foot of life. Even the little frizzed Freshman would have carried her bangles through her final Commencement weeks, and be married (diploma and all) by that time. But it could not be helped. Loto put her flexible young lips together firmly. "I won't waste time in the dumps," she said. Secretly she wondered how Daisy Dubbs would succeed in the plan she had of reducing her weight by eating slate-pencils, and alas! how hard Fern would cry at night on

SLAM REGARDS THE PAPER-STREWN TABLE WITH TRIUMPH.

first going back alone; and then she found it would not do for her to wonder. She must learn the harder lesson of forgetting. To think of what she had lost, made her feel as weak as if she had stayed too long in a warm bath.

So she ceased wondering, and went to work instead.

"I have a plan," she said, when people asked her what she was going to do.

This plan she explained to nobody but her mother, and her mother explained it to nobody at all. She did not feel a bounding hope of the success of Loto's plan, but she did feel a reluctance to tell her so. Which was more natural than it was wise.

There was a mystery about it which Slam took as a personal insult. Why Loto should shut herself in her room, several hours a day, and consider herself as supporting the family, he failed to understand, and Slam expected to understand everything. Then the door was locked. This was a fatal grievance. Loto used to go in smiling and come out sober; she entered rosy and fresh, and appeared pale and tired. Slam tried the key. It was fast. Rattling the handle, and even kicking the panels more or less, did not have that moral effect which was to be expected on Loto's character. She did not become a docile and confiding sister even when she was called names through the key-hole. She remained a Sphinx although pinched a good deal, and poked at revengefully through the banisters. Threatening her that he, Slam, would fail to provide for her education if she did not tell him what she was doing, had no perceptible effect. She was not moved by the intimation that too much family mystery would drive him before the mast on a voyage to Surinam. Suggestions of suicide itself had no evident weight with her. Slam was puzzled. He even went so far as to kiss her voluntarily, on two occasions, and once he told her that if she wasn't freckled she'd be almost pretty. But even these blandishments missed their mark. Loto kept her room and her confidence. Whatever she was about, she pursued valiantly and silently. Slam tried to grow pale under the disappointment, since thus one might appeal to her sympathy; he meant to eat less breakfast, but forgot it till dinner-time, and voluntary starvation in the face of roast beef and apple-dumpling was not a marked success. What was to be done? The iron fact remained that Slam had been taught not to meddle with people's rooms when they were out of them, and that to look through a key-hole was to break the eleventh commandment. Slam was mischievous, but not mean. He always meant to be a gentleman when he grew up. Meanwhile a fellow must have some fun, even if his father was dead; in fact, precisely because he was now the head of the family, Slam considered it his duty to learn the nature of his sister's occupations. They might be highly indiscreet. Who knew? Plainly, as the only masculine member of the household, it behooved him to investigate so grave a subject.

Directly opposite Loto's window was a cherry-tree which grew so near that it seemed a part of the pretty room. In May and early June the blossoms flitted and flew in against the pale blue walls, or lay in little drifts upon the table under the books, and on the blue bed beneath the pillows. By and by the red cherries bobbed in over the window-sill as if they were anxious to be eaten. The green leaves and then the sere leaves tapped with soft and rustling fingers. Then the bare arms of the wintry boughs reached over. Now, at the end of that April, the bursting buds of leaf and hidden bloom made a green mist through which Loto's young eyes gazed dreamily, lifting themselves often from her work to seek the sky beyond — "blue, to match the room," and so, as necessary as the last note in an octave, to her content.

One morning, as she sat more than usually busy, a rustling in the cherry-tree attracted her attention, but so feebly that she worked on without raising her curly head for moments yet. The slight sound was succeeded by silence. To silence followed a renewal of the rustle; a creak; a crawling noise; more rustle — a smothered exclamation more vigorous than discreet — then silence again.

Suddenly, to Loto, sitting alert and aware, with listening face, appeared above the level of the window-sill, another face, round, red, a good deal scratched, but wholly determined; and from the arms of the cherry-tree Slam looked solemnly in.

"Oh — well. I came up to see how the cherries were getting on."

"Did you find a good crop? It is rather early."

"Well — yes. There'll be lots of 'em, I guess. I broke off a good many branches coming up. I haven't climbed this tree very lately. I lost my way."

"Oh! Got scratched a little, didn't you?"

"Like to put my eye out. And I swallowed a worm once got brushed down my throat. Did you see that wasp sting me?"

"I *heard* him. I shouldn't have minded if I had seen him; very much."

"You're an affectionate sister," said Slam in a tone of disgust, "after I've taken all this pains to come up and see you."

"I thought you came to see about the cherry-crop."

"Well, you see I did *that*, for your sake," replied Slam mournfully.

"I am very much obliged to you," said Loto.

It was too late now. Her secret was out. She tried to resume her work in silence. What was the use in scolding? Slam regarded the paper-strewn table with triumphant eyes. Loto was very flushed, and very inky. MSS. lay scattered everywhere. Her eyes were bright, her right hand trembled; she looked tired and excited. It was plain enough. Loto was writing for a living.

"Going to be a poet?" asked Slam after a painful silence.

"If you'll go down the cherry-tree the way you came, I shall be obliged to you," replied Loto with dignified reserve.

"Poet-Lotoate?"

"Slam, I shall shut the window."

"I know a boy sixteen does the poetry for a shoe store. He might give you a job."

Loto made no reply.

"Writing leaders for the *Tribune?*"

"If I shut the window hard enough, it will jam your fingers."

"Novels? I'll give you a title. I began a novel once myself. I called it 'The Poisoned Bathing-Suit; or, the Summer Boarders' Revenge.'"

"S'reeny is making ginger-snaps this morning," observed Loto, carelessly. "She said they would be hot at eleven."

"Is she?" said Slam indifferently.

"And mother said if she got through in time, she might have jelly roll-overs."

"I have an appointment with a boy," observed Slam after a silence. "I think I'll go down. I'm sorry to leave you."

"Thank you," said Loto sweetly. "Good-by, Slam. And next time, Slam, remember what the Bible says happens to the sheep and the robber that climbeth up some other way, my dear."

"He findeth his sister writing novels," retorted Slam promptly, "and so tumbleth off the cherry-tree, and breaketh his" —

There was a crash and a cry. Loto sprang. There always was a crash and a cry wherever Slam went, but still she sprang. She was in time to see him going headlong through the beautiful green mist. She rushed; her mother ran; everybody ran; they were all there in time to pick him up — bruised and aching, with a sprain in the wrist, and a twist in the shoulder, and a bump on the head; but these were every-day items in Slam's natural history. Killed? Of course not. Slam *couldn't* die.

Slam had guessed better than he knew. Loto was writing a novel. She had been writing a novel for a good while. It was almost done. She had found it a very interesting novel. She should miss it so much, when it was finished, that she could not help thinking that other people must find it interesting, too. She was a modest, sensible, clear-headed girl, but she did hope that she should find readers for her novel.

It was an interesting novel, as I have said; original, the author thought. It was called "The Shadow of a Lifetime; or, Lorla's Fate." It was quite a long novel, covering some three hundred and fifty pages of excellent paper, and it dealt with the fortunes of a young lady who belonged to a great and impoverished house in England — or Spain. I don't know but it was Spain, on the whole. The young lady, by the sudden death of both her parents at the height of an epidemic of some deadly disease not specifically described, was thrown defenceless upon the world with the care of two younger sisters and an adopted brother. This unhappy young person suffered many and thrilling experiences, chiefly as a governess, a position wherein she conquered the affections of one earl and a music-master, mainly by her remarkable abilities in teaching the higher mathematics to her noble pupils.

Remaining true, however, to her unacknowledged love for her adopted brother, she discarded all worldly advantages, and, after showing marvellous nobility of character, personal beauty, and endur-

ance of disaster, was united to the adopted brother, educated the rest of the family, was greatly beloved by the peasantry, and died on her wedding-day.

This conscientious and exciting story contained the best of grammar, some wit, some true feeling, a good many classical allusions, much quotation, and the above-described plot; and when it was finished, copied, revised, re-read, cried over, hoped over, prayed over, and postage prepaid with return stamps for letter of acceptance, Loto grew feverish with restlessness and anxiety. She had selected the famous New York publishers, Messrs. Height, Weight & Co., to publish her novel. She thought she should prefer the imprint of this celebrated firm upon her title-page. She thought she would aim at the top, to begin with.

She wondered that she did not hear from those gentlemen in the course of a few days, but remembered that they were probably busy.

To while away the time of waiting for the verdict on "The Shadow of a Lifetime; or, Lorla's Fate," Loto undertook some other experiments at literary work. Locked into the blue room, behind the driving snow of the cherry blossoms, alone, or alone with Dash, she struggled with her aspirations in the shape of essays, poetry, journalistic correspondence, magazine stories, and a treatise on the Education of Women. She wrote and wrote. She watched and waited. She hoped and feared. She ran to the post-office secretly, and had confidential understandings with the expressman. Days became weeks. Nothing was heard yet of Lorla's Fate. The great Messrs. Height, Weight & Co. were silent still.

Loto said nothing, but she suffered much. The delicate scales have never yet been invented which can estimate what young women and men do suffer in such attempts to fit average nature to exceptional success.

She grew thin and pale. She grew nervous and wakeful. Now and then she received a communication through the post-office which she hid in her pocket, and of which nobody ever heard. Usually, she might have been found locked into her room after these events, and if one had observed closely at the tea-table, it might have been said that her pretty eyes were redder and heavier than need be. And so it went on and went on.

One bright June day Loto knocked at her mother's door, and said:

"Mamma, may I come in? I have something to show you."

"What is it, my dear? Why, my child, come here! What has happened?"

"Mamma, I tried to be an author and support the family. They don't want to print my novel, mamma. I — know I was a goose, but I — *did* hope they might. See, mamma? It came back by express last night. Want me to read the letter to you?"

NEW YORK CITY, *June* ——, 18——

DEAR MADAM:

We regret that the great pressure of MSS. on our hands will prevent us from publishing your volume entitled: "The Shadow of a Lifetime." We thank you for the opportunity of reading your novel, and are

Very truly yours,

HEIGHT, WEIGHT & CO.

"And, mamma — see here! Look at them. They've been coming back like Bo-Peep's sheep, from all parts of the country, leaving their tails behind them. That is a letter I wrote to the *New York Tribnne.* They said it was an excellent letter, but the press of material was too great. There is a poem on Youth. *The Atlantic* said it declined with thanks. Look at this Child's Story from the *Young People's Balloon* — *he* said he advised me to print it in the columns of some religious paper. Then — oh! Here is the story *The Millennium* said had so many good points, but — they had their numbers made up for two years in advance. *Those* are the verses on Heaven that the *Sunday Twilight* said had a high sentiment, but a rugged metre, and oh, mamma! I think I'll be a wash-woman, for this poem on Sunset has been returned to me seven times!"

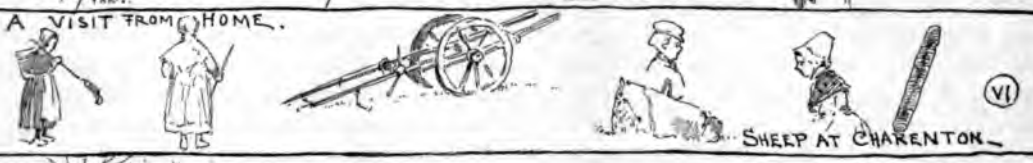
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY" &c.

(V)

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN.

A VISIT FROM HOME.



VI

SHEEP AT CHARENTON.

THROUGH FRANCE IN SABOTS.

(*See Preceding Pages.*)

STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS. In the haymaking season, the meadows of Normandy present a picturesque aspect. The hay is built into tall and enormous haycocks, and a-top of each is poised a big rooster, made of straw, which is both ornamental and useful, as it serves as a weathercock, turning lightly with every breeze. Both the young men and the young women of the peasantry work in the hay-field. They use great, odd rakes with teeth on both sides. Their dress is extremely neat and quaint, and they are a most merry and contented class of people.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN. Everywhere in French towns one sees women and children out at all hours of the day sweeping the streets with rude brooms which are made of twigs bound together; and one's first impression of France is that it is the Land of Neatness. There seems to be no orders from city officers requiring that this work be done, no system, no surveillance, nothing at all but this domestic, independent sort of sweeping — yet the streets are uniformly clean and tidy.

A VISIT FROM HOME. Soldiers who have been drawn from the provinces arrange whenever it is possible that their home-folks shall come regularly to the city with provisions, or produce, to sell at the *halles*, or markets. Then, after business is despatched, the peasant mother, wife, or sister, may seek her soldier where he stands on guard, probably at the entrance of some public building. There she may chat with him as long as she likes, but not for one moment must he relax from his erect military bearing, not for one moment disturb the statue-like pose which is the aim and the pride of the French soldier.

SHEEP AT CHARENTON. Charenton is a pretty, Arcadian sort of place outside Paris. One goes there by the tiny steamboats which ply up and down the Seine. It is a favorite sketching-spot with artists, as the peasants are picturesque in costume, and the landscape dotted with sheep. It is also very quiet and beautiful up-river where the country-women wash clothes in the stream, and barges drawn by horses, pass up and down.

AN OLD SPELLING BOOK.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

YOU young people hear a great deal about your "superior advantages," and how grateful you ought to be that you are not situated as your grandparents were, although you sometimes are told that in those good old times boys and girls were much wiser and better than they are now!

Nothing will make you realize more fully the changes which have taken place in education than a glance at the school books which were in use a hundred years ago. Now and then one of those *curious old volumes has* escaped destruction, and been handed down to make you children of the present day

> Thank the Goodness and the Grace
> Which on your birth has smiled.

As all cannot have the satisfaction of seeing such things for themselves, WIDE AWAKE will give its readers a look at a very old and rare book which was used more than a hundred years ago. It is a copy of a famous spelling-book which was written by an Englishman named Samuel Dilworth, and which many of your great-grandfathers studied

in their childhood. In those days school books were not changed every few years. A speller was handed down through an entire family, and was often the only book which the children possessed. You can hardly imagine, with your multitude of stories, what a treasure the spelling-book was considered. This one, in which my grandfather took his first lesson, was used by him for many years; indeed, it was his school-reader long after he was so familiar with it that he knew the entire book by heart, and could repeat it forwards or backwards! How would you like that, you who have such beautiful reading-books full of charming stories, and pictures?

This book of Dilworth's is very differently arranged from the modern school books. The object was to crowd as much as possible into one volume.

Imagine some little toddler of three years old, starting for school with this precious book, which has this imposing title, *A New Guide to the English Tongue.* The first page is adorned with a picture of Mr. Dilworth, who must have been a humble-minded man, or he would never have been willing to have such a likeness handed down to posterity. Doubtless he thought the author of such a valuable book need not care for personal appearance.

The first lesson is "in words not exceeding three letters," and begins like the first lesson in *Webster's Spelling-book*: "No man may put off the law of God."

The next page is headed "Table IV. Lessons in four letters, *viz.*, a vowel placed between two latter consonants." Then follows a page and a half of short words, not arranged in columns, but crowded together in paragraphs. How the little chicks must have labored over the spelling of these — bufk, hufk, mift, and so on! I can almost see the little chubby fingers following along the line, trying to keep the place, while the eyes, which have long ago beheld "the King in his beauty," were growing weary over those puzzling letters!

How glad the little scholars were when they had mastered this, and could go on to the reading-lessons! "*Hold in the Lord and mind his word,*" and so on, to "*The Lord can tell what is best for me. To him will I go for Help.*" You see it was not such a bad thing to know the spelling-book by heart in those days! It had some things in it worth remembering. Reading and spelling-lessons of this kind take up twenty-three pages of the book, and then come long columns of words and exercises upon them, which Mr. Dilworth has tried to make attractive by putting as a heading, "More easy lessons, etc." After the children had gone from one-syllabled words to "Tranf-po-fi-ti-on," they began to spell proper names of persons and places, from "Ann" to "A-Bel-beth-ma-a-cah."

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Wheel, of a Cart.	Wile, a Trick
Weak, not ſtrong	While, in the mean Time
Week, ſeven Days	Wood, of Trees
Weather, Diſpoſition of the Air	Wou'd, was willing
	Wrath, Anger
Whether, which of the two	Wroth, to be angry
White, Colour	Ye, yourſelves
Wight, an Iſland	Yea, yes
Wither, to decay	Yew, a Tree
Whither, to what Place	You, yourſelf
Vile, baſe	Ewe, a Sheep

***A* New Guide *to the* English Tongue.**

PART III.

***A* Practical ENGLISH GRAMMAR.**

CHAP. I.

Of GRAMMAR in General.

Q. WHAT is Grammar?

A. Grammar is the ſcience of letters, or the art of writing and ſpeaking properly and ſyntactically.

Q. What do you mean by Engliſh Grammar?

A. The Art of Writing and Speaking the Engliſh Tongue properly and ſyntactically.

Q. How is Grammar divided?

A. Grammar is divided into four parts; Orthography, Proſody, Analogy, and Syntax.

Of ORTHOGRAPHY

Q. What is Orthography?

A. Orthography teacheth the true Characters and Powers of the Letters; and the proper division of Syllables, Words and Sentences:

Of LETTERS

Q. What is a Letter?

A. A Letter is a ſignificant Mark or Note of which Syllables are compounded.

(PAGE FROM "A NEW GUIDE.")

Then comes Part II. of the *New Guide to the English Tongue.* This consists of "A Table of words, the same in Sound, but different in spelling and signification." Mr. Dilworth's ideas of words which were "the same in sound" would shock schoolmasters of the present day, and his definitions, although concise, are not always in accordance with modern usages. Here are specimens:

to the *English Tongue.* 149

One good Turn deſerves another.

FABLE IX. Of the Dove and the Bee

A Thirſty Bee came to a Fountain to drink: but being too haſty, fell in.

A Dove in a neighbouring Tree ſeeing the Bee ſtruggle for Life, ſet herſelf upon a Branch that hung over the Fountain, and by her Weight brought it into the Water, that the Bee might get upon it, and ſo ſaved her Life.

Some ſhort Time after, a Snare was laid for the Dove, and while the Fowler was drawing the Net together, the Bee (who at that Inſtant was flying over) ſeeing her Deliverer in ſuch Danger, ſtung the Fowler ſo ſeverely, that he was obliged to let the Net go again, by which Means the Dove eſcaped.

The INTERPRETATION.

Be helpful to thy Friend; and always return Thanks to thoſe who deſerve them

(ILLUSTRATED PAGE FROM "A NEW GUIDE.")

Air, one of the Elements.
Are, they are.
Heir, to an Estate.
Ant, a Pismire.
Aunt, uncle's Wife.
(Where were the maiden aunts in those days, I wonder.)
Bean, Pulse.
Been, was at a Place.
Boil, a swelling.
Boil, as Water on the Fire.
Breaches, broken Places.
Breeches, to wear.
Cion, a young Sprig.
Sion, a Mountain so call'd.
Climb, to get up in a Tree.
Clime, in Geography.
Dear, of great value.
Deer, in a Park.
Gall, bitter Substance.
Gaul, a French man.
Grease, nasty fat.
Greece, a country.
Him, that Man.
Hymn, a Song.
I'll, I will.
Ile, the side of a Church.
Isle, an Island.
Oyl, of Olives.
Lineament, the Proportions of the face.
Liniment, a Medicine.
Starling, a Bird.
Sterling, English Money.
Royal, Princely.
Rial, a foreign Coin.
Time, when.
Thyme, an Herb.
Ware, Merchandize.
Wear, to put on Cloaths.
Were, was.
Where, at what Place.
Weal, Good.

This is a long list, but it is hard to know which to choose where all are so curious.

The third part of the book is called "A Practical English Grammar," and occupies more than forty pages. The first lesson gives the "names of the letters with their powers." The sound of the vowels was learned by the children without the least idea of the meaning, and repeated in a high sing-song, the only object being to speak as loud and as rapidly as possible. This they called "saying grammar."

A long a as in cape short a as in cap broad a as in halt.
E long e as in mete short e as in met.
I long i as in tine short i as in tin.
O long o as in note short o as in not.
U long u as in tune short u as in tun.
Y long y as in my short y as in Egypt.

No explanation of this was given, as it was not the custom to explain lessons in those days. An old gentleman once told me that when he was a boy he used the dictionary for two winters as a reading-book, without knowing that what followed a word was the definition of it! He must have thought, as the Scotchman did, of what he read in his dictionary, that they were "braw stories," but "unco' short!"

Some of the wisest of these young folks of long ago found out before they were grown up that their lessons meant something more than a parrot-

like repetition of the words; but scholars had to think out these things for themselves.

One Sunday, my grandfather was at home from church, and in turning over the pages of the *New Guide*, almost the only book in the house, he read what he had repeated carelessly so many times: "Accent denotes the tone or stress of voice to be upon one syllable, as, plenty." He saw for the first time what it meant! It was the entering point of the wedge which opened a life of study. For the first time he realized that what he studied *meant something*, and how his boyish heart swelled with indignation at the schoolmasters who had let him remain in the dark so long! It was little wonder that his chosen life-work was teaching others, for he had learned how great were the opportunities of a faithful instructor.

On the principle of saving the best for the last, all the pictures in the *New Guide to the English Tongue* are at the end of the book. There are only twelve in all, illustrating as many fables. It is hard to make a selection, for they are all so remarkable, but I am sure those which have been chosen will make you appreciate the beautiful pictures which adorn your own books, upon which so much thought and genius are expended.

After all, there is no royal road to learning, and all the beautiful illustrations and attractive bindings of your school books will not make wise people of idlers. Unless you are willing to give hours of hard work to your books, all their beauties are of no avail. If the children of that far-away time, when study was made so unattractive and uninteresting, were able to improve such poor advantages, what may be expected of those for whom the way is smoothed and adorned by every art which love and skill can devise? Do not forget when you compare your own beautiful books with Mr. Dilworth's speller, that "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

(rise wise.). Dose (dose hose lose nose rose).

Use (use mule). Else. Bate date fate gate hate late mate pate rate. Bite kite mite rite. Dote mote note vote. Lute mute. Cave have pave rave save wave. Dive five hive (give live five). Rove (dove love) (move). Gaze maze. Size.

More easy Lessons on the foregoing Tables, consisting of Words not exceeding Four Letters.

LESSON I.

GOD doth mind all that we say and do.

This Life is not long; but the Life to come has no End.

We must love them that do not love us, as well as them that do love us.

We must pray for them that hate us.

(PAGE FROM "A NEW GUIDE.")

THE SOAP BUBBLE QUESTION.*

(*Two Open Letters.*)

LETTER I.

PINE POND, *Dec.* 1st, 1883.

MY DEAR AND VERITABLE THANKFUL HOLME:

Although I cannot claim your actual personal acquaintance — having only held telephonic communication with you when listening (as a reporter) for the transmissions from Innerland — I am venturing upon this direct appeal in the confidence that one whom I have so closely approached with a sympathy that has almost made us for the time identical, may suffer the liberty graciously, and give me, if possible, some response. I do not even know precisely how to address you; as since I last hailed and heard from you over the Innerland lines, it may easily have happened that you should have changed both abiding and name; but I risk this through the official centre, trusting that its

*See "Battered Crusts," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Chap. II., WIDE AWAKE for Oct. 1883.

call may find you by some tingle of the wire not yet loosened or cast off, which holds between the utterance of you there received, and your substantial somewhereness, which I doubt not.

Will that do for regulation preamble, and may I rush at once, now, to my purpose? The fact is, dear Thankful, I am in a scrape through you. I find myself involved in a kind of "Hatchet" game, if you know what that is, and obliged to turn to you for an answer to pass on.

"I have a hatchet."

"What?"

"A hatchet."

"Hatchet." "What?" "*What?*" "*Hatchet*," "HATCHET!"

"HATCHET!" "*What?*" "*What?*" "WHAT?" "*Hatchet*," "*Hatchet*," "HATCHET," "HATCHET!"

And so on, down and up the line, with the followings of: "Where did you get it?" "'d you get it?" — "you get it?" — "Did you buy it? buy it? buy it? *steal* it? steal it?" and the confusions and repetitions of "Hatchet." "D'd ye buy it? *steal* it? Sh-h! *Hatchet!*" mingling and echoing like haunting cries and whispers of some mocking taunt and imputation. With me it is "Bubble!" "*Bubble!*" "D'd y' make it?" "D'd y' *see* it?" "D'd y' MIX it?" — "What was it?" "'t*was* it?" "WAS it?" "Bubble." "*Bubble!*" "Sh-h!" "Psha!" "'T*wasn't!*"

I feel indeed to have sought the bubble reputation, or risked it, as in the cannon's mouth, or over dynamite. To have started a bubble speculation, blown of air — and watered stock — to tempt confiding people to their disappointment and demolition. On all sides the demand comes back to me — "What was it?" "How do you make it?" "Will you tell me by return mail?" "Soap-bubbles: Buttered Crusts: Want some!" WIDE AWAKE: "Recipe" — "recipe" — "*Recipe!*"

Even the unhappy editor is implored of; and the WISE BLACKBIRD a-perch behind the editor's shoulder. It is a fresh case of

> Old King Cole,—
> The jolly old soul,—
> (And a jolly old soul was he)
> Who called for his pipe
> And called for his bowl,
> And called for his fiddlers three.

While, as in the picture in Baby's Opera, the pipe and the bowl and the fiddlers are come, and they wait for their orders then and there; but the little gray owl sits solemn and dumb, and blinks from the back of his Majesty's chair.

They know nothing about it; so they turn upon me; and I have no recourse but to pass the query back and up to you, through the looking-glass, or what way soever you and your bubbles may indeed be got at.

I have not come to you until I have tried to do my best without you. Of course I could not get truly pipes and truly soap-suds through that shadowy transmitter; I arrived at no practical knowledge; I could only tell again what I supposed myself to have heard accurately. Maybe there was some mistake running wild along the wires. Or some cross-contact mixing up exclamations over, say, a sky-glow, a stained glass window, a new set of finger-bowls, iridescent or of crackled sunshine — with those at the Broadtop supper-table.

I was sure of two things, anyhow; of that newspaper paragraph — which indeed was the only ingredient I had to begin with — and of a lovely experiment I had seen with my own eyes years ago, shown by the late Professor William B. Rogers in a friend's parlor; where he blew a bubble which he rested in a little silver frame and set up before us, that we might watch the coming and changing and vanishing of the crimson and golden and violet hues, according to the fixed and mighty laws that rule the rushing splendors of the comet, or lend their tender touch to the thinning out of faint, impalpable light-waves spelling the prism alphabet upon a little globe of watery film.

I knew I was right about that; that it stayed, and stayed, and turned from flame-color to amber-yellow, and to green and blue and purple; trailed over at last with a flickering breath of palest violet like the mere whisper of a tint! That we *almost* handled it, as we gathered about it, and pointed out its wonders to each other, and asked our teacher what it was made of *besides* light! And I know he told us that he had put glycerine into the mixture.

So, when that item came to my eyes about "London bubble parties" — "oleate of soda" — (you *know* I didn't tell a bit more than was told me, and that I discreetly sent *you* to a chemist, and left the matter between you and him, with the facilities you have in Innerland), I felt quite au-

thorized (and that is not a pun) to put my equal part of imagination to my fact of newspaper scrap, and leave the pleasure of investigation to those who should "take stock" in my story.

Only, as I have told you, I was not to be let off so. On the contrary, I was to be lettered. The mails began to bring me catechetical inquiries; in short, to bring me to book. I was either to grovel down and "'fess," like Topsy, or to rise like Truthful James and explain.

And see how helpless I was! Up here at Pine Pond how was I to catch a chemist? I didn't even have a pipe.

In the palpitation of dismay upon receiving that first politely-worded:

"If not too much trouble, dear Mrs. Whitelie, would you please send me the exact proportions, etc.," — which throws my innocent story-teller's license in my face with the look of a humbug, I rushed away half a mile in the wind's eye, to a small grocery, and bought half a dozen clay pipes; thence straight out, the length of the village, to the drug shop, hard by the desolate, sandy cemetery, and asked the man if he knew of such a thing as "oleate of soda." Of course he didn't; I began to doubt if anybody did. But he said he was going to Old Knick — the city — in a day or two, and he would inquire. Meantime, I rushed home again, bound to try something. My credit was at stake. My draft — upon the Public Confidence Bank — had come home protested — "no effects." I knew they had been trying, and hadn't got any.

I hoisted up *Webster's Unabridged* from the floor in the window corner, where I had established my Shaker chair with the *Lexicon* for a footstool; looked up "oleate," and received the information that it was "a compound of oleic acid with a salifiable base. Then I dragged down an encyclopædia — *Chambers, Vol. VII.*, NUM to PUE — and searched out "oleic acid."

"Colorless, limpid fluid" — "solidifies into firm, white crystalline mass" — "constituent of oleine" — "exists in most of the fats" — "difficult to obtain in purity" — "forms neutral and acid salts" — "only compounds requiring notice are normal salts of the alkalies" — "all soluble, and by the evaporation of their aqueous solution, form — *soaps!*"

"Oleate of potash forms a soft soap, chief ingredient in Naples soap; oleate of soda forms hard soap — enters largely into composition of Marseilles soap!!" From which followed learnedly the deduction that the chief ingredient in soap-bubbles is — soap. — Q. E. D.

The druggist had told me that he could *get* oleate of soda for me; he knew there was such a thing, though not exactly what it was. Well, I knew both things now; and I could get it for myself; but I forgot to call and tell him so. I comfortably dismissed the matter from my mind, answered that first letter with my information to date, put my good gown and some collars and pocket-handkerchiefs into my smallest visiting valise, and went off from Pine Pond to Little Valley, to stay a few days with my friend, Mrs. Ernest Seker, in company with my old friend, Miss Patience Strong.

We had a lovely time, and I forgot all my bubbles and my troubles. But on my return, lo! upon my swept and garnished writing-table, seven other letters more imploring and importunate than the first — making up the octave of my perplexity and self-reproach; a note also from the Wise Blackbird, asking what WIDE AWAKE might say about it; and a long verbal report administered in accompaniment by my pleasant hostess, of how the druggist's boy had knocked them up at eleven o'clock one night with "a bottle of Mrs. Whitelie's medicine," which he had forgotten to deliver.

There it was, upon my dressing-stand, a blue glass jar, paper-encased, carefully labelled in large print as if it had been poison — "Oleate of Soda."

As if I didn't know what white Castile soap was, even when grated to impalpable powder and bottled up! I smelled and tasted; no sort of doubt of its simple saponaceousness. I spilled a little into a glass of water, and stirred it up with the handle of my toothbrush. It came to a beautiful white lather, but there was no mystery about it. I seized a pipe, and blew a bubble; it was lovely, but it burst like any other bubble. Then I "put glythcerine into it;" a bubble more brilliant and — yes, certainly more tenacious; but I could not have picked it up and put it upon my mantel, to keep equal company with the Japanese crystal there. What *had* I said one could do with those buttered-crusty-bubbles?

I tried quince bandoline in addition; I tried

mucilage; I tried pulverized gum-arabic. I asked to have a little starch made, and tried that. I grew very sloppy, very sticky, and very tired; still I could evolve nothing that would stay evolved as I had sanguinely expected. Then I went to bed; and in the watches of the night the inspiration came to me to write to your very self, before I replied to one of those seven letters, and to answer the Wise Blackbird by sending our whole correspondence to be printed in the WIDE AWAKE for the benefit of whom it might concern.

Now, dear Thankful, tell me kindly these two things, and my crusts will be buttered — for the present.

Did I exceed, hyperbolically, what you told me, in straight words, telephonically? And what *is* your chemist's prescription — that I may put it into these petitioners' pipes and pacify them?

Begging your pardon for the intrusion, and enclosing stamps for your reply — unless I happen to seal up and forget to, in which case I shall be comforted by remembering that the new postage is saving you a margin for just such emergencies,

I am yours in full faith and fellowship,

A. D. T. W.

[The above letter, sent to the Central Office, in the expectation that through the columns of WIDE AWAKE it would reach the eye of Thankful Holme, who, like Tupper's "wife of thy youth," was believed to be surely "living somewhere on the earth," since, even with the vision of imagination, you can indeed "see nothing that isn't there" — lay for a brief interval in the Editor's drawer. Now, to this centre of reality many of the seers and tellers of Innerland drop in; sometimes, also, they who are lovers and readers only; and it so happened one day that two or three of them fell to discussing Soap-Bubble Parties and *Buttered Crusts*.

"I know quite well it is a fact," said a bright and blessed lady; "I heard of it from an intimate friend who lives at Broadtop. Thankful Holme was a real girl, and she is really now Mrs. Raynold Shatoraine. They are in Italy; are going to spend the winter in Florence."

The WIDE AWAKE Editor pulled out the manuscript "Open Letter." "We were sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Of her living and being, I mean. *We were only waiting to* add to our faith the knowledge of her whereabouts. Could you get her address?"

"Nothing more easy," was the reply. So then and there the "missing link" was discovered and joined on; the letter was despatched by the next English steamer; four weeks later came back the reply; and the two are now placed on record together.]

LETTER II.

CASA GUIDI, Florence, *Dec.*, 1883.

MY DEAR A. D. T. W.:

I reply at once to your letter just received. So the thin defences are broken down; Innerland, like Japan, is thrown open to foreigners; and not the story-tellers alone, but henceforth the story-people themselves may lie at the mercy of invaders, kind and complimentary, but unaware as individuals that their collective name is Legion, and that a legion of anything may drive a hunted creature into the tombs. I am afraid you have been unwary; it is a dangerous precedent — to make public. It would have been a grand and charming thing — a Columbus discovery — kept to you and me, and our convives on either side. What lovely collusions — what complete and splendid understandings — there might have been! What bubbles we could have blown — putting ou pipes together! But begun in this patent fashion, where is our shelter — what becomes of our close corporation which is our power and privilege? As now the author is approached through the "care" of publishers (would that the care could sometimes be protection!), so we story-folk shall be besieged through our chroniclers, until with much explaining and supplementing of ourselves, and much writing of autographs, we shall find no time left us for *being*, and shall gradually vanish like the fairies, or dwindle into insignificance like the too delicious and well-beloved lobsters!

Dear Bo-Peeps of readers! When up you tooks your little crooks, determined for to find us — just consider! Be wise for yourselves; stop asking for more; keep quiet a little; let us alone, and we'll come home, and bring our best tales behind us!

This much on the defensive, and in honest answer to your representative preamble. Next for your questionings:

Even *you* may not demand too much "more" from

Innerland. I am not sure that upon any other point — say upon how things happened at aunt Salva's after Mrs. Shatoraine came to see me there, or reason why Mr. Shatoraine went out and dined with us at Broadtop; or what I had to wear one evening when we didn't have a soap-bubble party there — if those had been the inquiries — well, I don't think I could have enlarged your "Scrap No. 3," or have translated any of your "remote allusions." But I am full of interest in the bubble builders; and a mention of that subject sets me off at once, as some people are touched off with a word upon the Pyramids or the Mounds.

You don't surprise me in the least with your experiences. I have travelled over the same road. The places in our lives that we skip, in telephoning to your amanuenses, are full of just the delays and waitings and stayings where we were, that you others have. It won't do to put them all in the stories. Readers wouldn't live through them with us.

My chemist was of scarcely more use to me than yours. He only explained to me frankly that "oleate of soda" was as nearly as possible the same thing as pure white Castile soap. He also said that oleate of potash — soft soap — was even better "for a viscous fluid." I began to think there was nothing in it but a *viscous* fluid that would altogether elude and mock me. In short, all the prescriptions I could get ran, or might have run, thus:

R.

Aquæ puræ,.. .....ad lib.
Oleate potass: }
pel }
Oleate sodæ: } .....quantum suff.
Misce. }
Suffla. }

I stood thinking while the man talked to me. I remembered the bubbles I used to blow at grandmamma's, when old Batsie made the suds for me, with hot soft water and a handful of brown topaz-colored jelly out of the big barrel that was always kept supplied with the real old-fashioned wood-lye-and-honest-kitchen-grease compound. There is no such soft soap now; at least, I was sure I could not find any; so I bought the next best thing of the chemist; the bottled white dust such as was sent to you, and which makes such a soapy tingle in your throat and nostrils when you shake it out.

Then I, too, went home, shut myself up, and fell experimenting. I went through with the glycerine, the gum, the starch; I tried besides, sugar, white of egg, and gelatine. Starch was the best. Soft warm water just characterized with a fine, well-boiled preparation of it — not more substantial than ordinary rice-water — made into suds with oleate at discretion, resulted in tenacious bubbles which had a peculiar way of slipping of themselves, one after another, at a certain size, from the pipe-bowl, with the blowing from a single filling. They rolled and bounded in a smooth, elastic way upon my great gray Himalaya shawl, spread across the bed for them. Still, the tendency of such addition was to cause a denseness which seemed to separate itself from the clear water element, settling visibly and cloudily along the sides of the bubble and forming a sort of cup at its base like the cup of an acorn; in that way finally breaking it by its weight. It was almost a success, though, and I rested in it with a kind of half content for a day or two.

Then a lovely idea dawned suddenly. Glycerine — the "sweet principle of oil," — and aqua ammonia, most delicate and pungent of alkalies!

I put these two together, in equal parts; the glycerine was etherealized. I added this spirit of soap to an "oleate" soap-suds — about two teaspoonfuls to a half pint of water, and had a beautiful bubble-party with only myself and the bubbles.

The soft, dark, blankety shawl stretched over my counterpane made an elastic level; and a handkerchief at hand, to brush off any drops, kept it in good condition. The ammonia seemed, while enhancing the sudsiness, to thin the mixture to that consistency which gave the most brilliant colors; these being always dependent, as you know from Professor Rogers, upon the tenuity of the film, and changing down its surface as the water, settling, leaves the upper part of the bubbles thinnest. Red falls lowest; then comes orange; then gold, green, blue, violet, in their order; the delicate tints only appearing as the film grows more and more delicate. This is in accordance with the law of light, like that of sound; the higher notes — the higher hues — coming with the more rapid vibrations or tremblings of the waves of air or light; these in turn depending upon the subtilty and imponderableness of the medium. (This bit

of lecture is for the benefit of the WIDE AWAKES, seeing that you did not put yours all in. They will be coming after us again if we leave any incomplete allusions.)

Well, I blew lots of bubbles, and dropped them one after another each, from the same pipe-full — brighter than the last. They did everything I told you; they rolled or dropped against each other without breaking; sometimes two of medium size would rest against each other for a moment, and then sweetly explode into one, larger and finer than either. They rolled — or I blew them — across the bed, and they dropped down over the edge, disappearing in glory. I thought, at first, they were out, of course; but presently I went round to the other side, and lo! there was the whole pretty company of them sitting meekly about upon the carpet.

I blew big ones that were simply glorious. I had a little china mug in my hand, which I had filled with soapsuds for greater convenience; and I achieved a new delight by carefully resting a bubble in the process of blowing, within its rim; thus supported, I could swell and swell it, drawing cup and pipe gently apart as I did so, until the luminous thing was huge; at last, often, I could withdraw the pipe cautiously, and hold my liquid balloon magnificently swaying its globe of color, with the china mug like a parachute car below it. Mind, I do not say that it would float the car up with it if I let it go!

And this brings me to the second part of your inquiry. Did you — intensify? In nothing whatever that you *stated;* an omission, only, in one particular, heightened the effect. I do not know whether you or I did the omitting. We did "catch them on our hands and blow them off again," at the party; but it was very tenderly, very dexterously, and *with mittens on!* As to the racing, and the tennis, of course we did not play with bats or drive with whips. We did not kick them, or set foot upon them and croquet them. Gentle breathings, adroit and delicate puffs — to these they were altogether tractable; and we did make sides and a dividing line upon the blanket, and a game of which party should send the most bubbles over into the opposite ground, and whose bubbles should be blown forth and back the longest without falling or breaking.

I think I cannot tell you very much more; except that a bit of white Castile soap, in the solid, cut from a cake and kept in the suds, has proved every bit as effectual as the "oleate" powder.

I will just wind up with a mention of a bubble frolic we had here the other evening in our pleasant salon, with some American and English friends.

We had a big punch-bowl upon a side-table, full of the well-prepared soap-syllabub. Then each one of our number had a tiny, dainty harlequin cup, and a pipe of corresponding color. We had chairs around the long, low frame — not board — laid upon trestles so as to be just over our laps; upon the frame a cream-white blanketing was smoothly strained and tacked at the edges. This, with its thick, velvety softness and its elasticity, was simply perfect. At the two ends sat the umpires; an even number of players on either hand were the "sides."

First in turn — alternating the sides — we tried for the "biggest bubble." Next, the most gorgeous — each player using discretion as to blowing the first, or any subsequent bubble from the same dipping. Then followed "the greatest number from a dip;" then — blowing by whole sides in turn — which party should get the larger number on the board at once. After that, we changed our sets by dividing across the board, like a tennis court; and we had the blowing across and back, in a game such as I have indicated before.

Over our heads was a brilliant gasalier with prism-fringes. I cannot tell you how dazzling and enchanting was the show and concourse of our fairy jewel-globes; nor how we were fascinated into hours of the beautiful foolishness. All solid, graspable things looked coarse to me afterward, until I came into fitness with them, and their different beauty again, gradually. — Dear A. D. T. W., this *is* a world of glory and delight that we are born into — both the inner and the outer of it!

I am yours, literally, to command — at the rubbing of the brain-lamp or the whisper at the thought-telephone. (Only don't let them *all* come and do it again, like Dickens' boy that kept swallowing the beads, till the rattle of the accumulated items he had separately taken in became a caution to cormorants!)

THANKFUL HOLME SHATORAINE.

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.

(*A Romance of the Revolution.*)

By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AGAIN.

EXT morning Gervaise did not awake of his own accord. He was right in the midst of a truly horrible dream in which he thought his Aunt Brenshaw had discovered his real identity and was declaring her intention of giving him up to General Gage at once and having him hung as a spy, when he was aroused by a sharp knock at the door, and the peremptory summons of a female voice. At first he thought that Madame herself was really come to accuse him; but presently he realized that it was only his cousin Patty awaking him, according to her promise.

"Come, come, sir," she cried. "There are only just fifteen minutes before sunrise. That gives seven for you to dress in and eight for us to get to the Hill. Do you hear?"

So Gervaise dressed himself as quickly as he could and went down. The tall clock on the landing of the stair pointed to a quarter after four. He found the young ladies sitting on the front steps, ready and waiting. Patty shook her finger at him.

"Fie, cousin Gervaise," she cried. "This is the way you wake yourself, is it? I should like to know how you manage it on board ship."

"They don't get up so early as this on board ship," yawned Gervaise.

"I suppose not. No doubt you all lie abed as late as you please. I am beginning to think that the King's officers don't do much except *play* at being soldiers and sailors. We were saying last night that you didn't look half as salt and weatherbeaten as we expected. And to think of your not knowing the number of guns on your own ship!"

Miss Patty laughed out at him right merrily.

"Never mind about that now, Patty," Dolly interposed anxiously. Dolly was the care-taker of the family. "If we do not start at once the sun will rise before we get there."

"True enough," said Patty. "The sun will not wait even for one of His Majesty's midshipmen" — with another saucy glance at our hero.

It was a beautiful morning, or at least it gave promise of becoming such as soon as the rays of sun should come to touch its beauties into life and completeness. The air was still and cool as the night had left it, and delicious with the scents of June; the dew glittered upon the grass; the birds sang gladly in the treetops. Amid such a scene it was impossible for three young people, full of health and free from any care, not to be happy too. They laughed and talked and sang as they walked along — out the gate and down the street beneath the elms. They seemed to themselves a part of the morning scene.

The walk to the Hill was a short one, and they presently climbed its eastern ascent and arrived beside the beacon which crowned it, and from which it had its name. This beacon consisted of a tall mast firmly fixed in the earth, freely supplied with spokes by which to climb to its top where was placed a great iron skeleton basket or frame, to hold a cask of pitch or tar which, visible far and wide, would when fired quickly convey an alarm to the surrounding country. Gervaise examined the structure with boyish interest, climbing halfway up the mast and from there getting a magnificent view in every direction. From this elevated position he was able first to announce the actual appearance of the day-god of whose coming the rosy tints of sky and mist had already given signal; and then, descending to the ground, he joined the rest and they stood together watching with awe and delight that wondrous spectacle

which occurs every day, upon which no price is set, than which there is no sight in all heaven and earth more grand and beautiful, and yet which so few of us ever take the pains to witness.

And while they watched, hardly speaking to one another save now and then to utter a word of admiration or to call attention to some particular beauty of the scene, suddenly from one of the warships in the harbor below came the dull boom of a sunrise gun; then another and another; and as they looked, to the peak of one tall mast and another that raised itself above the harbor-mists, a little ball of bunting shot up and then, quickly opening itself to the morning breeze, displayed the gorgeous ensign of England with its scarlet cross of St. George.

"Ah!" murmured Dolly in a subdued voice, "is it not a beautiful sight all together — first this magnificent sunrise and then, as though by way of salute to its glories, the guns and colors from the ships."

"Humph!" declared her sister, whose enjoyment of the scene had been disturbed rather than enhanced by the introduction of this human element, "I think the sunrise would have done very well without the flags and noise and smoke. They seem to me very much like an impertinence at such a time." Then she added with a look and tone that showed how strong, in spite of her youth, were her feelings in the matter, "I wonder how long it will be before that proud ensign shall be lowered never to be raised again in this part of the world."

"Hush, Patty," whispered Dolly, casting an anxious glance at their cousin as if she feared that his feelings might be wounded by the utterance on her sister's part of such disloyal sentiments.

But Gervaise did not appear particularly sensitive on the subject. "What an uncompromising little rebel you are, Patty," he laughingly said. "I hope you don't mean to take up arms yourself, if it really comes to fighting."

"I wish I *could* take up arms myself," Patty avowed with emphasis.

"Then I should not want to meet you in battle. I should lay down mine instantly, and surrender without a word."

Patty did not seem to be in a jesting mood at the moment, so Gervaise turned away presently to look at the town about him, of which the best possible idea could be gotten from the position they occupied. He took out his Map of Boston to help fix the different localities. After a moment Dolly came and looked over his shoulder.

"Why," said she, "you have a map of the town there, haven't you? How nice! Did you do it?"

"Why, no," Gervaise answered, somewhat embarrassed, "no, I can't say I did exactly. It was done by another fellow, a — a midshipman." This, to the best of his knowledge and belief, was the truth. "I thought it might be useful to me in finding your house."

"Oh, is our house on it? Pray let me look. Why, isn't it nice? Here are all the streets. Let's see, here is Beacon street and Tremont street and — yes, here *is* our house. You have marked it with a pencil, haven't you?"

"Eh?" said Gervaise. He took back the map and looked at it. "Is that where your house is?" He looked at it a moment, and then gave it back. "It is only an accidental mark," said he carelessly.

"Cousin Gervaise," here Patty called out to him from a short distance away. "The mists have lifted now so that the hulls of the ships are quite plainly to be seen. I want you to come and point me out the *Somerset*."

Gervaise did not seem in any haste to respond to this call. He took his map again from Dolly, who had done with it, and appeared to be very busy rolling it up. But Patty called him again, and he was obliged to go to her.

"Which is the *Somerset?*" Patty repeated.

"Oh, bother the *Somerset!*" said Gervaise lightly. "I don't want to see or hear of the *Somerset* again, while I am ashore!"

"Well, but *I* want to see her," persisted Patty. "Won't you point her out to me, please?"

"I don't know that I can tell her myself," replied Gervaise — without taking the trouble to look, however. "Ships all look alike, you know, a little way off."

"But I should think a sailor ought to know his own ship as far as he could see her," said Patty positively.

"Not if she is *too* far away," pronounced Gervaise.

"Then she isn't among any of these that we can see plainly?"

Gervaise threw a careless glance over the vessels closer at hand. "No," said he, shaking his head, "I don't see any ship near us that looks to me like the *Somerset*."

"Well, then," said Patty, "tell me the names of some of these. What one is that — that big one off there?" She pointed toward one of the largest, that lay over near the Charlestown ferry, above whose quarter-deck a small blue-and-white flag was flying.

"That?" said Gervaise gravely, "that is the *Polyhedron*."

"The *Polyhedron?*" repeated Patty discontentedly. She was not sufficiently versed in mathematics to know what the word really meant, but it did not sound quite right to her. "Well; and what is that flag for — that blue-and-white one over the cabin?"

"Why," answered Gervaise, not having the remotest idea as to the true meaning of the flag, and again taking refuge behind an absurdity, "that is a signal that the captain has turned over and gone to sleep again, and doesn't wish to be disturbed for another half hour."

Patty pouted. This was too much even for her ignorance. "Now, cousin Gervaise," said she reproachfully, "you ought not to poke fun at me just because I am a girl. I want to *know* about them. You ought to tell me when I ask you. That is," she added resentfully, "if you know yourself. I declare, I don't believe you *do* know. I don't think you are much of a sailor myself. You don't seem to know very much about your profession." She tossed her head and looked away again at the fleet.

But Dolly, who had drawn near, now came to the rescue. She also was very much interested in the subject of the ships in the fleet.

THE MORNING MEETING ON BEACON HILL.

"*Please*, cousin Gervaise, do tell us the names of some of the ships," she entreated him. "Of course you must know about them."

"Oh," said Gervaise, "if it's a catalogue of ships you want, you must go to Homer."

"No; but we want to know a few of them. Is the *Cerberus* anywhere in sight? And which is the *Glasgow?* — and the *Symmetry?* — and the *Falcon?* We have read the names of ever so many of them in the papers, but have never had anybody to point them out to us."

"I am acquainted with Captain Linzee of the

Falcon," said Patty. "I met him one evening at Mr. Byles's. He was very pleasant, too, and said he should be glad to see me on board his vessel."

"No doubt he would answer all your questions for you," Gervaise suggested.

"No doubt he would. And being a captain instead of a midshipman, I should have some confidence in what he told me. *He* will tell me which the *Somerset* is, I am sure."

"I beg your pardon; but did you wish to know which was the *Somerset* man-o'-war?"

This last question, uttered by a strange voice close behind them, caused all three of the young people to turn about in astonishment since not one of them had had the faintest suspicion of the vicinity of another person. And the astonishment of one of the three, Master Gervaise, instantly grew to wonder — wonder almost amounting to a disbelief in the evidence of his own senses — as his eyes fell upon the newcomer.

A young gentleman of their own age, well made and well dressed, with a fine, deeply tanned face rather grave in its expression save that the eyes seemed full of laughing humor, was standing there, hat in hand, bowing to the young ladies. What Gervaise saw more than his cousins and that so excited his wonder was that this face was the face of the strange young man whom he had met at the Sign of the Golden Ball, and that the clothes he wore — laced hat, coat of blue velvet, scarlet waistcoat, and breeches — were the very clothes that he himself had discarded two nights before in the boat on the river. He knew the person instantly, in spite of his altered and unlooked-for appearance; and he knew the clothes too, with perfect certainty, as one is apt to know one's own clothes that one has worn.

The two girls, thus unexpectedly accosted by an entire stranger, drew back a little and — Dolly haughtily, her sister with half-concealed curiosity — regarded the speaker. Amazement for the moment deprived our hero of the power of speech. The stranger himself, however, seemed perfectly master of himself and the situation.

"I beg your pardon," he said again, in a pleasant voice just deepening into manliness, "but I chanced to overhear your last words; and as I know the *Somerset* well, I could do no less than *volunteer* the information you seemed to desire. *Permit me to tell you that the* vessel here away — she with the triple tier of guns — is the *Somerset*."

His manner was so extremely respectful and courteous that it was impossible for the young ladies to be offended; and Patty was even surprised into a reply by what seemed to be an error in his honestly meant statement."

"Are you not mistaken, sir?" said she modestly. "That ship, we have been told, is the *Polyhedron*."

"The *Polyhedron!*" repeated the stranger, wrinkling his brow. "There is no such ship in His Majesty's navy — certainly none such on this station. The ship yonder is the *Somerset*. I know her as well as you know the house you live in."

"O," Patty ardently insisted, quite heedless of her sister's restraining hand laid upon her shoulder, "O, but it *can't* be the *Somerset!* This gentleman here is a midshipman on board the *Somerset*. And he says it is the *Polyhedron*."

"Ah!" murmured the stranger, glancing oddly at Gervaise. "That alters the case. I can hardly expect my opinion in the matter to stand against that of '*a midshipman on board the Somerset*.' If this gentleman says yonder vessel is the *Polyhedron*" —

"Of course I say it is the *Polyhedron!*" our hero here savagely interrupted, having at length recovered his power of speech. He was filled with wrath at the amazing effrontery of this person in thus venturing to address himself and his cousins; yet at the same time, not knowing who he was, and remembering that he was aware of his own (Gervaise's) real identity, he realized that there might be some danger to himself in the presence of the stranger here. Nevertheless, in the matter of the vessel's name, with a certain grim humor he made up his mind to defend his absurdity. "Of course I say it is the *Polyhedron*," he declared.

The stranger turned and took another look at the vessel.

"Ah!" said he, with perfect seriousness, "I perceive now that I was mistaken. The vessel yonder *is* the *Polyhedron*."

"But," objected Patty, not comprehending so sudden and violent a conversion, "you just said that there was no such ship as the *Polyhedron*."

The stranger bowed gravely. "I beg leave then to correct myself," said he. "Of course a '*midshipman on board the Somerset*' must know more about it than a mere civilian." He glanced at his own apparel.

"I am sure," Dolly now interposed, not understanding all this at all, but keenly alive to the impropriety of standing and parleying in this way with a stranger, "I am sure it does not matter at all. We thank you, sir, for your trouble," and, with a slight inclination of the head, she was for drawing her sister away.

But Patty was not quite ready to go — not until she had asked one or two more questions.

"Perhaps," she said to the stranger, "since you have professed to know something of these matters, you can tell us what is the meaning of that blue-and-white flag over the vessel's stern?"

"Certainly," returned he courteously. "That is the flag of Admiral Graves, and shows that he has taken up his quarters on board that ship."

"Indeed!" Patty looked around at Gervaise with an air of triumph. "That is not exactly what this gentleman has told us. He said it meant that the captain was taking another nap, and did not wish to be disturbed."

"In that case," said the stranger instantly, "I fear I have been again mistaken. We civilians are by no means to be depended upon in such things. The gentleman clearly is right, now I think of it. Indeed, if you will look closely, no doubt you will see that the men on deck are all going about on tiptoe for fear of waking the captain."

Patty looked from one young man to the other. Gervaise was gnawing his lips, fierce with inward rage; the stranger's face was perfectly calm and serious save for the laughter in his eyes. The girl understood well enough now that each of them had, so to speak, been making sport of her. But she was vaguely aware also that there was something in their words and actions behind this — which she could not understand at all and which puzzled her greatly. She swept the stranger a majestic courtesy.

"I, too, thank you for the *valuable* information you have given us," said she.

"You are quite welcome to it, such as it is," was the imperturbable response. "And in return for it, if I may detain you a single moment, I would like, if you will allow me, to ask a bit of information for myself." He seemed to address himself to both the girls. "If I am not mistaken, I have the honor to speak to the daughters of Madame Brenshaw. If that lady is at home to-day, I purpose to pay my respects to her a little later in the morning. May I ask if I am likely to find her?"

"This is *too* much!" Gervaise at this point broke in, unable to restrain himself longer. "Dolly, Patty, go on, will you, please, down the hill. I have a word to say in private to this gentleman — after which I will join you."

Then, as the girls obeyed him and walked away, he turned on the stranger. "Who *are* you?" he demanded. "And what do you mean by this?"

"Wall," answered the other, suddenly relapsing into the absurd Yankee accent which Gervaise had heard him use at their last meeting. "My name is Jedediah Ichabod *Twang*" — he gave to the last name an especially nasal intonation — "and I don't mean nothin' in partic'ler."

"You seem to change your manner of speech to suit your convenience," said Gervaise, with a curl of the lip.

"Yes — as some people change their clothes." His mocking glance fell upon our hero's uniform.

"I am not the only one, it seems, who wears other people's clothes," Gervaise retorted, eying his own garments and thinking how well they fitted the other.

"Oh, I had to take what was left, of course."

"Then this uniform I have on belongs to you, does it?"

"Well, yes; but it is entirely at your service so long as you choose to wear it. Meanwhile, you must excuse me if I claim in return the use of my present apparel. It is rather more elegant, perhaps, than that to which I have been accustomed; but I will try and take good care of it."

"At any rate," observed our hero with an air of ending the interview, "I will thank you to keep your place, whatever that is, and not intrude yourself upon ladies of whom I have the honor to be in charge. As for what you said about paying your respects to Madame Brenshaw, I cannot suppose that you really intend anything of the sort. At any rate, you will do so at your peril. You cannot possibly have any business with the lady."

"Indeed!" was the cool response. "And what if I conceived it my duty to wait upon her and inform her that the young gentleman who is being entertained beneath her roof — Master Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia — has no right to the uniform he wears?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ants and the Grasshopper

Versified from Æsop's Fables

By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates

OUT from their huts and houses,
In frocks and smocks and blouses
Of dingy country brown,
Each day the Ants came swarming
To go about their farming,
Even though the sun poured down
A perfect blaze of scorching rays,
And hot enough to melt them;
They knew too well how winter days
Would pierce and chill and pelt them.

Some plowed long even furrows;
With little red wheelbarrows
Some trundled here and there,
And if a heedless brother
Ran bumping 'gainst another,
Why, no one seemed to care—
Small fear of fisticuffs or fight
With no one to begin it:
Yet if they met a worm—poor wight—
They slew him in a minute.

With whistle and with singing,
Mowers their scythes went swinging,
And swath on swath laid low;
With waists so very dwindling,
And arms so lean and spindling,
They looked too slim to mow,
Yet still all day, as if 'twere play,
From every clover thicket
The whet of blades came, faintly gay,
Like the echo of a cricket.

In time the grain grew yellow,
The apples sweet and mellow;
The grasses saved for seed
Were ready with click and patter
Their small black fruit to scatter;
And even the lowly weed,
Camped like a gipsy in the field
Or by the wayside creeping,
Was waiting the fit hour to yield
Its harvest to their keeping.

Forever stirring and trudging,
They kept on plodding, drudging,
As the summer hours winged by;
They had no frolic, no leisure,
Took never a day of pleasure,
Not even the Fourth of July;
Why, even the King, when he went to bed
To rest him for the morrow,
Dreamed that the Queen mixed cake and bread
In his little red wheelbarrow.

Then, with a world of trouble,
They hacked the tall wheat stubble
Until their elbows ached;
Hacked, hewed and hugged and hustled,
Till down the gold ears rustled,
While others gleaned and raked.
Wide open swung the granary doors,
With flails the air resounded,
As on the dusty, straw-strewn floors
Whack! whack! the threshers pounded.

Meanwhile, within the houses,
The wives of the Ants in blouses
Found work enough to do,
The whirring spindles turning,
Baking, scouring and churning,
And rocking the cradle too;
While boys and girls with rosy looks
The path to school went tripping,
Some to get knowledge out of books,
And some, perhaps, a whipping.

Near by there lived a dapper,
Long-legged, gray Grasshopper,
And a bachelor he was;
Not famous for his riches,
Yet he wore green silk knee-breeches
And a claw-hammer coat of gauze.
As to stocks and bonds and houses and lands,
Of course he hadn't any,
But was very careful of his white hands,
And his fine, well-waxed antennæ.

Though always without money,
He managed to dine on honey
As choice as the choicest eat;
And he'd drink a cool dew toddy
With almost anybody,
If it were only sweet.
And then, perched on a plantain leaf,
With his eye-glass to his eye,
He'd flutter his pocket-handkerchief
At the first girl-butterfly.

When down the rain came splashing,
And spattering and dashing,
And all the leaves were wet,
He'd sigh: "Of course for the present
This isn't really pleasant,
But 'twill never do to fret!"
And then a mushroom for a tent,
Or a hay-rick for a cover,
He'd find, and call it excellent,
Until the shower was over.

Great was his pleasure, very,
To laugh at and make merry
Over the busy ANTS;
Only to see them moiling,
Their striving so and toiling,
Provoked his heels to dance.
"I'll never work," he cried, "like these,
Until the weather's colder!"
And he thought them vulgar as common bees
With bags slung on each shoulder.

Jack Frost came creeping, stealing,
Cold-hearted and unfeeling,
Icicles in his breath;
Then, "Oh, for a fur-lined wrapper,"
Bewailing cried GRASSHOPPER,
"Or I shall freeze to death!"
Then he found he'd nothing on which to dine,
And nothing to drink whatever,
And the length of his spine he could define
By a constant ague shiver.

His muscles were full of twinges,
His joints like rusty hinges:
"Ugh! I know what it is!"
He groaned, as a sharp crick wrung him,
And pains like needles stung him,
"'Tis the farmers 'rheumatiz!"
And he wondered if they kept always warm
In butternut-colored blouses,
And said, "'Twill do no special harm
To visit them in their houses!"

So he hobbled away on crutches,
In his faded silk knee-breeches
And his gauze claw-hammer coat,
But not, as formerly, laughing —
He was wheezing, sneezing, coughing,
With a flannel round his throat.
The ANTS upon their granary floor
Were spreading wheat for drying,
And out from an open kitchen door
Came a whiff of doughnuts frying.

"I've met reverses lately,"
He stammered, bowing stately:
"Pray lend me half a dime,
I haven't a crumb for supper," —
And he blushed, poor old GRASSHOPPER —
"I'll pay — some other time."
What did you do the summer through?"
Questioned a gruff old farmer.
"I danced." "Well, keep on dancing, do;
'Twill help to keep you warmer!"

Yet they fed him and, moreover,
Gave humble clothes for cover;
And he passed out of sight.
That night a gray cloud sifted
Great snow-flakes down that drifted
In hillocks deep and white.
No roof, no food, no fireside blaze,
No kith nor kin to cherish!
Ah, he who wastes the summer days
From winter want must perish!

BEE.

By Mrs. Louisa T. Cragin.

HAT a name — Beatrice Follansbee Beecham — for a mite of a sprite of a maiden who, unannounced, presented herself in my little schoolroom one bright summer morning. She might have been called Butterfly, Rosebud or Morning-Glory, or anything else that's dainty and sweet, as she stood in the square of sunshine that streamed through the open door that fragrant June day.

Wreath of blossoms drooping down,
For her head a fitting crown;
Sunny ringlets, free as air,
Clustering round a forehead fair;
Tender, loving dark-blue eyes
Looking up with glad surprise;
Nose — ah, if the truth is told
It is not of classic mould:
But two lips more rosy sweet,
Search the world through you'll not meet.
Scarlet jacket lending charms
To her pretty dimpled arms;
Snowy dress whose crumpled fold
Scarce can her sweet treasure hold;
Flower-framed, and flower-crowned,
Flowers falling on the ground,
Flowers in her dimpled hands —
Thus the little maiden stands.

"Good-morning, my pretty one," I said; "is your mamma with you? Are you coming to school?"

"Good-morning," the little one gravely replied, but never stirred a step nearer, though the sweet blue eyes looked wistfully at the happy group of children busy with spoons and sand trays; for mine was one of the early kindergartens with few of the modern appliances for expressing Frœbel's wonderful system, but yet I am sure, informed with his spirit which made all learning a delight and not a task.

"Did mamma tell you to wait for her?" I said, thinking that the child might have run on in advance of her mother, though no sound of approaching steps gave any token of another arrival.

"No, ma'am. I camed my very own self. My mamma is sleepy. I played and I played and I picked flowers for mamma and the chilluns camed here and I camed."

By this time, without frightening the little wanderling, I had taken a low seat on the edge of the sunsquare and had my arms round the little bright bird, who seemed so lightly poised on her tiny feet that I half-expected to see her take flight at my touch.

Children know their true lovers however, and the wee one, instead of fluttering away, nestled confidingly close and laid her roses in my lap.

"What is your name, dear?" I said again, softly.

"Bee — Bee — Bee," was all I could distinctly hear, though it was evident that the child was making a great effort to pronounce distinctly a long, hard name.

"Is it great A — little a — bouncing B?" I said.

"No, ma'am — I'm little B — mamma is big B, but she doesn't bounce. My red ball bounces and Clover Kitty jumps. My ticket says 'Please take this little girl home.'"

Down went all the flowers and the child began to tug at her scarlet jacket, to get hold of a steel chain which I now saw hung about her neck with something white hanging from it, but just then tangled in the yellow curls and hid under the little jacket, quite behind her back.

When it was fairly freed from the golden meshes that held it, I read the long name: "*Beatrice Follansbee Beecham, 19 Glen Crescent. Please bring this little girl home.*"

It was nearly time for recess, the long one when the children played party with their lunch baskets

and when they were, I knew, quite safe for an hour.

I put on my hat and took Bee (as she persisted in calling herself) by the hand and took the by-path that by a short cut led to Glen Crescent, a quiet little nook quite away from the travelled road. The few houses were pretentious but shabby, having fallen from their original estate into a species of tenement house, for the much-enduring class who "have seen better days." There were no Irish and there was no squalor; but there was an utter unloveliness and barrenness about the Crescent that made the name Glen sound like a grim jest. On the first floor of the largest and most high-shouldered of these houses I found Mrs. Beecham, a delicate invalid whose days and nights of suffering were only varied by being spent half in bed and half in a reclining-chair; her chief refreshment the few flowers in the window, her chief anxiety little Bee, who was at once the oldest and the youngest child I ever saw. She was only six years old; but she could make her mamma's tea and pour it deftly into a pretty Worcester cup that told its own story of other days; could toast the wafer crackers that her mamma's thin fingers crumbled in the tea, and fill to the brim her own silver bowl, with its pretty chasing of Little Bo-peep running after her sheep, from the little milk can and never spill one drop; breaking her roll into the bowl and feeding Clover Kitty and herself with nice and discriminating fairness.

Bee had three loves: her beautiful mamma, Clover Kitty, and flowers; to get the last no walk was too long, no work too hard if only repaid with lovely fragrant blossoms — they must be fragrant or she didn't value them. Bee's father now dead had been an English artist and her mother's marriage I fancy had been a disappointment to her family, and she had suffered social and family outlawry for her artist lover's sake. The story told itself, for it was little that Mrs. Beecham ever said, except about Bee — she feared to have her grow up as ignorant and careless as the birds and butterflies that, with the wild flowers, were her only playmates.

"You will let Bee come to my school, will you not, dear Mrs. Beecham?" I said one day. "Just as I would let my little girl come to you had my May-bird lived and you were a Kindergartner?"

BEE AND THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

The sweet blue eyes (Bee's were like her mother's) looked their grateful assent. It was much to know that Bee was safe and at least making beginnings.

I like to think that just what I have been telling was a link in the chain that led to the blossoming of one life into graceful independence and, indirectly, wakened another life that to all appearance

was as useless and hopeless as a desiccated mummy's. If poverty and wealth do not often go hand in hand they are often near neighbors, not only in big cities where the back door may look out on pain and penury and the front on luxury and ease, but in the country also the rich man's estate ends often where the poor man's begins.

Squire Harding's homestead acres had originally included what was now known as Glen Crescent; the sale had inadvertently been made by the old Squire, to one who proved to be a mere speculator and the pretentious houses that sprung up were a thorn to the old Squire, even though a rugged hill wild with rocks and cedars rose between.

"They're there, and I know they're there, and that's the same as if I saw 'em there!" he said daily till he died, leaving the grand old place to his only sister, a sad, silent, lonely woman, whose life was as empty and loveless as an anchorite's in the desert; as ungracious as a withered Rose of Jericho whose dry petals turn inward, as if piercing its own heart.

Money — oh yes, money in abundance — coaches and horses, servants at every turn to fill wishes never expressed, orchards laden with fruit, graperies heavy with purple treasures, rose-gardens and gay parterres of glowing fragrance, all cared for and carried on by Old Christy the head gardener, just as he had done for forty years and more, when Miss Janet was a little girl as blithe and bonny then as the blithest and bonniest. "Just see her to-day," Christy would say to Margot his wife, "without a thing to love or care for, but Thomas, that old black cat that she makes more of than if it was a babby, and feeds on chicken and cream and sweet-breads with white sauce, till the critter's ready to bust. What good is it just sending baskets of fruit and flowers to hospitals and such, and never a word of good cheer with 'em — she'd never know or care if they was dug into the ground for compost instead. 'Just do what you like,' was all I got, when I asked would she be after entertaining Father Haley's proposition: 'Ye rich in this world's goods, give of your abundance to the poor.' It isn't giving to my thinking, Margot, unless ye give yourself in the giving."

"It goes more against my heart, Christy, to see you harness the barouche just to air that little beast Thomas, for never a foot in five years has Miss Janet put in the carriage, or out of the grounds for that matter, and never a poor sick one given the chance of a ride neither."

When the little beast, named Thomas died one day, there was only one mourner. Miss Janet herself had to be reconciled to Thomas's death when she saw how much he suffered and she wasted tears and pangs enough at his burial, under a huge rose-tree in sight of her window, to have furnished forth a Suttee.

Now, as I am half ashamed to relate, Miss Janet found a use for her beautiful flowers. Twice each week she laid a votive offering on the grass over the head of the sleeping Thomas. The sweetest roses, the most fragrant violets, beautiful lilies, sprays of daphne and spicy mahonia, not in garlands but in dainty bunches tied always with white ribbon — which was touching in the extreme considering the blackness of Thomas.

The short cut from Glen Crescent went across Squire Harding's homestead lot; not through the rose gardens, nor too temptingly near graperies and orchard, it had come to be looked upon as an acknowledged right of way for foot passengers. I myself had led Bee home by that cross cut and had told the child to come and go that way to school because it was safer and shorter than the road.

One day Bee came into school with some lovely flowers in her hand, looking radiantly happy.

"Where did you get your flowers, Bee?"

"I founded 'em, on the ground. Mamma will be so glad," and Bee's eyes sparkled at the idea.

I thought it probable that they had been dropped from the florist's basket, on the way to market and said nothing.

A week or two later Bee had another bunch; this time of Parma violets, quite out of season, but they too were tied together so they must have been purposely given to the child, who begged me to put her flowers in water till she went home.

At last the flowers were so frequent and always so rare and choice that my curiosity was excited — "Bee," I said, "who gives you the flowers?" thinking the florist himself might have been pleased with her winsome face and pretty ways and so have given her the blossoms out of his abundance.

"The Flower Angel, Tante."

"The Flower Angel?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, Tante. Don't you know —

The angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay —

the Flower Angel always puts 'em under the rose-tree for me. I guess she knows I love her so."

The little poem of Leigh Hunt's had taken the child's fancy one day when I was reading it to the children, and she had asked for it so many times that she knew it quite by heart. But the child's answer did not content me, though it evidently fully satisfied her.

I thought it might be a whim of Old Christy's who often made me a sort of sub-almoner of fruits and flowers, whereby I was able to brighten some dreary rooms far beyond my own humble means; but Christy had been laid up nearly all the fall and early winter with an attack of rheumatism and Dame Margot had even less sentiment about her than crusty Christy.

Chance solved the knotty problem at last. It was toward the end of the Christmas holidays. I had been more than usually busy and had not seen Bee or her mother for several days, and thought I would run across while the sunlight lasted and see if all was well. As I crossed the lawn on the frozen crust, so cutting off an angle of the regular path, I heard voices at a little distance; looking up, under the big rose-tree, now a mass of icy twigs and scarlet berries, I saw Bee in her little mouse-gray coat clasping a bunch of Jacqueminot and cloth-of-gold roses, her little face upturned to that of a tall lady, in a trailing blue robe with an ermine cloak folded about her, and a fleecy white cloud around her head and neck. I could not hear the lady's voice, but Bee's rang out as clear as a bell through the frosty air:

"Are you the Angel of the Flowers? I guess you are, for I saw you put my flowers down for me. You're a pretty puckery angel, but I love you just as well. Why don't you get ironed out?"

In an instant it all flashed over me. I had heard, as who had not, of Miss Janet's Thomas and the legend of the flower-strewn grave, though I had never credited it wholly. They were Thomas's flowers that Bee all this time had been so innocently appropriating! Wrinkled, withered Miss Janet as the Angel of the Flowers! No wonder the child thought her a "puckery angel."

I held my breath, awaiting the result of the child's audacity. Who shall say what Angel of the Flowers was near at hand to touch that poor dead heart—some good angel it surely was, some memory of a childhood that had been fair and sweet and gracious as this child-blossom with her simple faith. The words that came were harsh; but underneath I could feel the vibration of something more tender than the ungracious speech:

"If I were handsome I suppose you'd kiss me, but I'm too puckery for baby lips?"

Down went the bonny bunch of roses; two little arms went round Miss Janet's neck and the "puckers" were covered with warm child kisses.

"I don't care if you aren't handsome; I love your puckers because they are yours, and you gave me the flowers and they make mamma almost well. I'll come and kiss you every day. Do you live in the rosebush? Oh, no. I remember, you only sleep under the rose-bush; I know your piece," and the little witch drew back a mite, struck an attitude and recited the Flower Angel poem.

Miss Janet caught the child in her arms, roses and all, and went silently into the house. I felt it my duty to follow and explain, though Bee had given the best explanation.

Well, it seemed a matter of course that the warm living, loving child should take the place of the dead Thomas, who even in life had been thoroughly unresponsive and ungrateful. The Rose of Jericho unfolded, and never closed again. The longing of a hungry unsatisfied life that had wasted itself in morbid introspection till it had seemed to have lost all kinship with humanity, was satisfied at last and the empty rooms in her heart and in her home were destined to be filled. What would have happened had Bee turned away disappointed from that poor withered, eager face, I cannot guess; but Bee had her artist father's soul, and through the seen beheld the unseen—the dormant soul looked out from Janet's eyes and met Bee's; henceforth for her, life had a purpose.

All this was years ago. Bee was let to follow the instinct inherited from her artist father and had the best training possible both here and abroad. Flowers she loves best to paint, and dewy roses most of all; but the picture Miss Janet prizes most, hangs in her own room and every morning greets her waking eyes. It is called "The Angel of the Flowers:" a child with upturned face and wistful dark blue eyes stands under a rose tree; it is winter and the only roses are the glowing Jacqueminots and cloth-of-gold lying on the snow, and the angel is a good deal puckered.

APRIL.
TAURUS: ♉

"Huzza!" From box and balcony
Rang out the loud exultant cry:
"Huzza! the Matador!"

From floor to roof a glittering maze
Of gorgeous robes and faces fair,
With lustrous laces gleaming rare,
And veils of fluttering gossamer,
And fans that set the air astir,
And flowers that bloom and gems that blaze
Filled all the amphitheatre.

Below them in the sunlit space
Beneath the tranquil April skies,
Two combatants stood face to face:
A milk-white bull, with fiery eyes,
Huge, frantic, mad with rage and pain,
His great head bowed to charge the foe,
And, poising with a cool disdain
His weapon for the fatal blow,
A youth, decked out in gorgeous wise.

A murmurous hush, a breathless pause —
The ladies leaned far out to see.
A flash of scarlet drapery —
A plunge — a bellowing roar — a cloud
Of flying dust! Then burst the applause,
With cheer on cheer of wild delight
That rolled the echoing circle round.
And while, low-fallen upon the ground,
His victim struggled hard with death,
The hero of the noble fight,
Rained on with flowers from fingers white
Mid ringing *Bravas*, smiled and bowed.

A child sobbed softly in the crowd.
"Alas, poor bull!" below her breath
She wept. "Alas, poor pretty Bull!"
With sad eyes, grieved and pitiful,
And down beside him in the sand,
One blossom, wet with tearful dew,
One little crimson rose she threw,
And hid her sweet eyes with her hand.

And still all tongues the victor sang,
"Huzza!" the thundering plaudits rang,
"Huzza! the Matador!"

TO-DAY—XXX.

By Edward E. Hale.

ABEL asked me, when they came in at their January meeting, what Communism was. It seemed there had been some article in a magazine about "Communism," and they had discussed it as they rode out in the train.

"Communism," said I, "means two wholly different things."

It is not very creditable to many people who talk about it, that they do not know this.

First. "Communism" may mean "government by the Commune." The *Commune* is the smallest political body known in France. Roughly speaking it corresponds to what in New England we call the "town." Government by the Commune is what we should call local government, or town government.

Now it happens that in France, first under the Bourbons, afterwards under the great Napoleon, and again under his successors, there has been a strong tendency to make all government central; to issue from Paris as the centre, the laws or ordinances which are to regulate in the same way, every department in France and the Communes which make up the departments. It is said that a man cannot build a bridge across a brook on his own farm without sending plans of the bridge to a central architect in Paris, that he may approve them. This is probably not true, but such a fling as this at the central government shows you the sort of authority it has been apt to claim.

Whoever is in favor of more local government, that is, giving more power to the *Commune*, is, in this French use of the word, a *Communist*, or advocate of the *Commune*. It would be more convenient, when we use the word in this sense in English, if we all agreed to accent the *u* in the second syllable. Then we should call these people *Communists*, and there would be one chance more *that somebody* knew what we meant.

When I had said this substantially to my boys and girls, Bob asked me if we were not all Com*mu*nists here, with the accent on the *u*.

"I hope you are," I said, "I certainly am. That is, I believe in strong town government, and in giving just as much authority, power and dignity to the town as is possible. When you come to read De Tocqueville's book on *Democracy in America* — and a very interesting book you will find it — you will see that he says that our system of town government is the centre of our whole system of liberty. It is the system that people of German or Teutonic race have always had. The French would never have let Bourbons or Bonapartes steal away so much power from their Communes if the French had not been so largely a race of Keltic habit and Keltic blood."

It happened in the troubles of 1871, that the Commune of Paris thought that a good time to assert the local government theory, and tried to make head against the National Government. They were in Paris, and they kept M. Thiers and the National Government out. Many people will tell you that he and his army only overcame them, and finally entered Paris, by bribing or buying some of the leaders of the Commune. How this may be, I do not know. But the leaders of the Commune mixed themselves up in those days with some very disreputable people. In the name of the Commune many of the public buildings were set on fire. The great bronze column of Napoleon I. was pulled down, the Archbishop of Paris was murdered, and many other good men, so that the cause of Communism or of the Commune, got a very bad name among people who cared for decency, order and good government.

When you give a dog a bad name, or a cause, all sorts of evils follow. In this case, the whole English press, which is apt to be hopelessly ignorant about French affairs, and hopelessly prejudiced about French people, thought, or pretended to think that the communists — the local government people in France — were people who believed

that property should be held in common. That is, they mixed up communists with the accent on the *u*, with the English word communists, with the accent on the *o*, which has been used for fifty years. This word means, the people who think no man should hold separate property, but that the States should hold all property, or that there should be a "community" of property.

"Why," said Hector, "that is the way the Zuñis live and the Pueblo people at Taos."

Hector was in New Mexico and Arizona last summer.

"Yes," I said, "all the Indian tribes who had any system, seem to have been *Com*munists. The Five Nations were in New York. Our Indians here were not because our people were such a wretched set they hardly had any property. Mr. Weeden has shown in his valuable book, *The Social Law of Labor*, that the notion of property generally begins in this way. The Taos people make most of their property by irrigation, and they have to hold it in common."

"As for that," said John Fifield, "do not we hold our water-works in common?"

"Certainly we do. And there is a very good instance of the way in which *Com*munism has proved necessary in certain things. We hold the Capitol in common. We hold the public school houses in common. We hold most of the roads in common. There were a few turnpike corporations once, but that proved an inconvenient system, and their roads have passed into the hands of the State. The State of New York holds its great canals in common."

"Do you think," said John, "that the railroads will ever be held by the State as the common roads are now?"

"Not just now. Things do not look that way. The popular prejudice is the other way. But fifty years ago, in many of the States the railroads were owned by the State. In half Europe they are owned so now. There is no reason in the nature of things, why they should not be. It is a question of administration and convenience."

In England the telegraph is held in common. The fiction is that the Queen owns it. But this is only a fiction. The people own it. And the system works very well. Whenever I am insulted by a telegraph boy, or when the "Lady Operator" keeps for six days in her drawer, a cable despatch from London which she ought to have sent me in the hour she received it, I hope the people of the United States will build or buy their own telegraph, and I think they will some day. My share of the cost would be two dollars, I suppose, and I was made to pay that yesterday for a despatch for which in England I should have paid forty cents.

I have no doubt we shall see the telegraph common property, like the schoolhouses and the streets.

"But this has nothing to do with town government," said Mabel who had started all this talk.

Not the first thing. It is only by accident that the two things were mixed together, *Com*munism and Comm*u*nism; by accident and the prejudice and stupidity and ignorance of the men who write for the English press; this, and the laziness of the boys in American newspaper offices, who have copied their blunders without reading them. Once have a folly like this well started and it will go round the world.

"Were not the first Christians Cómmunists, with an accent on the first syllable?"

Mary put this question, with all her own accuracy.

No. They were not. But plenty of people from prejudice or from ignorance, again, will tell you that they were.

The one passage cited to show they were, is that in the Acts, which says the multitude of those who believed were of one heart and one soul. That is easily understood, seeing who taught them, and under what enthusiasm they were living. Yet even then no one would say that they would sing all the words of "the Messiah" in unison, because Luke says they were of one heart and one soul. He goes on to say that "not one of them *said* that aught of the things he possessed was his own."

Now no well-trained Christian *says* this to-day. Every Christian knows that God has given him his property in trust and that he holds it in trust that he may use it for his children, his family, the poor or the world. And no Christian ever talks of "his own," as if he were the final authority, in the spending of his money, or the use of what he has. Every Christian knows that what is given to each man is given for the common good.

That is what Luke says the early Christians knew. That every man held his property as to be used for the common good. But, at the same

time, he shows that they made their own separate arrangements. They had a charity fund for their widows, Ananias and Sapphira, after they had sold their farm, could have kept the proceeds had they chosen. And, in short, there is not here, nor anywhere else, a syllable to show that they held property in common as the Taos Indians hold their farms, or as we hold our schoolhouses, roads, and the Capitol, at Washington.

Tom asked, when we were at this point, if Mr. George did not propose that the land should be held in common and rented out to the landholders. I said that that was a rough statement of Mr. George's theory, which has been widely circulated and discussed.

"But that," said Blanche, "is what William the Conqueror did. He said all the land in England was his, and he gave it to his pets. He called them Barons, but I suppose they were all what we should call 'Filibusters' — a set of disreputable tramps, who left Normandy for Normandy's good."

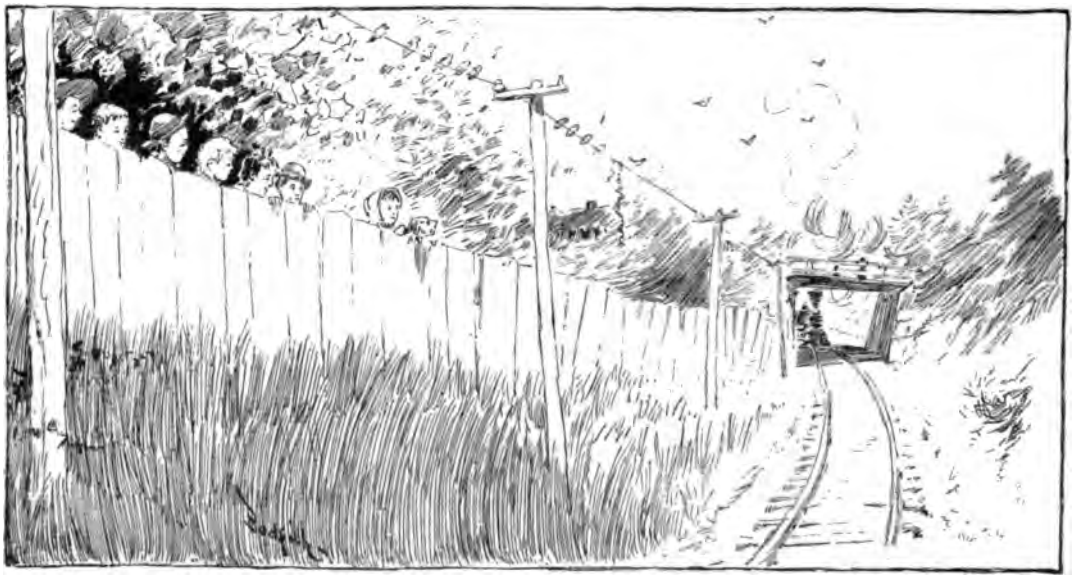
I smiled, well pleased at Blanche's interpretation of history.

"Then," said Blanche, "he gave them these places, and he wrote it all down in Domesday-book. And Fitz Mortimer had to pay a rent of five hundred vassals when the King went to war, and Fitz Fiddlestick had to pay a rent of four hundred vassals. And as the King was fighting all the time, this made an annual rent."

"If they only paid this rent in money to Mr. Gladstone now, would not that be Mr. George's system for England?"

It would be something very much like it. But as the Barons have, in the long run governed England since then, they have managed to make somebody else do the paying. For instance, everybody who smokes or chews tobacco, pays in proportion as he smokes or chews, whether he owns one inch of land or no.

But Mr. George's plans were quite too wide for us to compass them before Ellen came to announce that the waffles were ready. And after the waffles came old John Matoonas with his fiddle and I heard no more of *Com*munism or Com*mu*nism that day.



THE MORNING SENSATION.

SLUMBER FAIRIES.

By Katherine Lee Bates.

HUSH, my little one! hush, lie down!
Mamma will sing,
Sing of a boy in a wee, white gown,
Sing of a king with a golden crown,
A crown of curls on a sweet, small head,
And a throne as high as a trundle-bed,
Dear little king!

Hush, my baby! a song I know
Softer than all,
A song as soft as the falling snow,
And I will sing it so light and low;
Baby must listen and lie as still
As the snowflakes lie on the quiet hill
Where they fall.

Does Baby know, when the day grows late,
Chilly and dim,
The Slumber Fairies, who stand and wait
Down in the street and beyond the gate,
Pass over the lawn and open the door
And steal across the nursery floor,
Looking for him?

Such tiny fairies, with slippers white
Over their feet!
Their cloaks are gray as the early night,

THEY PASS OVER THE LAWN.

But their caps are lit with a silver light,
As if a moonbeam were caught, perhaps,
And cut up small into fairy-caps,
Dainty and neat.

Up the side of the trundle-bed
Softly they go,
And over the pillow with gentle tread
They come to the golden baby-head;
Under his lashes he tries to peep,
But before he knows he is fast asleep.
— Isn't it so?

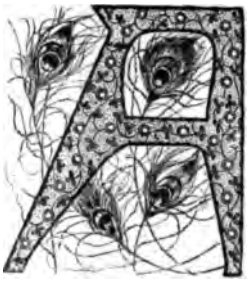
For they bind the baby with fairy charms,
Wonders to tell;
They loose the clasp of the dimpled arms,
And smooth his forehead with soft, small palms,
And draw their cloaks o'er his drowsy ears,
Till a fairy music is all he hears,
Pleasing him well.

They shade his eyes with a little dream —
Where did it grow?
It grew by the side of a fairy stream,
Where Baby wandereth now, I deem,
With the Slumber Fairies to guide his feet.
Good-night, dear laddie! your rest be sweet!
Mamma must go.

THE DOUGHNUT BAIT.

(A true Bear Story.)

By George J. Varney.



A SCHOOLBOY a few weeks since told me of an amusing encounter that he and his brother had just had with a bear. It was at Thanksgiving time, and they were enjoying the few days' vacation in hunting in the Maine woods. The locality, to be exact, was the north side of Roach River, about half-way from the first pond to where the stream empties into Moosehead Lake.

Near a deserted log hut, known as "McPheter's Camp," they had discovered signs of a bear — his tracks, and the spot where he had lain down among the tall dead grasses.

"Let's stay here all night and watch for him," said Willie — Willie was the one who related the adventure to me.

"That wouldn't be right; for they're looking for us at home," replied his brother Dick to this somewhat tempting invitation. "Besides there might not come a bear here again for a week."

"Well, let's rest here a few minutes anyway," said Willie.

Opposite the door of the hut was its one window, the glass so covered with cobwebs that very little light came through. It was dark enough in there for a bear's den — he might, in fact, be in there. But flinging the door wide open, the boys ventured in. There was a visible movement at the window, but it proved to be only three or four great, gray spiders hurrying to their coverts from the unwonted light.

"What's this, Dick?" and Will kicked a tangled mass of iron from a corner into the sunshine.

Dick eyed it a moment. "Aha — it's a bear trap," said he.

"Well, we *will* catch him, now," said Will triumphantly.

"The old thing's too rusty and weak," Dick pronounced finally, after examining it. "'Twouldn't hold a bear."

"Oh, let's just set it, anyhow, and *try*," coaxed Will.

After repeated efforts, in which Will got caught himself — or, rather, his boot — they got the huge iron jaws wide open, and the trencher in place.

"Next thing we must shoot something for bait," said Will.

"I really think we haven't time, not to-night, Will," said Dick. "See! it's almost sunset, and we are two miles from home through the woods."

"Well, then, I've got two doughnuts left. Let's put them on."

"Very well," laughed Dick, good-naturedly, "if you can wait for your supper."

So the trap, with a doughnut tied to the trencher, was placed a few feet just outside the cabin where any one within could plainly see it from the window. The chain was made fast, and the other doughnut broken to bits, and scattered about.

The next morning the boys were early on the tramp, in order to visit a shallow pond some three miles eastward, where they expected to find moose.

After tiptoing about and impatiently watching the shores till afternoon, they did see a moose; but before they were within range, he turned to run.

"Fire, Will!" shouted Dick.

The report of two guns echoed from the woods about, while the moose with a sudden bound or two, disappeared among the trees. They could hear the great creature crashing through the woods, and they hurried on in pursuit. After going about a mile they lost track of him, and they gave it up as neither had detected any token that the animal was hurt.

The chase had led them near a trail that passed the McPheter's camp; and they jokingly turned that way to see if anything had happened there.

"If that doughnut isn't gone, I'm going to eat it," murmured Will. "I'm awful hungry."

"I doubt that the birds and squirrels have left any till this time," said Dick.

"A large bird, or a gray squirrel would get caught, if they touched it, wouldn't they?" questioned Will hopefully.

"Perhaps — if the old trap wasn't so rusty — but hush — there's the camp. Supposing we keep behind it and go in until we see if there's anything in the trap."

They opened the door softly, and moved lightly in and toward the window. The first glance gave them a start. There was a big bear sitting bolt upright, with his forepaws hanging, right before the window. He had evidently heard the sound of their approach, and was looking around for them. Dick gave one long, but wary look. Then he shouted:

"All right, Will. He's caught! The doughnut did it!"

For a moment the boys stood looking out of the window, and the bear sat looking in. It was too much for Bruin — that gaze of exultant victory. He struggled a moment with the trap, then, with one vigorous leap, he cleared himself and went head and shoulders into that window.

Dick sprang for a hole in the low roof, and Will dashed out of the door. He had just time to shut it behind him before the bear came bumping against it.

It were hard to say who was hunter and who was hunted just then. Will was outside, but virtually the bear's captive, as he stood braced back against the door. Dick was creeping about on the rotten, creaking roof. The bear was inside, vigorously snuffing about for his enemies. He repeatedly tried the door, but it failed to open. He growled up the hole in the roof at Dick, but couldn't reach him. There they were, three very uncomfortable parties.

At last the boys heard the sound of rattling glass again; evidently the bear was going to try the hunt outside. Will made a frantic endeavor to open the door, but he had pushed so hard that now it stuck. He got it open at last, and peeped in, just at the instant when the bear came round the corner. This was the situation now: Will was looking in after the bear, the bear had come round after Will, and Dick, on the roof, was trying to get a good sight at the bear without slipping off. By holding to the hole in the roof with his foot, he found himself able to peep over the eaves; and when the bear turned the corner, he with lucky aim, and plucky quickness put a moose-charge into the back of the creature's head.

Will turned and was putting his gun out to fire, just as Dick dropped down through the roof. But the bear lay still. Dick's shot had finished him.

There was, of course, great rejoicing between the two young hunters. They started a fire, then took off Bruin's skin; and soon some most delicious bearsteaks were broiling on the coals.

"I don't miss that doughnut at all, somehow," said Will as they sat at dinner.

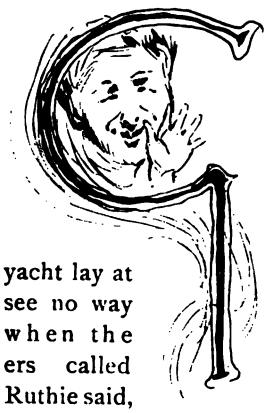
SUSY wrote a pretty letter
Which she posted in a tree
To the King of all the Fairies,
Asking anxiously if he
Wouldn't grant that all the oak-trees
That year, just for once, you know,
Should, instead of horrid acorns,
All with sugar-almonds grow.

IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THEY ALL WENT TO THE PICNIC ON DIXIE'S LAND.



"GET aboard! get aboard!" shouted the Chief of the Gamekeepers as the whole party rushed down to the lakeside. Some fifteen or twenty feet from the shore a beautiful little steam yacht lay at anchor, but Ruthie could see no way of getting on board. So, when the Chief of the Gamekeepers called out, "Get aboard!" Ruthie said, greatly perplexed, "Oh, it's too far off, you know! I can't get aboard!"

"Well, if you can't get a board get a shingle," suggested the Eagle with the Golden Beak, Diamond Eyes, Silver Claws and Purple Feathers, as he hurried past her. "There's plenty of 'em around here."

And then Ruthie noticed that her companions were hastily stripping the boards of a high board-fence near at hand and, launching these upon the lake, were floating off to the steam yacht; so she followed suit and soon stood upon the deck.

"Where are we going now?" she asked.

"Why, where but to Dixie's Land to be sure," answered the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-Horned. "We are going there on a picnic, because Dixie's got a broken leg, you know, and we sha'n't run very much risk of getting caught."

"And where is Dixie's Land?" asked Ruthie.

"Two blocks and a turn to the right, one block and two turns to the left, half-way 'round Robin Hood's Barn, and then across lots to the depot, and there it is, next door to Old Mammy Tipsey-toes," the squirrel said very glibly.

Ruthie looked at him bewildered. "My!" she *said at last,* "what a curious direction. But you *can't do that in a boat,* can you?"

"Why, of course not," said the goat. "That's the way you go by land; but if you go by water it's just the other way. It lies just over there, you know," and he swept the horizon rather vaguely with his horns.

"But why do you go there on your picnic?" Ruthie persisted with her inquiries.

"Because Dixie doesn't want us," said the Blind-Man-in-Buff; "there wouldn't be any fun at the picnic if he did want us, you know. And now that he's got a broken leg, why we can have lots of fun with him."

"And besides, we always have a picnic on Deck Oration Day," explained the Genteel-Gentleman-always-Genteel.

"Oh, is this Decoration Day?" exclaimed Ruthie. "I'm sure I didn't know it."

"I AM NO ORATOR, AS THE SQUIRREL IS."

"Well, well," said the squirrel, "then there is really *something* you don't know. Of course it's

Deck Oration Day. Everybody knows that."

"Why, yes, Ruthie," Puss-in-the-Corner added, "you can see for yourself it's Deck Oration Day. There is the Chief of the Gamekeepers standing on the deck all ready to go on with his oration."

UP THE SMOKE-STACK.

Then everybody said "Hush, hush! Listen to the Orator of the Day," and the Chief of the Gamekeepers seating Ruthie at his side, took a drink of water, made a courtly bow and began:

Friends, No-Men, Hunkymen! Lend me your ears:—

[Here all his hearers looked troubled, and tried their ears to discover whether possibly they might be able to oblige the Chief of the Gamekeepers. The Eagle with the Golden Beak, Diamond Eyes, Silver Claws and Purple Feathers having no ears at all, immediately rose to express his regret that he could not oblige his honorable friend, when the Chief of the Gamekeepers seeing that he was misunderstood said hastily, "No, no: you did not understand me. My request was purely figurative." This explanation, although not exactly clear to them all, greatly relieved the company and the Chief of the Gamekeepers began again.]

Friends, No-Men, Hunkymen! Lend me your ears;
I come to welcome Ruthie, not to praise her.
The evil that girls do is precious little.
They're pretty good — we feel this in our bones.
So let it be with Ruthie. The frisky squirrel
Hath told you Ruthie was ambiguous —

[Here Ruthie looked at the squirrel rather indignantly, but the squirrel hastily climbed the smoke-stack and shook his head in denial. The Chief of the Gamekeepers waited for the excitement to subside and then went on.]

If it were so it were a grievous fault
And grievously she should be punished for it.
But, she can eat her three square meals a day,
From soup to coffee and yet grow not ill;
Doth *this* in Ruthie seem ambiguous?
Ambiguous girls are ever on the fence —
Yet doth the squirrel say she is ambiguous
And thinks his course an honorable plan.
Ye all did see that, when we played Parchesi,
I thrice did offer her the chance to win —
Which she did not refuse. Was this ambiguous?
Yet doth the squirrel say she was ambiguous,
And, sure, he'll speak in honor — if he can.
But yesterday — and Ruthie went to school
With scarce an hour for play; now, she is here
And we are proud to do her reverence.
O, No-Men! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds with expectations sweet,
I should do Ruthie good, but Dixie wrong —
And Dixie hath a broken leg, you know.
I am no orator, as the squirrel is,

THE WHOLE COURT RUSHED DOWN THE CARPETED PATHWAY.

But, as you know, Chief of the Gamekeepers,
That love my friends and like to have some fun.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Ruthie here and ask you all
To treat her just as I do. But, were I Dixie,
And Dixie Gamekeeper, there were a Dixie then
Would give you such a pic-nic here in Dixie's Land,
That every leaf should shake and dance with fun
And every stone would rise in scrutiny.

Then the Chief of the Gamekeepers took another drink of water and sat down amid great applause, and Ruthie arose and bowed her thanks,

and then they all applauded again and called out, Speech, speech!" But just then the squirrel shouted "Land ho!" and slid down the smoke-stack and the goat called out, "Passengers for Dixie's Land take the forward gangway!"

Ruthie still looked hurt as the squirrel sidled up to her, but he said, "Oh, say, that's all nonsense, you know. He just wanted to make up a speech. I never said you were ambiguous."

"But what does it mean?" asked Ruthie, softening her look of displeasure.

"Ambiguous? I'm sure I don't know. Something like bilious, I guess," asserted the squirrel. "But I don't care what it means; I *never* would call girls names like that — no, not for anything. It would be real mean and I do hate anything mean," and then he darted off and pushed and crowded in front of the goat, so as to get the best place near the gangway.

A broad crimson carpet stretched from the dock up through the woods, and so on to a large golden castle that stood half-way up the hill. Up this carpeted walk marched the Chief of the Game-keepers, and all the court, while the scouts, and sharpshooters, and mounted archers went far in advance. And when they reached the castle, the scouts battered at the door, and the sharpshooters and the archers fired away at every window and loop-hole, while the whole court danced frantically on the flower-beds and on the strawberry vines, and wherever they saw the sign "Keep off the grass," and as they did so they shouted at the top of their voices:

I'm on Dixie's Land,
Dixie ain't at home;
Dixie's got a broken leg,
And I've got none!

Then there came a growl and a grumble from the castle, the door burst open and, as the whole court rushed wildly down the carpeted pathway, Dixie the Ogre, with his leg all bandaged, came hobbling after, shaking his fist and wagging his head and shouting out:

"Ho, ho! Houf, houf! I'm not at home, am I? Ho, houf! I've got a broken leg, have I? Houf, ho! Just wait till I catch you, that's all!"

But no one seemed willing to wait and be *caught, for the* whole company came tearing and racing down to the dock, crowded over the gang plank and into the yacht which steamed away just out of the reach of Dixie the Ogre, who stood up to his waist in the water shaking and shouting with rage.

"Is *that* what you call a pic-nic?" asked Ruthie, as she sat panting and fanning in the cabin. "Well, it's the funniest pic-nic *I* ever saw. And why *do* you tease that poor old Mr. Dixie so?"

"Tease him!" echoed the Four-Horned-Lady-always-Four-Horned. "Why, we do it to please him."

"Why, cert'nly," said the Governor of Copenhagen, "his life would be a burden to him here, if we didn't come and stir him up once in a while."

"He breaks his leg on purpose, you know," said the goat; and then they all sallied out again and swarmed up the carpet to the castle, and roused poor old Dixie again, and raced back to the steam yacht, and repeated this a dozen times until they were tired out. Then they steamed across to another island where lived Old Mammy Tipseytoes, and there they danced and shouted:

Old Mammy Tipseytoes!
Old Mammy Tipseytoes!

until they were hoarse, and worried the poor old woman until she rushed out after them with all her cats and dogs and drove them, laughing and shouting, away.

"But I wish we could have looked into Dixie the Ogre's castle," Ruthie said to little Jumping Joan as they sailed away after the last attempt to worry Old Mammy Tipseytoes.

"Do you?" asked little Jumping Joan. "Well, so you can. It's easy enough, if you can take him by surprise. You come with me and we'll go in by the back door."

So, sure enough, while the steam yacht was anchored off Cape Lookout, near to that part of Dixie's Land, where they say the Coast is Clear, Ruthie and little Jumping Joan left the whole company "making skippers" with flat stones on the surface of the water and, hurrying around by a short cut, soon reached the back door of the great golden castle of Dixie the Ogre. In the door stood the cook. He was a fat old turkey with a long white apron and a great carving knife and, as the little girls followed him into his kitchen, he

stood them both in a corner and felt of them in a business-like manner with his left wing. Little Jumping Joan he put to one side with the comment, "too wiry; not enough substance," but he looked Ruthie over with words of praise: "Ah, sweet and tender, sweet and tender! — Let me see, shall we have it roasted, with oyster dressing, or fricassed, with cream and onions?" and then he put on his eyeglasses and went to consult his cookbook, when little Jumping Joan leaped on his back, bent his head down to his toes and skewered his wings to his drumsticks with his own rolling-pin; then she threw his carving knife down the well and they both ran up the stairs, leaving the cook on the kitchen floor gobbling terribly.

They went swiftly up the castle stairs and all along the great hall, the floor of which was of mosaic work in chocolate creams, while the walls were of frosted cake with tracery of pink candy and the chandeliers of twisted peppermint candy and motto papers. Soon they came to a great door. This they opened softly and there they were in the golden sitting-room of Dixie the Ogre, which gleamed and glittered in the sunlight.

They peeped cautiously around and there, before a great bay window sat Dixie the Ogre, looking out upon the lake and shaking his cane at four of the pages, who had swum around from the steam yacht and were now bobbing up and down in the water and making horrible faces at poor Old Dixie.

Then Ruthie slipped up behind the chair in which he sat with his broken leg propped up on a footrest and, clapping both hands over his eyes, she said merrily, "Guess who! guess who!"

"Well — well!" he exclaimed, taken completely by surprise; "my gracious me! Houf — houf! I don't know, I'm sure! Who is it? Who are you?" And screwing his head around until he almost caught a stitch in his side and a "crick" in his back, he, at last, spied Ruthie's laughing eyes.

DIXIE THE OGRE STORMS WITH RAGE.

"Well — well — well! What d'ye mean, what d'ye mean?" he spluttered. "Why, bless my stars, it's Ruthie, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Ruthie, dropping a pretty courtesy, while little Jumping Joan bowed and bobbed like a float on a fish-line.

Dixie the Ogre looked at Ruthie as if she made his mouth water.

"I wonder how you taste," he said, at length, drawing her towards him.

"Why, with my mouth, sir," Ruthie replied.

"Houf, hum! no doubt, no doubt," he said, "but I mean, I wonder how you taste with — well, say with mint sauce and green peas."

"Sir?" exclaimed Ruthie, in some dismay.

"Or with capers," continued Dixie the Ogre, thoughtfully. "Yes, I think I should like you with capers. Now, what do you think about it — hum, ha?"

"Well, sir," answered Ruthie, rather carefully, "aunt Jo says she'd rather have me without any capers. She says they make me too much like a boy."

"O, they do, hey?" said Dixie the Ogre, pushing her away from him; "then I won't try them. Hum, houf! make you too much like a boy, do they? I hate boys. Ugh!" And he looked out of the window and shook his fist at the four pages who were now swimming back to the steam yacht. "Why, let me see," he said suddenly, taking Ruthie by the chin and turning her face up to his, "aren't you that Ruthie that took pity on poor little Gracie the other day when you were playing Dixie's Land?"

"Why, yes, sir," Ruthie replied modestly. "You see she was tired of being it all the time and I let her catch me so that she could have a chance at playing."

"I thought so, I thought so," said Dixie the Ogre. "Well, now I'll tell you," he added, mus-

THE SAUCY PAGES DARE DIXIE.

ingly. "I'll let you off this time for being such a generous little girl, but you must do three things before I can let you go."

"I'll try, sir," said Ruthie.

"You see, my conscience is very tender," he explained, "and if I let you off without worrying you a little, why, my conscience will never give me any peace. Now you shall go free if you will do these three things for me: First, you must put yourself through the keyhole; second, you must run around the world in less than a minute; third, you must sing a song, speak a piece, or tell a story, on any subject I select. See — hay, hum, ha?"

"O — forfeit, forfeit; what fun!" said little Jumping Joan, delightedly.

"Hum, houf, hum — midget!" said Dixie the Ogre, glaring at little Jumping Joan and rubbing his broken leg; "who said anything about four feet, hey, hum, ha? Two feet are more than I can take care of. Come, go on, you," he said to Ruthie.

"Well, what was the first thing?" she asked.

"You were to put yourself through the keyhole," he replied.

"Please, sir, can you lend me a lead pencil?" asked Ruthie.

"A lead pencil! Why, bless my stars! What do you want of a lead pencil?" he asked, handing her one.

Ruthie took the pencil and wrote upon a slip of paper the word "*Yourself*" in her neatest hand, showed it to Dixie and then stuffed it through the keyhole, and courtesied to the Ogre.

"Hum, houf! Aren't you smart!" was his only comment.

"Now — the next, please," said Ruthie.

"Run around the world in less than a minute. Hey, hum, ha; that's not so easy, is it?" he added.

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Ruthie carelessly, as she took a copy of *The World* newspaper from Dixie's writing-table. Placing the newspaper on the floor, in the centre of the room, she ran rapidly around it twice, picked it up and handed it to the astonished Dixie. "There, sir, that's done," she said, with another courtesy.

"Houf, houf," said Dixie the Ogre, too much surprised for further comment.

"Next?" asked Ruthie complacently.

"You were to sing a song, speak a piece, or tell a story, as I might select; now, repeat the poet Eightymoon's beautiful stanzas, beginning, 'shake,

hake, shake;' and, remember, I'm very critical," ie added.

Then Ruthie dropped into the regulation school osition, made a little courtesy and began:

Shake, shake, shake,
With your cold, green fruit, O tree;
And I would that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, 'tis well with the fisherman's boy
Who came here with the mackerel to-day;
O, 'tis well with the grocer's man
Who is calling there, over the way.

For their stomachs so strong, can stand
Green apples and never grow ill;
But O, that my touch of the vanished fruit,
Always ends in a doctor's bill!

Shake, shake, shake,
To my feet all your fruit, O tree;
I shall eat, though I know that the tempting taste,
Will end in a pain with me.

"Beautifully and touchingly rendered," said Dixie the Ogre, applauding vigorously. "I must congratulate you on your delightful elocution even though I know that your success deprives me of a dish of roast Ruthie with mint sauce. Allow me to conduct you around the castle," and, limping dreadfully, but with excessive politeness, Ruthie's singular host showed her all his mansion — his furniture, his jewels, his treasure, and even his museum, containing his seven-league boots, the crowns of the twelve little Ogresses whom Hop O' My Thumb helped to destroy, and the copper boiler into which Jack crawled when he was hiding from the Ogre of the Beanstalk. Then, conducting them to the great golden door, he saw them down the staircase and bade them a courteous good-by, adding in evident regret as he patted Ruthie's plump cheeks, "Ah, it is such a sacrifice, such a sacrifice! I sha'n't get over this in a month. You must taste deliciously with capers, or with oyster dressing. Don't you think so — hey, hum, ha?"

But, when Ruthie and little Jumping Joan reached the spot where they had landed, behold, the yacht had steamed away and on a great oak-tree a paper was tacked on which they read:

"Gone to dinner. Will be back next year at half-past two. Please wait, or leave your name."

"What shall we do?" asked Ruthie in dismay.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered little Jumping Joan. "I can't very well wait, you see, because I've got an engagement week after next that must be kept, and I can't leave my name, you know, because I may want to use it once in a while, and it *is* handy to have it with you."

"Handy to have what with you?" asked puzzled Ruthie. "Why, your name, to be sure," said little Jumping Joan. "But you can leave yours if you want to, though there is a risk about it."

"How so?" Ruthie inquired.

"Why, once on a time," said little Jumping Joan, "there was a boy left his name here, and when he came back for it some one else had taken it; and as he didn't know himself when his name was gone, of course he got into trouble."

"Dear me," Ruthie said, greatly concerned, "what became of him?"

"Why, Dixie the Ogre came down here," little Jumping Joan explained, "and when he found the boy in such a pickle, he bottled him right up and put him away with the other relishes in the big preserve closet in the castle pantry."

"Then I am certain I sha'n't leave my name," said Ruthie. "But, where shall we go?"

"Well, if we can get across to Old Mammy Tipseytoes, we are all right," said little Jumping Joan. "But there is no boat here, and no fence where we can get a board, and the water is too deep to wade across. Now, if you only had your waterproof with you, or something of that sort, or even your overshoes, we might get over nicely."

Ruthie felt in all her pockets. "I haven't anything at all," she said, "except my sister Jenny's geometry that she left at Mollie's house the other day and I am taking home to her. But we couldn't get over on a book, could we?"

"Geometry, eh?" said little Jumping Joan. "O, I'm afraid that's too heavy."

"I don't know though," said Ruthie, who had opened the book; "just hear what Jenny has written on the front leaf:

> If there should be another flood,
> Then quickly to this book I'll fly —
> For, if all else should be engulfed,
> *Geometry* would still be dry.

"That sounds promising," said little Jumping Joan. "I shouldn't wonder but that we might be able to use it. Let's try."

So Ruthie placed the geometry in the lake and, sure enough, it was so dry that it soon soaked up all the water in the little channel that separated Dixie's Land from Old Mammy Tipseytoe's island, and stepping confidently into the dry bed Ruthie and little Jumping Joan walked safely across to Old Mammy Tipseytoe's island, without so much as wetting even the soles of their shoes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RHYME OF THE THREE-CORNERED LADY.

By Isabella Grant Meredith.

A TALE of a dame all triangles,
Whose little dog after her dangles;

— She's isosceles legs,
Yet she goes on *three* pegs!
This eccentric old woman all angles.

Her kirtle's embroidered with spangles
And various sorts of fandangles,
Compounded, I ween,
Of triangles scalene;
And she sports most ridiculous bangles.

Her back-hair is wondrously braided,
(She wears it in front "palisaded"!)
There's a bee in her bonnet
I guess (there's one *on* it!),
Or thus she had ne'er masqueraded.

Methinks, with her raiment of spangles,
Her butterfly bows, and her bangles,
If Whistler could see her
He'd get an idea
For a "Symphony" all in triangles.

When her neighbors involve her in wrangles,
'Tis said the Queen's English she mangles,
But so mixed is that same
I affirm 'twere a shame
To blame this old dame of the angles.

No more of this dame of the trio
Is known to the Muse yclept Clio,
In fact her career
Begins and ends — Here.
I wish her, and you, too, *addio*.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, P. O. Box 188, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO MARCH TANGLES.

12. B-lack; p-lane; e-yes; r-oars; w-are; c-ask; m-ice; c-row; h-air; p-arched.

13. P lum E
A dor N
C lin G
I dle R
F oli O
I dyl S
C ere S

14. G-rum-e; g-rove-l; d-ouch-e; f-lore-t; j-aunt-y; l-oath-e.

15. P
PAS
PORES
PARAPET
SEPIA
SEA
T.

16. 1. Gambrel, gambler.
2. English, shingle.
3. Spears, sparse.
4. Sated, stead, date.
5. Burin, bruin.
6. React, cater.

17. WIDE AWAKE.

No. 18. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of 29 letters, and is a saying.
" 4, 9, 22, 5, 29, 12 is to refine.
" 19, 24, 15, 20, 26, 8, 21 is whatever constitutes the principal strength of anything.
" 16, 7, 27, 5, 10, 2 is a brittle black mineral.
" 11, 25, 17, 23, 13, 8 is an island of Holland.
" 18, 21, 28 is to drudge.
" 3, 17, 1, 14, 16 is turfy.
" 6 is a consonant.

NEMO.

No. 19. WORD SQUARE.

A trimming; customary; crooked; waste; chosen.

No. 20. CENTRAL CROSS PUZZLE.

Public notice; a fluid; a Scriptural proper name; a kind of coral; the ancient name of an European country; to pulverize; a musical term; a quibble; a vine; a bird; method; concord.

Centrals, one who dwelt before the flood. N. S. S.

No. 21. HALF WORD SQUARE.

The Bohemian goddess of winter; an entertainment; a fissure; cunning; an abbreviation; a vowel.

UNCLE WILL.

No. 22. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A fish; a shrub; an animal; a Peruvian prince; a kind of cloth.

Primals and finals, two Scriptural names.

BROWNIE.

No. 23. DROP LETTER SAYING.

—i—e—c—s—l—o—d—e h—a—

No. 24. EASY WORD SQUARE.

Cloudiness; a gulf; nothing; a masculine name.

NEMO.

No. 25. CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

In grandly, not in great;
In a hundred, not in eight;
In facile, not in easy;
In asthmatic, not in wheezy.
Whole is stupid.

SOLVERS.

February Tangles were solved by B. Behrend, H. Wilbur Paret, David H. Miller, Alice M. Rogers, Carroll E. Edson, M. Campbell, Charlotte E. Little, M. H. Curran, Mary Foster, Alice L. Gates, Emma H. Scott, Master Gay Kress, "Arale," George R. Ogden, Katie T. M'Collin, Leo Spitz, Francis Granger, Charley C. Sturtevant, Helen C. Chism, Miss Etta McPherson, Bessie Gallaher, Warren B. Lewis, Grace Gallaher, W. A. Chase, Mary E. Sawin, Millie Linder, Chas. M. Lowan, Gertrude Weil, B. H. Clark, Homer W. Abbott, Hortense Keables, Dot Fary, Dilla Smith, Carrie M. Lee, Sallie W. Reed, G. P. Baxter, Bessie Stratton, Willie H. Allison, Grace W. Goddard, Mary W. Howe, James W. Mann, D. B. Shumway, Herbert D'Corndie, C. E. Carman, Mattie M. Goodrich, E. A. Parsons, Mary F. Griffin, T. Emory Clocke, Fred Sherley, Frank Hayden, Laura G. Test, M. L. Spooner, M. L. Schoolfield, Bessie Boardman, I. B. Betts, Louise Boynton, Fanny Williams, Alden Marsh, Harry Endicott, Frankie J. Dick, Mellie Strayer, Ray Landfield, Isaac Laubenstien, Lina G. Clark, Clara L. Shattuck, Ethel M. Hill, Edith White, Willie Twing, Helen L. Nichols, Florence G. Hill, I. M. Barry, "Sphinx," Eliza M. Helmick, C. E. Barley, G. L. Burton, E. Lawrence Fell, Louis A. Huebener, Daisy Terrell, Alice M. Atkinson, E. Lewis Walker, Mrs. M. A. H. Waters, Theo. M. Kimball, Marshall Hartranft, Susie A. Wood, Willette Owen, Minnie R. Copper, Charlie L. Thurber, Joe H. Borland, Charlie J. McFarland, Geo. Fravel, Arthur D. Snow, Cora Wells, Thomas Wheeler, H. H. Romer, Elton Chatterton, Fannie Smith, Lottie Barton, Mary E. Beatty, Geo. S. Keyes, Jr., A Nonymous, O. R. Barnett, Henry O. Sniffen, Mattie McDearmon, Garnet Ryland, Mary and Laura Baker, Charlotte Baker, E. A. Pope, Bessie Wilson, Susie E. Evans, E. J. Whiton, Jennie E. Burton, Edith Peck, Mrs. Maxwell, Elwood Miller, Geo. P. Morris, Geo. E. Emerson, Helen B. Chapin, Joe Shiveley, Miss F. E. Weed, Miss G. French, Sophie Kearney, Anna Chamberlain, Sarah S. Deuel, Claire F. Hammond, Wm. H. Leete, Miss E. H. Stimson, Irene C. Farquhar, Walter G. Muirheid, Chas. F. Williams, Alice Pearl, Frank S. Hastings, Ada Curry, A. R. Wells, Mary Tibbitts, Geo. S. Bullock, Jr., Bessie Tyrrell, Harry Stephenson, "South Boston," Daniel Bobp, Sybil M. Wheeler.

PRIZE WINNERS.

No. 8. May W. Howe, No. Bennington, Vt.
No. 10. Sphinx, Baltimore, Md.
No complete list was received.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for first solutions of this month's Tangles: —

No. 20. An illustrated magazine.

No. 22. The Gem microscope.

For the first complete list, we will send WIDE AWAKE six months.

For the next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

All answers must be received by April 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, young and old, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original Tangles for publication as above directed.

THE FATHER'S CARE.

Words by GEORGE MACDONALD. Music composed for WIDE AWAKE by CARL REINECKE.

Andantino.

dolce.

1. My child woke cry - ing from her sleep; I bend - ed o'er her bed, And soothed her, till in slum - ber deep She from the dark - ness fled.

2. And as be - side my child I stood A still voice said to me, "E - ven thus thy Fa - ther, strong and good, Is bend - ing o - ver thee."

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GLADYS IN THE ATTIC.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 18. MAY, 1884. NO. 6.

GLADYS.

By Margaret Sidney.

ASSETT HILL SCHOOL!

When Miss Amaranth Fairchild conceived idea of establishing a place where she could riously launch her ideas on the perfect devel- nent of the young womanly mind and body to highest possible state, she fastened her patient en eyes on the pine grove enclosing the respect- e group of buildings just thrown into the market m the estate of Solomon Bassett, lately deceased. 'Such seclusion," she breathed ecstatically; "no y, useless dreams of frivolous life and excite- nt can here disturb the young women." Miss rchild always spoke of, and to, the fresh young atures under her charge, as "young women," istantly reminding them and herself that they e to grapple with duties and responsibilities. ere were no "girls" for her to contemplate; l so far as her judgment went, all attempts to erpret the Creator as making a place for them in s world, were vain and worse than useless.

"This long brick-floored kitchen will make an ellent laundry," mused Miss Fairchild, pacing ough it on her tour of inspection before pur- asing. "Now here I trust at length to demon- ate that my theory of the young women doing e work of this department comfortably, thus ming habits of industry, and learning how to direct such work should they ever have cause to, is correct, and capable of great success. If the other sections of the buildings for the work to be done in them by the young women, are only as well proportioned, I shall be sure of the adapta- tion of the estate to my purpose, and shall pur- chase it, change the name, and establish the school here."

The other parts of the buildings *were* well-pro- portioned; Miss Fairchild *was* sure; she *did* pur- chase, and establish the school in that very spot. But alas! all attempts to change the name of the substantial old homestead in its classic surround- ings, failed utterly. All Boxford people, on the edge of whose good old town it hung, insisted on pointing it out to strangers as "The School at Bassett Hill;" while the country folk, venerating the generations of Bassetts who had gone out and in its ancient doors, stoutly resented all attempts and insinuations that the name was to be super- seded; consequently where no one but its occu- pants called it "Pine Crest Female Seminary," it naturally soon began to appear a one-sided arrange- ment, ultimately to fall into disuse.

That was long years ago; when Gladys Kyse was patting mud pies into shape in her mother's back-garden, and thinking it the highest bliss in

life to be assisted in her dirt-baking by the neighbor's boy, Harry Lenox, who, because he was three years her senior, insisted on taking charge of these housekeeping matters, especially the putting in of the plums, over which a battle was always waged, with the same result: the junior member of the household coming off victorious. There came a day when Gladys was wrenched into the house, and told, "it isn't proper to play with boys," when she had to salt her small pink apron in secret over her loneliness, and console her bursting heart with surreptitious glimpses of Lenox, and the interchange of cooky bites and taffy; when she was sent to a girls' school, of a morning, and made to sit on a high chair of an afternoon, accomplishing fine stitching and embroidery. But with all this care, she grew too big for her frocks; tucks were let down; her active young limbs would still stretch beyond their limits, while her restless spirit looked out of its prison walls defiantly. What was to be done? Gladys was too much for the mother, and the maiden aunt who made life miserable by living with her, to manage. And they frankly confessed it to the minister, and asked him to solve the problem.

They had projected themselves into a successful contemplation of the "difficulties in the way of a disbelief in eternal punishment," the subject of the next Sabbath's discourse, and now, as they reposed on the stiff study chairs, must take the consequences.

"Madam," said the Reverend Doctor, addressing Mrs. Kyse, but regarding the maiden aunt as the one wholly to blame, "how can you be in perplexity as to the means of doing the best thing for your child, when there is the excellent school kept by Miss Fairchild in the suburbs of Boxford?"

"Do you approve?" anxiously asked the mother, with a small hitch conversationally to the edge of her chair.

"Wholly," said the doctor abruptly, and longing to get back to the adjustment of the final misery of the wicked, "wholly, madam; why not?"

As Mrs. Kyse did not know what answer to give to this, she smiled expansively, thanked the doctor warmly for his valuable suggestion, looked bewildered a bit for a moment or two as if about to ask a question, thought better of it, and came away full of praises of the doctor's extreme penetration.

"*He hasn't* said a thing," volunteered the maiden aunt stalking down the box-bordered path in advance, "only told you what you knew before without him."

"But he threw new light on my path," cried little Mrs. Kyse, trotting after, with a beatific expression, "and I shall go home and write the letter at once, and get Gladys ready."

"New fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the maiden aunt explosively, not being troubled with minister-worship. "Take my advice, Adelia, and don't send Gladys to that school, at least until you know something of it."

"Why, Doctor Marigold advised it," said the mother, with wide open eyes, "what more do you want? Of course I shall send her," she added with spirit.

"What did he say?" demanded the maiden aunt, facing around in the seclusion of a clump of lilacs by the gate-post. "Tell one single thing if you can remember it. For my part, I know that the only grace the man observed, was the grace of silence."

"He approved," said Mrs. Kyse with great dignity. That being all she would vouchsafe, they proceeded homeward. From that intrenchment, the letter was written, Gladys made ready and launched adrift on a new, strange life, the peace of home was preserved, and "Bassett Hill School" had another young life full of aspirations, longings, questionings and gropings, within its gray walls.

Behold Gladys at the beginning of the second year, very much toned down outwardly, but inwardly conscious of a wealth of strong, vigorous life pulsing up at every breath. A life that mocked her with its being, in the face of a dreary, monotonous existence.

One day, the girls engaged in household employments, as all the hours outside of those given up to the classrooms were filled, heard a sharp, prolonged howl from the centre of the pine clumps on the top of the hill, and just a stone's throw from the south dormitory windows.

Each girl invented a new kind of jump and exclaimed; while those too tired to exclaim, or to jump, found satisfaction in watching the others. All dropped brooms, dust cloths, and household utensils, to rush for explanation.

"Is it a wild cat, Indians, or a crazy man?" they screamed in the very face of Miss Fairchild.

Down the slope covered with pine needles, to-

ward them as they gathered on the stone porch, sauntered Gladys Kyse, slowly, and with the happiest expression her face had known for months.

"I feel so much better," she said with a radiant face beaming at them; "that will last me for weeks; now I'll go back and finish my dishes."

"Was it *you?*" cried the group under its breath.

"Miss Kyse," said the pale, outraged principal, "no young woman has *ever* interrupted the quiet course of my instruction in this singular manner. You will have an added task set you, which I will assign you this evening as a reminder of your folly."

"Thank you," said Gladys humbly, "I don't mind work, for I feel so much better now."

The girl who was wiping dishes for Gladys as she washed them, reported that suddenly the hands busy with the mop had dropped; the monotonous splash, splash, had ceased; there had been a rush of skirts, and Gladys had gone. Then followed the howl, and the reception of the culprit on the porch.

The blood coursed through Gladys's veins naturally and sweetly after that for weeks. It became an old story among the girls for bedtimes and early mornings and through work hours — this brief excitement of hers when she had dashed through the stagnation of daily toil to an instant's exquisite vent of pent-up feeling. It is given to some souls to accomplish in one supreme moment, what others would mark by time. There was a year's emotion in that howl.

"Gladys is a good while getting through her recitation," said Joanna White. "It can't be that she's been kept in."

"The idea!" cried Leslie Rice, "when you know Gladys tosses off her lessons as a bird does his morning song. How fortunate we are, girls, in the possession of Jo to solve our problems." And she sent her iron with a merry thrust through one of the white linen aprons that always marked the afternoon costume of the scholars at the Female Seminary.

"Well, she's an age in making her appearance," observed Joanna, nowise disturbed at the derision, and energetically shaking out a tablecloth.

"Say something new, Jo, if you can," said another girl encouragingly.

"It's the age of ideas, I know," said Joanna, ironing away with all her might, "but they are not apt to be very plenty in one spot; so I won't interfere with your rights. Produce one now or never, Carew."

Carew laughed and tossed back her curls.

"Gladys is getting up another howl," she said, "to eclipse that of last year."

"Nonsense!" Leslie set down her iron to exclaim. "Gladys never repeats herself," she declared, "that's certain. I only wish the best of us had one half her forceful life. This old gray dungeon wouldn't hold me, in that case."

A tall, quiet girl looked up, to make a moment's break in the long, even passes of her hot iron.

"Now, Barby, don't, I beg," cried Leslie, grasping her iron again to fly at her work. "We know exactly what you are going to say, 'that we ought to be glad we have duties to do that fit us for life, etc., etc., etc.' It's well enough for you to believe that, being of the stuff the martyrs are made of."

"Barby would love to dance over hot gridirons," said Carew. "What a pity she didn't live in the festive times that required it."

"Well, never mind," said Joanna, when the laugh in which the "tall pale martyr" joined as heartily as any, had subsided, "what has become of Gladys? That's what I'd like to know."

"Dear me! What a leech you are, Jo," cried Leslie merrily; "make yourself an investigating committee of one, if you wish to, and explore the nooks and crannies of the old house after her."

"Well, she wouldn't run away from her work in this way," said Joanna decidedly. "Gladys isn't mean, with all her faults."

"Mean?" exploded Leslie Rice, thumping down her iron, "I should just say *not!* Such a grand old soul as she is, don't know the meaning of the word. Now you take that back, Joanna."

"Goodness me!" cried Joanna. "You needn't be such a hot-bed, Les! I didn't say anything against Gladys, I'm sure. I said she wasn't mean."

"Well, you oughtn't to have mentioned the word in connection with her," declared Leslie hotly, "and then to go on about all her other faults. So, you just take it all back, Joanna White."

"What can I take back?" asked Joanna in a worried way, and leaving her tablecloth, to regard the other girls helplessly. "I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh, — oh!" cried a little underclass scholar, rushing in, "those two old Bassett ladies have

come; they're just getting out of their chaise. Hurry, if you want to see them. Lucinda Bates and I are going to hide and peek at them coming down the garret stairs."

"Who in the world is she talking about?" asked Barbara, with wide eyes.

"Barbara," said Carew solemnly, "you are a little behind the times. *Didn't* you know that two genuine antiques in the shape of Jason Bassett's sisters, were to honor this house this morning to recover certain heirlooms forgotten or purposely left, when the family moved away. In short, they've come to pick up some old duds in the garret."

"No," said Barbara, "I didn't hear a single thing of it. Seems to me it's rather late to think of heirlooms after two years' absence."

"Which remark of yours only goes to prove that you don't know the world, my dear," said Carew condescendingly. "If you have heirlooms under your thumb, you don't care a straw for them. But let them be out of your reach, and you'd turn all creation over to keep other folks from having them. The immediate cause of these old ladies *discovering their loss, was the* fact that their granddaughters over in Boxford designing to indulge in private theatricals, made a raid on the family chest of old clothes, and missed these very things. Now you understand, my dear?"

"Perfectly," said Barbara, laughing, "after your lucid explanation. My mind is easy now, so I can go back to my work."

Carew struck her hands together smartly, and whirled away from the ironing-table.

"I declare! Gladys has stolen a march on us. Why didn't any of us think of it! The garret — the garret! That's where she is. Come on, girls!"

IN THE SEMINARY LAUNDRY.

"How could she be?" cried Leslie; "she never heard a word of all this. Don't you remember Gladys was down in the kitchen making toast and tea for Miss Hemenway when the message was brought in that they were coming? She hasn't the smallest lisp of it."

"That's a fact," said Carew, in a crestfallen way. "Never mind," she exclaimed briskly. "I'm going to tag those antiques, for one. Come on!"

She was off before the others could stop her.

"We might as well go," said Leslie, ruefully gazing at the pile waiting for the hot irons. "Now, don't, Barby, look this way, *please*."

"And I shall go too," declared Joanna flatly. "I wouldn't miss seeing them for anything. Good-by, Barbara! Of course you won't come."

"Barby'd cut off her head before she'd join us little sinners," said the last girl, looking back to toss the tall, pale girl a kiss.

Under the big, cobwebby rafters of the old garret, Gladys stood; brought thither on two naughty feet, mayhap, I won't pretend to say. I am only chronicler, not moralizer. Gladys, forgetful of duty and responsibility, was revelling in a delicious sense of freedom, just as short-lived as a breath from the forest, or the song of a bird. It was simply lovely to be alive, and to account for nothing; only to realize that each moment was an exhilaration; a drawing in of long breaths of enjoyment.

"Why have I come up here," she cried to her own heart, "only to be out of the rush and grind of the house. I sha'n't be likely to be disturbed." She hugged herself in a restful way with her young arms. "It's so lovely to be alone. Oh! and to have ten minutes of it, before ironing hour commences." She drew a long, ecstatic sigh.

"'*Lovina Bassett.*' How funny the name looks in those little brass nails on the end of that trunk." Gladys went over and peered at it curiously. "I declare! it's half open. It can be no harm to pry into this; they're only old rack-a-bones of dresses and ghosts of bonnets. What a masquerade we girls might have, if this were not a Female Seminary! '*Lovina Bassett.*' I suppose she was once a girl like me."

Almost reverently, Gladys drew out an old pelisse, and a faded green silk gown, laughing softly as she flung this on over her plain stuff one. "If she was, she didn't think the pomps and vanities of this world wicked, and it *don't* look as if she ever went to a Female Seminary in her life, or wanted to be a missionary once. Now for a gorgeous bonnet to match this, and a pair of high-heeled slippers. Here they are!"

Gladys thrust her toes into the little high-heeled slippers, and with the bonnet in hand, tottered laughingly over to a broken, dingy looking-glass, which, as a thing of no value, the departing members of the Bassett family had left hanging on the garret wall. No brighter, more winsome face had ever questioned its depths, than this one of our Gladys, as she half kneeled on a quaint old chair, which, like the looking-glass, had broken down in long service, to be left as its only companion.

She threw Lovina Bassett's bonnet over her bright brown hair, grasping it with both hands, and turned — to hear, coming over the crooked, steep stairs, footsteps, and then two voices, both talking at the same time.

Where should Gladys fly? Still a moment of time, ere the top of the stairs around the curve was reached by the fast-coming feet. She rushed noiselessly back to the old trunk. Somehow it ought to help her, she dimly felt, since through it she had gotten into trouble. There it stood, serene and indifferent, its old finery gazing up at her in the most stolid fashion, as if a young girl's heart were not being over-weighted with shame and distress. An old chest stood near, long and big. In her despairing gaze around, Gladys's eye fell on this.

"I can get in," she gasped.

The next instant she slipped within and laid her old green gown and quaint bonnet under the musty lid.

"I'll leave a breathing space," she said, putting the soft little fingers of one hand on the edge of the trunk, and letting the lid rest on them. "Whew! how close this Bassett chest is! It's anything but sweet memories. There, now just the minute they go down-stairs, I'll hop out and take off all these things, and put them back nicely, then march and tell Miss Fairchild all about it. Ugh! how ashamed I feel, poking in here."

"Melissy," said one old voice, cracking painfully as its owner eased several joints and muscles after the stair jaunt, "I say it's a sin an' a shame for Jason's folks to carry on so about the things; an' we own sisters to Simon. I declare, I'm most beat out a-fightin' 'em."

"Melissy" drew a long breath, and steered her way across the garret floor. Gladys, hearing every syllable as distinctly as if no prison walls confined her, began to tremble as she foresaw disclosures of family history by the unsuspecting pair. "Why did I do what I now know to be wrong and come up here?" she groaned. "Oh, dear, I do wish they would stop!" She tried to put her fingers in her ears, but in the position in which she lay, she could only use the hand that kept the lid open; then she softly rattled over as fast as possible pas-

sage after passage of Cicero, and essayed to demonstrate again a problem that had bothered her the day before. It was no good; the old ladies had the day.

"An' it's enough to vex the soul of a saint," cried the same old body in a peppery fashion, and evidently holding up both hands in a horrified way, "to see *our* brother Simon's things thrown around in this way. Only to think, Melissy, this trunk opened an' maybe half that was in it, stolen."

The other old lady having achieved the stairs, and finding herself still alive, now gathered strength to reply fiercely:

"That Miss Fairchild's no better'n she ought to be, to do this, an' I'll give her a piece o' my mind. To think of it, Sarah, meddlin' with other folkses things that were forgot an' left behind, an' never took, an' then pretendin' to be so good, an' keep a boardin' school an' make money. It's our duty to expose her."

Gladys gave an involuntary start. It was so very dreadful to lie there and hear another person blamed for what she had done. It put the matter in an entirely new light, giving it a decidedly ugly look to hear the opinion of others as to it, and the old green gown seemed like bands of fire around her, to burn into her very soul.

"There's a rat!" cried sister Sarah, "don't you hear him? Hist!"

"Simon's folks never had rats up here," said "Melissy," contemptuously. "You do get so scart, Sarah, as you grow older."

"I know a rat when I hear one," retorted sister Sarah. "He was just behind that chest."

"Well, do come an' look over this trunk," said "Melissy" impatiently; "time's a-gettin' away; there, now here's Jane's quilted petticoat. Don't you remember?"

"I shall just set down an' take a grain o' comfort looking the things over," said sister Sarah decidedly. "I'm so shook up gettin' here, I declare it's nigh beat me out."

"Pull up that chair, then," said "Melissy," briskly; "I can set on this box. There, now then."

"If you want to finish me up, put me on that chair," said sister Sarah. "Why, it hain't any seat — it's bursted."

"I declare," said "Melissy," "I forgot; so we did leave that, 'cause 'twarn't worth movin' Well, get somethin' an' set on."

There was a rustling as if some heavy body were carefully exploring different points of the old garret, then the voice belonging to sister Sarah said dangerously near to Gladys, and with awful significance:

"I'll set on the chest." And there was only time to withdraw in a flash the pretty, soft fingers, before the heavy body sank with a thud on the lid; it snapped to with a click, and Gladys in the old green gown was a prisoner indeed!

The first rush of horror brought nothing out of it that her mind could grasp. Gladys was conscious then that her cheek had been struck by the heavy lid, stunning her a bit. Then swept over her such revelations as people have told to their rescuers. Every naughty thing little Gladys had ever done, pointed at her with its childish finger — to give place to acts, and deeds, and thoughts, unworthy of the young girl.

"I didn't know I was so bad," she moaned.

"Mercy! how hard you set down!" cried "Melissy." "You certainly flesh up every year, Sarah."

"Some one in the family ought to, I'm sure," retaliated sister Sarah, a trifle tartly, "if for no other reason than to show there is something beside bones" —

"Ugh — *ce*— *hao!*"

A shriek like that through treetops bent in autumn blast, pealed through the old garret. Sister Sarah, with the lightness of a young creature, sprang from the chest to clasp hands with her sister, who was on her feet preparing to fly.

"It — was — under — me," gasped sister Sarah, quivering in every atom of her body, while her eyes rolled in their fat sockets. "Perhaps we'd — better — let — Jason's — folks — have the things."

"It's nothing to be afraid of," declared "Melissy," marching to the garret stairs valiantly, "still, if you say so, we'll tell Jason he can come an' get the things. 'Twas only to please you I said the girls shouldn't have 'em."

All this drowned Gladys's frantic "*Let me out — let me out!*" which presently repeated itself to the empty garret, to be echoed in the heavy old rafters, and dim nooks and crannies.

It was well there were cracks and chinks to let in light and air in the old chest, else Gladys would

have been in terrible plight indeed. As it was, her soul was filled with dismay.

"They may never look for me till they find me like the 'Mistletoe Bride.' *She* was good, but I shall be a naughty little heap of bones not worth the finding."

"Hoh — hoh — hoh!"

A rush of young feet over the stairs and into the midst of the "Bassett heirlooms."

"Give us a spin, Jo."

Evidently two girls took hold of hands, and pranced over the old floor till out of breath.

"See Carew prink," called out another voice, "in that old cracked glass" —

"*Girls — girls*" — implored Gladys from her prison.

"And I never came so near laughing and spoiling the whole, as to see those veritable antiques just as we got there, nearly tumbling over the stairs as if they'd seen a ghost."

"Perhaps they had," suggested Joanna, calmly.

"How I should like to see one!" cried Leslie.

"Ow!" said Carew with a small shriek.

"*Girls — girls — oh, let me out!*" —

"Oh, Carew, what a ninny!" cried Leslie with a musical little laugh. "Just think what glorious fun to poke around these old things raising the spirit of the past. If only there *were* ghosts nowadays!"

"You make me nervous as a witch just to think of it," cried Carew. "Do be still, Les. Isn't that a monstrous old fright of a petticoat?"

"I'm in for a ghost," said Leslie obstinately, "and I'm going to see if I can't drum one up. Here's for this old chest!"

She flung it open and took one look — the laugh freezing in her throat, as the green gown stirred, and the old bonnet slowly brought a portion of the blanched face into view, then gathered up her soul for a spring which carried her well past the other girls crowding up.

"A ghost — a ghost!" she proclaimed, the sound of her own voice increasing her speed, as she flew over the stairs, followed by the others, tumbling over each other in their mad flight.

Joanna alone remained, white as a sheet, but firm.

Gladys sat up, faint and dizzy.

"I am a ghost," she said, with a sad little laugh, "of my own naughty self. Hereafter, Jo, I will do my best toward an earnest and true life."

That was years and years ago.

It was only the other day that Gwendolen Lenox, tired of play, went soberly up to her grandmother and laid her head in her lap.

"Grandmamma," she said, putting up her little hand to touch tenderly a scar on the old lady's cheek, "what makes you have that long, deep hole in your face? It isn't pretty, grandmamma, one bit."

"For shame, Gwendolen!" cried Helen in a blaze, and laying down her book to rush indignantly across the room.

"Gently, Helen dear," said the old lady, smiling at her hot-headed little champion.

"It's grandmamma's beauty-spot," cried Helen in her warmest fashion, "and we all love her the very dearest in the world for it; every single one of us."

"Does Grandpapa Lenox love her too for it?" asked Gwendolen curiously, gazing at the scar.

"Of course," declared Helen decidedly, "he loves her better and dearer than he did before, and he has loved her ever since she was a little girl."

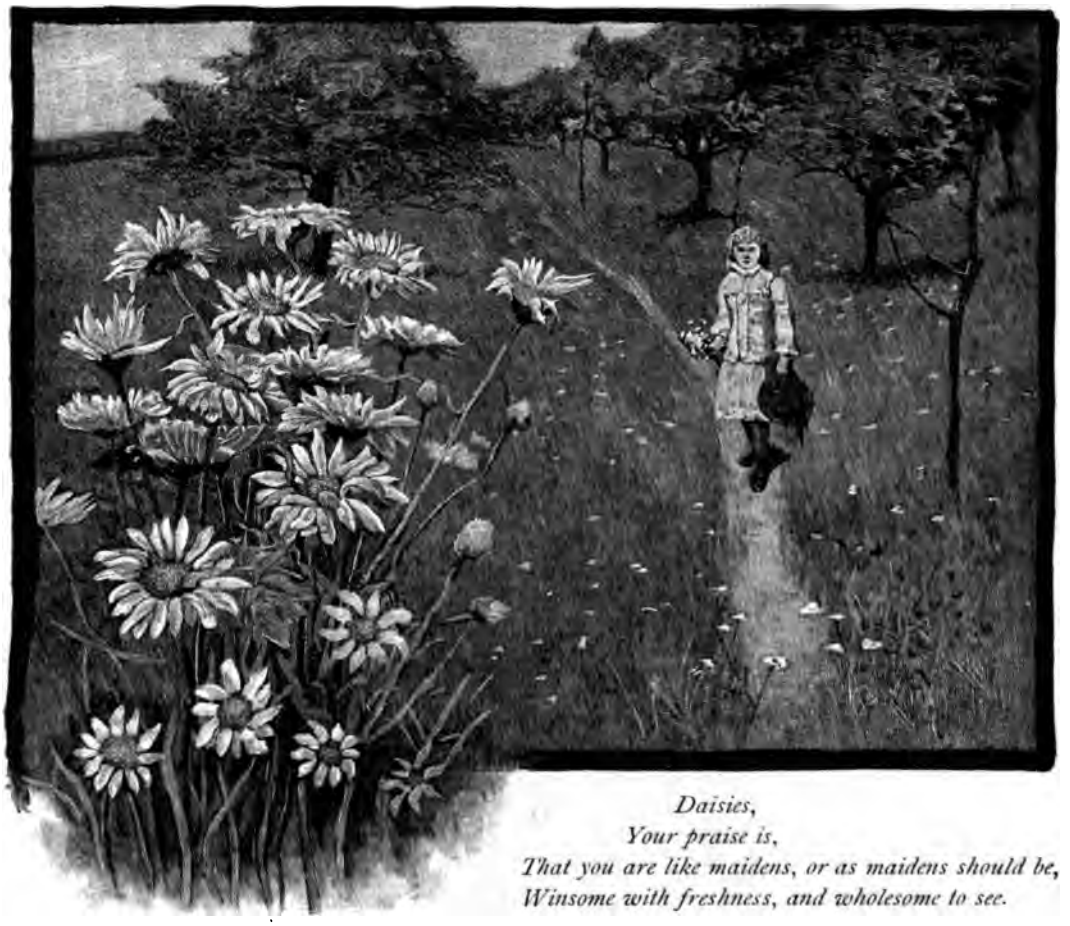
"As big as I?" asked Gwendolen, forgetting the scar, to pat her little bosom, "just exactly as big as I, Helen? I'm four."

"Before he was as big as you, he loved her," said Helen, which completely crushed Gwendolen. "And then when grandmamma put on the old clothes, and got shut up all tight in the big chest, and" —

"Ow!" cried poor Gwendolen, her eyes big with terrible distress, and holding to the old lady with a long, quivering embrace, "oh — *don't* let the cover — down on my poor — dear, sweet grandmamma, don't!"

"There, there, dear child," cried grandmamma, comforting the poor, struggling heap of grieving humanity, "I'm here, Gwendolen dear, don't you see? There, there, dearie."

"Hush!" said Helen, frightened at the effect on her little sister, and descending from her dramatic manner to one belonging to the most commonplace of narrators, "yes, grandmamma was shut up, but she's out now, and she told the teacher every single thing, and you're not to cry, Gwendolen, for it was years and years ago; so come and play."



Daisies,
Your praise is,
That you are like maidens, or as maidens should be,
Winsome with freshness, and wholesome to see.

DAISIES.

By M. E. B.

Daisies!
Low in the grass and high in the clover,
Starring the green earth over and over,
Now into white waves tossing and breaking,
Like a foaming sea when the wind is waking,
Now standing upright, tall and slender,
Showing their deep hearts' golden splendor;
Daintily bending,
Airily lending
Garlands of flowers for earth's adorning,
Fresh with the dew of a summer morning;
High on the slope, low in the hollow,
Where eye can reach or foot can follow,
Shining with innocent fearless faces
Out of the depths of lonely places,
Till the glad heart sings their praises
— Here are the daisies!
The daisies!

Daisies!
See them ebbing and flowing,
Like tides with the full moon going;
Spreading their generous largess free
For hand to touch and for eye to see,
In dust of the wayside growing,
On rock-ribbed upland blowing,
By meadow brooklets glancing,
On barren fields a-dancing,
Till the world forgets to burrow and grope,
And rises aloft on the wings of hope;
—Oh! of all posies,
Lilies or roses,
Sweetest or fairest,
Richest or rarest,
That earth in its joy to heaven upraises,
Give me the daisies!

Why? For they glow with the spirit of youth,
Their beautiful eyes have the glory of truth,
Down before all their rich bounty they fling
—Free to the beggar, and free to the king—
Loving they stoop to the lowliest ways,
Joyous they brighten the dreariest days,
Under the fringe of their raiment they hide
Scars the gray winter hath opened so wide;
Freely and brightly—
Who can count lightly
Gifts with such generous ardor proffered,
Tokens of love from such full heart's offered,
Or look without glances of joy and delight
At pastures star-covered from morning till night,
When the sunshiny field ablaze is
With daisies!

Daisies,
Your praise is,
That you are like maidens, as maidens should be,
Winsome with freshness, and wholesome to see,
Gifted with beauty, and joy to the eye,
Head lifted daintily—yet not too high—
Sweet with humility, radiant with love,
Generous too as the sunshine above,
Swaying with sympathy, tenderly bent
On hiding the scar and on healing the rent,
Innocent—looking the world in the face,
Yet fearless with nature's own innocent grace,
Full of sweet goodness, yet simple in art,
White in the soul, and pure gold in the heart
—Ah, like unto you should all maidenhood be
Gladsome to know, and most gracious to see;
Like you, my daisies!

MOTHER'S WING.

By Mrs. Whiton-Stone.

SOME little birds lay in a warm sunny nest
Before they had learned to hop round in the trees,
And fluttered, and fluttered, each dear little breast,
Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dees,
We are three, if you please."

The mother bird waited and watched, for she knew
They only could fly in a soft, gentle breeze,
And she wanted to show just *how* they should do,
Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dees,
This way, if you please."

But the little birds ventured one beautiful day,
Found they could fly, with such pleasure and ease,
And together, the three of them floated away
Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dees,
Good-by, if you please."

But very soon, wearied of motion so new,
Each thought, "How unwisely a little bird sees!"
And back to the nest in the sunny place flew,
Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dees,
Mother's wing, if you please."

And if little children, when filled with unrest,
Would stop to look up to the blossoming trees,
They might just recall three birds in a nest
Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dees,
Mother's wing, if you please!"

IN THE PASTURE REGION.— A LITTLE GOAT-HERD.

THE ALPS AND THEIR AVALANCHES.

By C. E. Andrews.

EVERY young geographer has read of the Alps, that vast mountain-system of Southern Europe whose main mass extends across the whole southern portion of Switzerland. The Alps, so named from the fact that their tops are covered with eternal snows — the word "alp" meaning white — comprise various clusters, or knots, of mountains from which diverge numerous mountain-ranges running many miles, east or west, north or south from the central knots.

Each of these long ranges has its special name; as the Bernese Alps, the Pennine Alps, the Maritime Alps, the Carnic Alps. Each of the principal peaks is likewise distinguished by a name; among the famous ones are Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and Mont Cervin; these are the three highest peaks in Europe, Mont Blanc, the loftiest of all, being more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising from an immense lake of ice, are the no less celebrated Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn (pronounced as if it began with a V). There are, besides, a host of other peaks well known to both student and tourist.

An Alpine mountain has four natural divisions: the lower region, the wooded region, the alp, or pasture region, and the rocky region. Let us climb one.

We leave the valley, and by a steep, bushy ascent soon reach the *lower region*. Here, we do not see many trees; but beautiful vineyards and quaint little cottages, called by the Swiss *châlets*, are scattered along the gently-undulating declivity which, in some places, is crossed by roads connecting two valleys.

Trudging up, up, up, we find the slope begins to grow steep, and that we are not very directly approaching the *wooded region*, for these extensive Alpine forests do not wholly engirdle a mountain.

So we must make a *detour*, as the French say, must take a circuitous route — which will lead us to the back of the mountain, where we shall enter a big forest which climbs half-way up the slope. There is a great variety of trees; fine oaks, tall firs and pines, birch-trees, beech-trees, and any quantity of sweet chestnuts.

Traversing the length of the wooded region, which is about one third of the width of the mountain, we emerge into the open air, where a magnificent prospect awaits us. We are now pretty far up, and we can see somewhat of the beauty and grandeur of the Alps. We look upon huge towering rocks half-covered with lichens and mosses; we see vast torrents pouring with great noise down from the glaciers; here are lovely cascades and waterfalls; here are frightful ravines, strewn with the fragments of fallen rocks; and everywhere and all around, is an upheaving sea of giant mountains, whose dazzling crests glitter with a strange brightness in the sunshine. At the same time, looking down into the valleys, we behold rich vineyards, green fields, apple orchards gay with pink-white blossoms, cosey villages with gardens, and picturesque *châlets*.

Now we are in the *pasture region*. This is the "garden spot" of an Alpine mountain. Upon these fine pastures browse flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and goats; and if we hunt for them, we shall find no end of beautiful flowers. Lovely rhododendrons, or Alpine roses, grow in profusion; saxifrages, purple and white, spring from the clefts of the rocks; gay euphrasias and rich blue gentians peep out at us from the vivid green.

As we turn a sudden angle in the path, we come upon a homely hut, before which is clustered a group of bareheaded and barefooted children. Many a herdsman, with his family, resides in the pasture region during the summer months, in order that his sheep or goats, pigs or cows, may have the grand chance to grow fat upon the mountain grass, which is very nourishing, and although it is quite short, I dare say that the lucky cows which have fed upon it would be willing to declare, if they could speak, that it was most deliciously sweet. These mountain herdsmen are rather given to perching their huts on the edge of a precipice, and seem to choose, when they can, a rocky ledge overhanging a lake! They have been well called the "children of the air."

Above the *pasture region* rises the *rocky region;* and this goes up to the crest of the mountain which, on the higher peaks, is covered all the year round with masses of mingled snow and ice, called glaciers. These glaciers are perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Alps, some of them being of such vast extent as to invade the largest valleys for a long distance. These great fields of ice are the source of many of the larger rivers that water Europe.

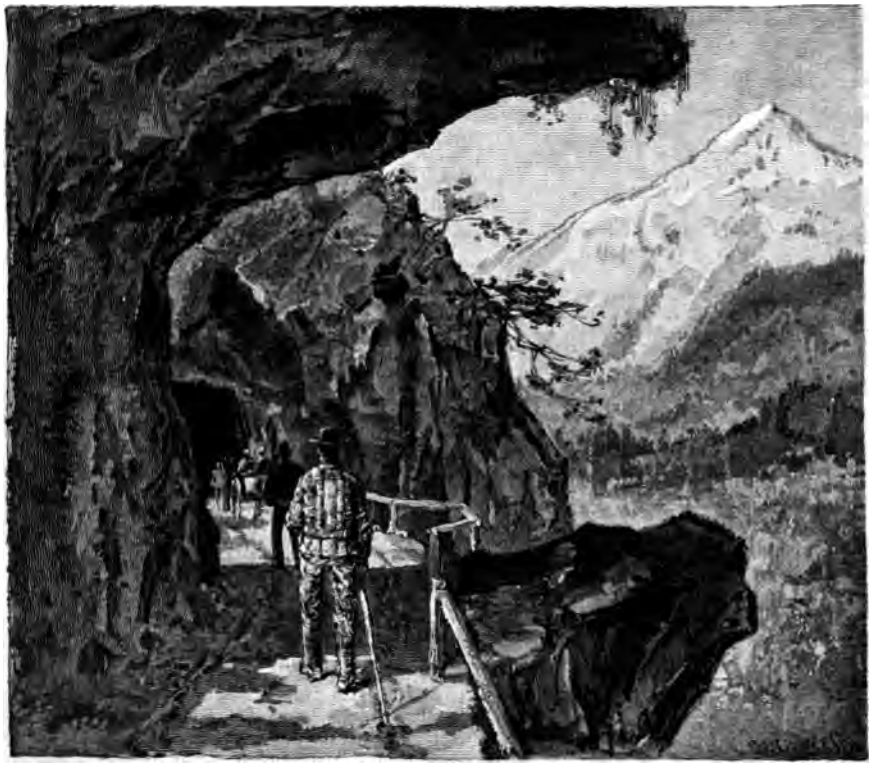
A SWISS CHALET. — AT MILKING-TIME.

Another mighty feature of this wonderful mountain region is its avalanches, which occur very frequently, their roar at the base of the Jungfrau being almost incessant. I presume there is not one boy or girl geographer in ten who has not read of Alpine avalanches; but perhaps also not

one of you in ten have other than a general idea of these frightful phenomena — masses of snow and ice sliding with wild velocity down the mountains. But this is only one sort of avalanche; there are at least four different kinds known among the Alps: the rolling, the sliding, the drift, and the glacier avalanches.

Do not jump at the conclusion that the glacier avalanche, being formed of solid ice, must be the most dangerous of all. This is not the case. The glacier avalanche is only a piece of loosened ice which comes rushing down the declivity, with a noise like thunder, to be sure, but is comparatively harmless, as it is generally broken in small pieces by the rocks it meets in its descent to the valley.

No, the most fearful of the slides is the rolling avalanche. I will tell you how it is formed. You already know that the loftier Alpine peaks are covered with snow the year round. Sometimes, in the spring, in the soft thawy weather, the damp grains of snow cling firmly together and form into hard balls. Whenever one of these balls becomes heavy enough, it begins to move slowly down the declivity. On it goes, always increasing in speed, over a field of snow, getting, of course, bigger and bigger at every turn, for being very damp and clammy, it collects to itself the snow over which it passes, and before it reaches the valley becomes a mighty and immense mass, large enough, indeed, to bury up a whole village. Sometimes such a terrible calamity happens; in the year 1749, when one of these dangerous and dreaded rolling avalanches descended upon a village in the valley of Tawich, it actually swept it from its site and then covered it completely. You will think it must have caused general ruin and death. But no; it was in the night, and it was done so quietly that the villagers knew nothing of their misfortune till morning came, when they began to wonder why it did not grow light! They were dug out, nearly all of them alive.



UP FROM THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

A drift avalanche, or, as the Swiss call it, *staublauinen*, most generally happens just after a heavy snow-storm, when the wind drives the loose snow

from peak to peak, and whirls it down in vast quantities into the valleys.

A sliding avalanche — *rutsch-lauinen* — takes place in early spring, when the snow at the summit of a peak melts, and a great patch of it rushes down the mountain slope, sweeping away everything in its path.

Roads, called Passes, have been constructed over all the principal mountain-chains, connecting the valleys, and in some instances, countries. Some of these roads are of great antiquity and date back as far as the Romans, and many suppose that the Carthagenian general, Hannibal, crossed the Pass of the Little St. Bernard on his march to invade Italy. Some of the Passes are only mule paths; but the great Napoleon converted many of these roads into magnificent carriage routes. Such are the Passes of the Col de Tende, Mont Genevre, Mont Cenis, and the famous Simplon, which crosses the Pennine Alps, one of the loftiest of these mountain chains. The Pass of the Great St. Bernard is well known from the Hospice at its summit, where live the benevolent family of monks who devote their lives to the care of travellers. It is also from this Hospice that the sagacious dogs of St. Bernard are sent out to search for and rescue travellers who may have been overtaken in one of the terrible snow-storms common to the region. The Pass over Mont Cenis, being frequently buried up by avalanches, was at length found to be very unreliable as a road for travel, and it was concluded necessary to tunnel the Alps. This great work was begun in 1857 and ended in 1870, employing thousands of men, day and night. It is 39,750 feet long.

A still longer tunnel, that of Mont St. Gothard, is now being built. When completed this will be ten miles long. Think of a ride of ten miles in darkness and tobacco smoke! For in the elegant cars that pass through the Alps smoking is allowed freely — only one car in every train being marked *Nicht rauchee* (no smoking).

The Passes of the Alps are generally built over the lowest traversible part of a mountain, but some of them attain a great elevation. The Cervin, the highest in Europe, at one point is more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea — a dizzy height.

The Swiss peasant is fondly attached to the giant mountains of his native country. He delights in rambling through their wild solitudes, and his sturdy heart swells with patriotic pride

A SWISS MOUNTAINEER.

when he rests his alpenstock on the summit of one of their mighty glaciers.

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, sings of him:

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,
* * * * * * *
At night, returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.
* * * * * * *
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storm,
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

WE sung when lips were rosy-red
And life was young and gay,
A song of William Allingham's
One merry, merry May;
A fairy song, a woodland song,
A quaint and simple lay;
My tears would start like summer rain
To hear it sung to-day:
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

The old piano worn and brown
Began its joyous din;
The window opened on the lawn
And let the fragrance in;
The honeysuckle ceased to wave,
The spider ceased to spin,
When soft we told of hillocks where
The fairy-folk had been:
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

I can remember Helen's pose,
The very gown she wore,
And brother Milo's thrumming hand
Against the oaken door;
How Hope's hard verse was all by heart,
And Bert's wrong end before;
And how we laughed, and chorused then
The childish ditty o'er:
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

It was so long, so long ago!
Now winsome Hope is wed,
And Helen's home is far away;
My best belov'd is dead;
A sailor's jaunty brim of blue
Shades Berty's handsome head;
And I and they forget, forget —
Alas! must it be said? —
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

From other children's music lips
That dainty song is blown;
O not for us its cadence now,
Its rushing undertone!
It is more sad to me than much
The years have made our own
That old belief is chilled, and so
The fairy-folk have flown:
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

A BRAVE GIRL.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning after "Lorla's Fate" was settled, Loto came downstairs with decision on her face, and her crochet-needle in her hand.

"I have been a non-producing member of society long enough," she said stoutly. "I will not live on an unmarketable belief in myself another day. While I am finding something to do, I will do something. I don't know, mamma, that there's a girl in North America who objects to crocheting more than I do; but I *can* do it. What shall I make first, mamma — a Persian rug? Or would you scallop red flannel petticoats with blue edging for general housework girls at a shilling a yard? Don't say a word, Mother Rollinstall! I can crochet, and if you can't do what you want to, you must do what you can. I've learned so much. — What is it, Slam?"

"If you'd taken that poetry job I offered you in the shoe business," said Slam severely, "you might have got a steady place. I don't see but I shall have to invent that kerosene lamp I spoke of. I'll go out into the barn and see some models I have. Don't you bother, Sis. If I get that through — or the Boy Protector — *I'll* support you!"

"What is the Boy Protector?" asked Loto, laughing in her own despite.

"Oh, it's a patent I have in mind, to catch boys falling off haymows and things," said Slam carelessly. "I invented it the time I dislocated my shoulder in our red barn. I don't think I need anything but a large supply of rope, to make a successful specimen. Mother has no faith in it, but when I get to uncle John's, I mean to borrow the materials, and put it through."

Loto crocheted. While she was awaiting an illumination from Heaven, as to the next step to be taken by an unsuccessful author who must support a family, she crocheted and crocheted. She did make a rose-pink hood, which one of the girls she knew, gave her a dollar for. The materials cost seventy-five cents. It took her five days to make the hood. She made a sky-blue hood which nobody wanted. With burning cheeks, she took it to a grocer down-town — the grocer whom she didn't know — and asked him, would he sell it for her? He said he would try, but they had so much of such traps coming in from the country. At the end of three weeks, the grocer sold the sky-blue hood (by permission) to an old lady with a pea-green complexion, who said she would give sixty-two and a half cents for it, 'cause she thought it was becomin' to her, but she couldn't give no more'n that nohow since she lost her chickens and broke her front teeth.

Nevertheless Loto crocheted. She sold two pairs of yellow baby-socks and one baby-blanket thin enough to freeze any common New England baby that trusted to it. She made edging, and fringes, and trimmings and tassels, and did not sell them at all. She made bed-slippers, and began an afghan. She made lamp-mats, and meditated a table-cover. She crocheted trustfully. It might be said that she crocheted nobly. One day, she took account of stock and discovered that she had made a profit of exactly twenty-seven and a half cents on the labor and expenditure of three weeks. This did not include the slippers which the grocer had yet on hand, nor the edging which came back from Jetty's in Boston, with thanks, nor the tassels which were returned without any, from the trimming store on Winter street.

"If this family is going to be supported out of my crochet needle," said Loto, "we shall never be able to live on hoe-cake. — Next?"

Of the three feminine employments, supposed from immemorial time to be the sole resources of the young lady whom misfortune drove to self-support, but one remained. The pen and the needle having been loyally tried, the schoolma'am's desk, at least, remained.

Now Loto had always known that she had not one drop of the patient teacher's blood in her. She had always said that she would rather be a blacksmith. To be sure, a Professorship of Biology had been in her dreams. But *that* was another matter, as any one might see. To be a Professor of Biology, one need not be excessively familiar with Vulgar Fractions, or decide whether it were necessary to let little boys go to the entry for a drink of water while the class was conjugating the subjunctive mood.

But must was must, and can was can, and while Loto was making the sky-blue hood for the pea-green old lady, she had diligently searched the country far and near, for a vacant school. None was to be found.

There were schools enough: — Grammar Schools, High Schools, Evening Schools, Academies, "Institutes," Sunday-schools, Sewing-schools, and the omnipresent District. All were generously supplied with teachers. More generous, not to say voluminous, was the supply of applicants for the filled desks. As nearly as Loto could estimate, there were eleven and a half girls wanting a school to one school that wanted a girl.

"Ken ye spell straight?" asked one committee man in a neighboring village whither Loto, one desperate Saturday had gone alone and without recommendations, in search of a school rumored to have a teacher with the whooping-cough. Brown's Ferry was the name of the village. Brown was the name of the committee man. He did not look like a man who could have written his own name without screwing his mouth open while he dotted his i's and crossed his t's and curled his y's — if he had any i's or t's or y's to dot, or cross, or curl.

"Girls air apt to be weak in spellin' and 'rithmetic," said Mr. Brown loftily. "We had one apply for the High spelled apology with two — no, with one p, that was it; she spelled 'pology with one p, and couldn't cal'clate the interest on a gover'ment bond. We rejected her. They give the place to a distant connection of my wife's with a Noo York eddication."

"I knew of a boy, at a famous Academy who was asked after whom the State of Virginia was named — he ought to have known, don't you think, sir?" asked Loto mildly.

"The State of Virginia?" said Mr. Brown uneasily. "Why, certainly, I think a *boy* had ought to know who Virginia was named for."

"He said," replied Loto with vicious gentleness, "that it was named for the Virgin Mary, who was at that time Queen of England."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, after a grave pause, "I admit that was an uncalled-for answer. I don't think we should have required that young man's services at Brown's Ferry."

But across Mr. Brown's big, red face, there did not flit the shadow of a smile. It is doubtful, if to this day, he has become fully aware of the depth of singularity in the reply of the young man at the famous Academy, to the question concerning the naming of the State of Virginia.

"You say you be college eddicated?" asked Mr. Brown, after another pause, as Loto was turning drearily away.

"I should have graduated at Smith, in a year and a term more," said Loto.

"That had ought to give ye bigger game than Brown's Ferry," observed Mr. Brown with a shrewd Yankee look in his narrow gray eyes — a look that perhaps explained why he came to be on the School Committee at Brown's Ferry.

"So it would, perhaps, if I had gone through," said Loto sadly. "There are so many educated women now, that we need our diplomas for the better positions, almost as much as men do. I have no diploma, you see."

"Why hai'n't ye?" asked Mr. Brown bluntly.

"Because my father died," said Loto in a low voice.

"Oh — hem! Who was yer pa?"

"Doctor Rollinstall."

"Be you Doctor Rollinstall's girl of Happy Hill?"

Loto nodded. She could not speak. She began to think this torment had lasted long enough, and drew her crape veil over her face, preparing to slip away.

"Smith College — let me see — that is in Po'keepsie, ain't it?" asked Mr. Brown thoughtfully. "Oh — no. Wellesley. I remember, now. Wellesley. Pity you hai'n't got yer diploma. Likely yer pa must have spent a sight on yer eddication. — Couldn't get a school up yer way nigher home?"

"I think they wanted to take me, some of them," said Loto hastily, "but they were really and truly

all full, with good, nice girls that deserved the places. I couldn't expect them to be turned out, because I was in trouble. But I wouldn't have you think our neighbors didn't *want* to help their doctor's daughter. Good-afternoon, sir."

"Wall, good afternoon," said Mr. Brown. "Our teacher *has* got the symptoms. If she whoops by Tuesday mornin' we shall hev to hev a supply. We've had thirteen applicants a'ready, jes' on the chance of that whoop. Maybe 'twon't come to nothin'. I dessay you ken spell, if your father spent so much on you as you say. But 'twouldn't do for me to hold out no hopes. You're the fourteenth I've seen sence day before yest'day. An' maybe she won't never whoop, nohow. That's about how it is."

When poor Loto got home from Brown's Ferry she found a letter from Mary Mace sadly and gently telling her that the position at South Hadley she had in mind was taken a month ago. There was another letter from one of her teachers at Northampton, which broke to her kindly the fact that the Academy in Vermont preferred a graduate. The President himself wrote a line, to express his sympathy with her trouble, and his regret that he had found nothing as yet, for her. Fern wrote to say that her father said the public schools in Boston were taught by people who held the positions a long time, and that the chance of obtaining one was small, and why didn't Loto plan to spend the summer with them, at Beverly? Nelly Hope sent a telegram to say that the girl in South Carolina who was going to leave the Negro College to be married, had broken her engagement, and would retain her position in the department of rhetoric in that institution. Loto had to pay twenty-five cents for the delivery of the telegram, and sent Nelly thirty-seven more for the prepayment of it.

LOTO AND COMMITTEE-MAN BROWN.

The poor girl's prospects for supporting the family were in this incoherent state, when, on Wednesday morning, as she was sitting in her blue room, hopelessly crocheting a royal-purple mitten for the pea-green old lady who bought the sky-blue hood, and had miraculously returned to the grocer with the news that her dentist's bill was smaller than she expected, and if she had a pair of mittens of the precise shade of purple she thought she'd like to see along o' that hood, she didn't know but she'd take 'em — as Loto was thus patiently sitting, netted within her web of purple worsted, with crocked fingers, and sweet, sad

face, and aching shoulders, and heavy heart — S'reeny came up-stairs with some cookies, and the announcement that a man wanted to see the Doctor's daughter in the parlor.

It was Mr. Brown. He came to inform Loto that the teacher at Brown's Ferry Grammar School had been excused to have the whooping-cough, and that he didn't know but Loto might as well have the supply till Miss Mizery got well.

"She begun to whoop come o' Monday night," said Mr. Brown, "and along o' so many scholars that you ain't sure of, and takin' in them you know *hasn't*, the committee told her she'd better stay to hum. She was exposed long of her half-sister, which is an infant, and Miss Mizery sleeps with her. Can't say how long you'll be wanted. She mought whoop two weeks, and she mought whoop six months. I've *known* 'em whoop a year," added Mr. Brown encouragingly, "though they was mostly babies. Yer pa'd a known, maybe, if he'd ben livin'. Better come along in my team — save expense — an' get yer traps fast as ye know how."

"She may whoop for years, and she may whoop forever!" cried Loto as she kissed her mother good-by between a laugh and a sob, and courageously departed with Mr. Brown for Brown's Ferry.

Miss Mizery did not whoop forever. She whooped till the end of the term, and somewhat into vacation. Long before the next term began, it was evident that she would be restored both to "them that had, and those that hadn't" among her pupils, and that Loto's services could not be needed farther in that institution. She taught five weeks, in Brown's Ferry, and received from the committee the sum of thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents, and "found." Mr. Brown "found" her; that is to say he boarded her in his own family, and treated her hospitably to enough of everything, more particularly doughnuts and pies. He expressed himself to the effect that she was a very well-eddicated young woman, and he wished they had a vacancy for her in Brown's Ferry. Loto always felt that Mr. Brown had been impressed by the reign of the Virgin Mary on the throne of England.

So Loto came home to her mother with her thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents, and her problem before her, still unsolved. What to do? How to do it? Where to seek? What to hope? *When to despair?*

"I won't give up," said Loto doggedly. Her bright face had lost something of its sparkle. Her hair seemed less curly than it used to do. Her dimple seemed to have forgotten the way to the surface of her blooming cheek. But steadily and sturdily her young eyes looked out at her fate.

"I won't give it up. I'm a well girl, with an education (part of one) and common sense, and I will find a way to support my father's family! — Kiss me, mamma, and take the money."

"It will go towards the grocer's bill," said Mrs. Rollinstall sorrowfully. "But oh, I hate to!"

Loto and her mother were alone with S'reeny and Dash in the sad and silent house. Slam had gone, weeks since, to his uncle John's, where he would spend a part at least of the vacation, making himself useful in haying time, and so go on in the autumn term with his work already begun in the Academy. Slam was noisy, but he was Slam, and they loved him. It was very lonely. The two women looked into each other's faces bravely; but the tears started. What, oh, what should they do?

S'reeny came in while they sat there alone in the twilight that July night, and told them the door-bell had rung. They had not noticed it, in their absorption and trouble. It was some one at the office door, who wanted to see Loto.

Loto dried her eyes, and went in answer to the summons, reluctantly enough. Dash went with her sympathetically. Dash was growing old fast, and it was hard for him to move — but he seemed to feel that he was the only man of the family, and must look after the ladies.

It was almost dark in the office, and Loto could not tell who it was that stood there, silently regarding her. A girl, evidently; a girl not far from her own age. Her heart leaped for the instant with the insane thought that it might be Fern.

"You don't know me, I see," her visitor said without approaching her.

"It is so dark!" said Loto apologetically.

Plainly, it was not Fern, nor any of Fern's like.

"I am Letty Blayne, again," the girl said softly. "I suppose you have forgotten."

"I could *never* forget," cried Loto impulsively. "How do you do, Letty Blayne? I am glad to see you."

"You would be," said Letty Blayne simply, "if

I could do you as much good by coming as I want to. I came because I had an idea I might be of a little use — if you'll excuse me. I've heard you were trying to do something to support yourself. I've heard you'd had a discouraging time of it. I — beg your pardon. But I — had something to suggest if I were sure you wouldn't mind."

"I *have* had a discouraging time," said Loto with the tears starting, "and I shall be obliged to you, Letty Blayne, if you can suggest *anything* a girl like me can do. Don't be afraid. I'm not silly about it. . . . Tell me! What do you do for a living? How do *you* support yourself?"

Loto looked at this poor, sickly girl with a rising wonder that she had never wondered before how poor girls did live. How did Letty Blayne support herself? And hundreds like her?

"Oh, *I* am a telegraph operator," said Letty Blayne. Then she paused. The Doctor's daughter looked at her visitor silently through the darkening office. The two girls listened to each other's heart-beats rather than for each other's voices. Loto was startled. Letty was frightened. Both were anxious. What had Letty done? Had she gone too far?

"Did you mean" — began Loto slowly.

"Yes," said Letty Blayne, "I did. It's fair pay, and clean work, and I know a place I could get a girl taught, I think. . . . Oh, I knew how miserable you'd be to-night when you got home from Brown's Ferry. *I* knew! I've been watching — I knew just where you'd come up hard and not see a step before you" —

"It is true," said Loto, choking. "I don't — not a step."

"If you don't feel as if it were beneath you" — hesitated Letty.

"Letty Blayne!" cried Loto, kissing her father's poor patient heartily, "I would be *ashamed* to think *any* honest work beneath a girl as hard up as I am!"

"Very well," said Letty, nodding.

"And I thank you, Letty Blayne," said Loto warmly, "and I'll do anything you can help me to."

"Very well, then," said Letty smiling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RICH LITTLE DOLLY.

By Anna F. Burnham.

HER hair was yellow, her cheeks were red,
But "you mustn't touch her," they
always said,
— This rich little dolly.

Over her dress of satin and silk
She wore a necklace as white as milk,
— This rich little dolly.

Her foot (like the foot of a Cinderella)
Was daintily shod, as becomes full well a
Rich little dolly.

But nobody asked her out to dine,
She was by far too fair and fine,
— This rich little dolly.

Nobody sent, to a birthday party,
Invitations old-fashioned and hearty
To this little dolly.

Nobody, when her heart was "b'oke,"
Cuddled close up to it under her cloak
This rich little dolly.

But up in a mouldy, musty drawer,
Where nobody kissed her and nobody saw her,
Stayed the poor, poor dolly.

THE LAST TALE OF CHARLES PERRAULT.

By Katherine M. Haven.

CHARLES PERRAULT.

It was a happy day for all lovers of good fairy stories, when in the early part of the seventeenth century, France gave to the world Charles Perrault. In his early days he held a situation under government, but while still in his prime, he retired to private life and devoted himself to the education of his children. To this fortunate change we owe such stories as *Puss in Boots*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, *Blue Beard*, and many others which were then composed. He himself had no idea that these tales would be so valued by the world, that they would be preserved as treasures, and handed down, ever fresh and new, from one generation to another.

He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for that evening's amusement and gathering around him his little group of children, delighted himself with their enjoyment of his work. When surrounded, in later years, by his grandchildren, he found them equally pleased with the old stories; they would beg him to repeat them again and again. One evening, after having told them seven times the clever tricks of Puss in Boots, his little pet Marie, his favorite grandchild, climbed his knee and, stroking his cheek, said coaxingly:

"Now, you dear good grandpa, why can't you write us children a beautiful *new* story, just as you used to write for my uncles and aunts long ago?"

"Yes," cried all the children together, "a new story, all our own — do, please."

Grandfather Perrault smiled, but rather sadly.

"Ah, my dears," he said, "I am not what I was in those old days when bright fancies would come readily to me. I am an old man, and I fear my poor bald head would not let me make such a good story as you are hoping for. But come, I will tell you a story (new to you), which I heard many times, when I was a child myself, from my mother's lips — so many times that I can repeat it word for word, I do believe." And he began his story, as follows:

"My mother, your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linen-draper, living close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening — having gone alone to the Church of St. Eustace, as she was hastening home to her sick mother, she heard a great noise at the head of the street, and looking up she saw an immense mob, shouting and hooting. In great alarm, she hurried home and having opened the door with her key, she was about to close it, thankful to be in her safe retreat, when she saw a woman, wrapped in a black mantle, holding two children by the hands. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop. 'In the name of all you hold most dear,' cried she, 'save me! Hide me and my children! I seem helpless — but it is in my power to prove my gratitude hereafter.'

"'I want no reward for helping the distressed,' said Madeline. 'We will give you what poor protection we can against this brutal mob, but what will it avail?'

"The stranger cast a tearful glance around, when suddenly, uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye on the part of the floor, almost concealed by the counter, and rushing to the spot, she exclaimed, 'I have it! I have it!' As she spoke, she lifted a trap door, concealed in the floor, opening on a stone-staircase, which led to a subterranean passage; and then, snatching up her children in her arms, she darted down the gulf, leaving my mother stupefied by astonishment. But the cries of the mob, which had by this time reached the shop, and was clamorously demanding admittance, roused her. Quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father.

"After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. They were a set of miserable, tattered wretches, about three hundred in number. They poured into the house and searched every corner of it. Then they turned with fury upon Madeline. 'Deliver up that woman you have here!' they cried. 'She is an enemy of France — she takes the part of the hated Austrian and is the cause of our misery and famine! We *will* have her and her children!'

"'We know not who you mean,' replied my grandfather, who, in truth was ignorant of what had occurred. 'No one has entered the house.'

"'Obstinate wretch!' up spoke one of the mob, 'we will make *you* speak!' and he pointed a pistol at my mother's breast.

"At this moment Madeline heard a slight rustle below the trap-door, and fearing it would betray the stranger's hiding-place, she endeavored to drown the sound by stamping with her foot, while she boldly made reply: 'I have no one to give up to you.'

"'Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those who dare resist us!' roared one of the mob, and he seized Madeline by the hair. 'Speak!' he said, 'or I will drag you through the streets to the gibbet!'

"My mother uttered not a word, but silently commended herself to God. What would have been the issue, Heaven only knows, but the citizens in that quarter had by this time assembled — having hastily armed themselves, and they dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to comfort her poor mother, now almost fainting. Then she rejoined her father and, after helping him to barricade the door, she began to prepare supper, as usual. While thus busy she debated with herself whether to tell her father her secret; and after fervent prayer to God to enable her to decide what was best, she concluded that she ought not to do so — since it might expose him to more danger than if he remained in ignorance.

"That night when her father and mother were asleep, and all was quiet, she took off her shoes. Then, stealing down-stairs, she cautiously lifted the trap door and entered the vault with provisions for those who were already indebted to her for life and safety.

"'You are a noble girl,' said the stranger. 'What do I not owe to your heroism and presence of mind? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust he will permit me to befriend you here below.'

"Madeline gazed with intense interest upon the stranger. She saw in the dim light a graceful woman, whose sweetness won her heart, while her majestic appearance inspired deep respect. A long black mantle almost concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head. The children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

"'Thanks, dear girl, for this food!' she said to Madeline. 'As for me, I cannot eat; but my children have eaten nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave your light — and now go to your rest after all this terrible excitement.'

"Madeline looked at her in surprise. 'I should have thought, madam,' she said, 'that you would strive to reach a better asylum than this poor place.'

"'Be not uneasy, my good girl,' replied the lady. 'When the time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this spot as it was to reveal to you its existence. Good-night, my child; perhaps we may not meet again for some time but remember I solemnly promise you that I will grant any three wishes which you may form.'

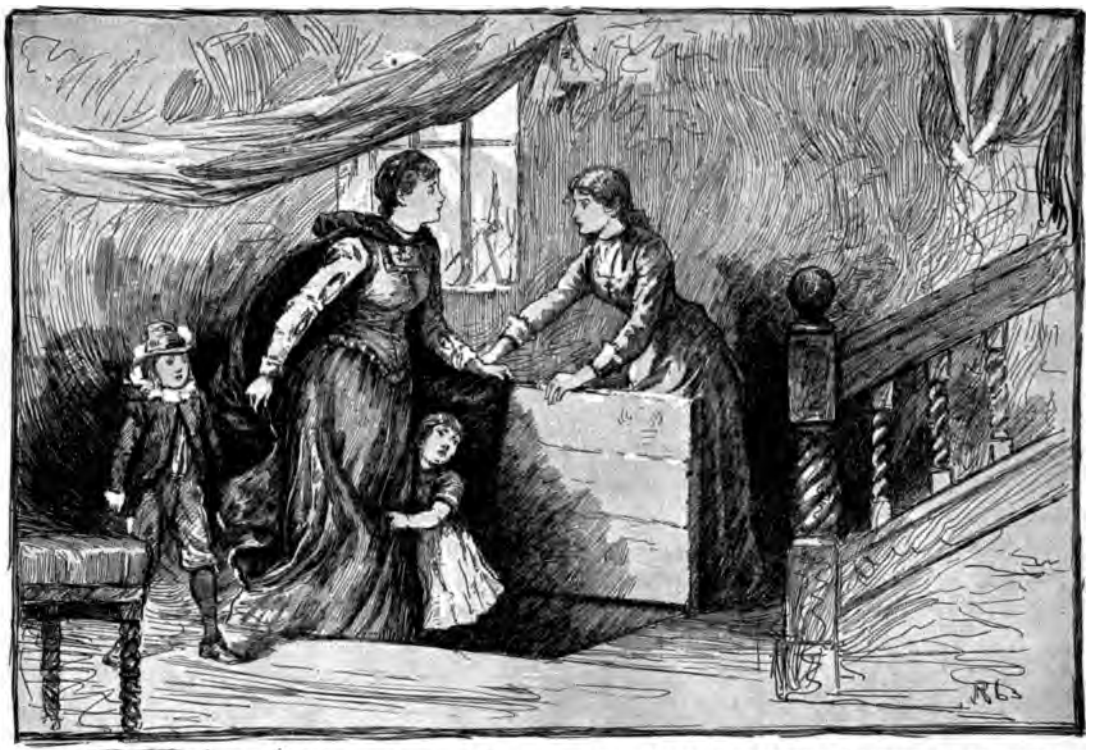
"Madeline withdrew as the lady motioned her to retire, with that indefinable air of majesty which seemed to leave no choice but to obey.

"Notwithstanding her fatigue, she hardly slept that night. Who could this lady be? How could she have known of this place of concealment, which was unknown to the inhabitants of the house? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault when she pleased, and the mysterious promise she made of granting any three wishes her young deliverer might form.

"The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Full of anxious thought, she longed for the coming of night and quiet. As soon as all were asleep, she again, with even more caution, sought the vault. Behold, it was empty! Not an opening anywhere could she discover. She stamped on the ground, but it gave forth no hollow sound. Suddenly she thought she perceived some writing on a flagstone. She bent down and saw traced, as with a dagger's point, these words: '*Remember, Madeline, that she*

who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes.'

"Years passed away. My mother, in her quiet life, seems to have formed no special wishes. The thought of the mysterious lady almost faded from her mind. She became a wife and mother, and the occurrences of that long past night seemed to her like some strange dream, in the midst of the realities by which she was surrounded. She was devoted to the happiness of her husband and children. We were a happy, prosperous family, till it pleased God to lay a heavy trial upon us.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER LIFTED A TRAP-DOOR.

My father fell ill and before he had fairly recovered, our home was destroyed by fire, and we barely escaped with our lives. From this time we grew poorer and poorer. My father did not regain his health, and was obliged to give up his situation in the civic corps — a valuable place.

"Now he became seriously ill. My mother struggled hard to maintain her sick husband and four children, but it proved a task beyond her strength. One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. Never shall I forget my mother's face and her tears when one of us cried, 'Mother, we are so very hungry.'

"She now resolved to apply for aid to the Nuns of Chaillot, and with sinking heart and burning cheeks she presented herself at the convent, making known her desire to speak to the Superior. She was well-known there, and received warm sym-

pathy and some relief. She was returning through the cloisters when she was suddenly transfixed. A voice exclaimed in her ear, 'Art not thou Madeline Perrault?'

"Turning, she beheld the mysterious being whom her husband was wont to call her 'Fairy.' Years had elapsed, but she recognized her. Yes, there stood the well-remembered stately form. 'I made thee a promise,' said the Unknown, 'and thou hast not invoked my aid, yet fear not — thy three wishes shall still be granted.'

"'My husband, oh — if he were but once more well!' murmured my mother, still awe-stricken at the sudden apparition.

"'Nay, that is not within my province to bestow; God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thy heart.'

"'Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want.'

"'This is but one wish. I grant two more.'

"'I ask not, wish not for more.'

"'Be it so then. Hold thyself in readiness in twelve hours' time to obey my orders.' Suddenly as she came, the lady vanished from sight.

"Early the next day a carriage stopped at my father's door, and a footman announced that he had been sent for my mother and her family. Somewhat alarmed, but yet with eager anticipation, we all got into the carriage and were driven rapidly in the direction of Paris; for we were then living in Chaillot. The carriage drew up before a house in the Rue St. Jacques, and my father saw that it had been built on the site of the old home lost by the fire. But behold, who should meet his astonished gaze but a party of his old friends of civic authority! They offered him a hearty welcome to their corps, informing him that he had been reinstated in the situation which he had been compelled to leave by illness.

"My father stood as in a dream. My mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed her and, breaking the seal, she read these words: '*Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified.*"

"'But one wish,' said my mother, 'is now mine — to throw myself at the feet of our benefactress.'

"The door opened and the unknown lady stood before us. 'Madeline,' said she, 'but for you that ferocious mob would have murdered me and my children. I know I have seemed strangely forgetful of you, but it was not so; I have been, like yourself, sorely tried. I have heard my children cry for bread, when I had none to give them. My husband had been traitorously murdered — I myself proscribed. When you rescued me they were hunting me like a wild beast because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his father, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes to Madeline Perrault.'

"'But how can poor Madeline requite her goodness?' exclaimed my mother.

"'By sometimes cheering me in my retreat at Chaillot with the sight of her happiness. Your children's innocent merriment may perchance beguile some of the lonely hours of my widowed life. Madeline, I was led to take refuge in your house providentially, for at once I recognized it as the abode of an astrologer, known to my mother, and I remembered that his laboratory was the vault, the entrance to which was as well known to me as the passage by which I left it, which leads to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the Superior and was about to inquire of yourself, when seeing the profound impression produced by my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy. The instant you left me, I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possess; money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of again making your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy I have still some influence and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protector.'

"And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family and it is to her that I owe the favor and patronage of the Minister Colbert.

"And now children," said the grandfather, "how do you like my last Fairy Tale?"

NOTE.—The Henrietta of England referred to in the story was Henrietta Marie the unfortunate widow of Charles I. of England and a daughter of Henry IV. of France. Her brother's son, Louis XIV., then a child, was represented by his mother, Anne of Austria, then Regent of France. By the bad management under her government, the people had fallen into extreme poverty and their anger culminated in a fierce outbreak called the war of the Fronde, in the year 1648. Queen Henrietta fell under suspicion, as a friend of the "Austrian," and the people believed her to be their enemy, although she seems to have striven (at least at this juncture) to promote the best good of the people, among whom she had taken refuge.

THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE.

(*A true Story.*)

By Hope Ledyard.

ERCE! Hello, I say! Perce!" cried Ben Halliday, as he ran to "catch up" with Percy Brown.

Percy looked back and waited, but there was no answering smile upon his face; he had that worried look that seems so particularly sad when seen in a child's face, and Percy was but a child, being only twelve years old.

"Come, Perce, don't fret," said Ben as he joined him. "What's the trouble any way?"

"Oh, if only I were a man! There isn't a thing I can do, that's worth thinking of, to help mother."

"Worth thinking of. Why, here you're earning wages steady at the store, and I heard Mr. Briscom tell father you were the best errand boy he ever had."

"Yes, but I only get two dollars a week and wear out shoes like fun. Oh, Ben, seems to me there *must* be a way to really help mother. You see if father had died in the war we'd have a pension; but he only persuaded a lot of fellows to go, and that don't give us a cent."

"You have till noon to-day for yourself, haven't you? I know where there's just bushels of nuts — hickories and chestnuts. Let's get 'em; Mr. Briscom will buy the nuts."

Ben, whether consciously or not, administered true consolation. Percy soon forgot his anxieties in climbing trees and piling up nuts; it was not long before he was whistling, chaffing and cutting capers, just as a boy of twelve should.

The next evening, as Ben sat by the parlor window, he fell to contrasting the luxury of his lot with the hardships of Percy's, and trying to plan some way of helping him, when he heard Mr. Downs, who was visiting at the house, come into the room. The boy jumped up, delighted — for once he could have the gentleman to himself, as sister Louise was dressing, mamma had excused herself for the afternoon to return some calls, and his father was still in his office. Having just been staying in Washington, Mr. Downs had seen Ben's hero, President Lincoln, and Mr. Seward and several of the generals whose very names were sacred to Ben.

"Please tell me," said the boy after a little chat, "did you really speak to Mr. Lincoln? *Is* he 'a common looking man?' — Phil Dean's father said so, but he's a democrat. I know President Lincoln isn't handsome, but he *must* look what he *is* — the very best man in the country!"

"He looks a very weary man, Ben," said Mr. Downs. "This war is telling upon him — he is worn down. Yet he can laugh still, and smile very kindly and cordially — as I am sure he would smile could he hear your praise. Phil's father is not discriminating when he calls Lincoln common looking; his is an uncommon face. But the place that would interest you most would be the Capitol building, the Senate chamber, and Hall of Representatives. You would like to hear the speeches, like to watch the faces. And, too, you would be interested in seeing little boys, smaller than yourself, serving as pages."

"How do they get there?"

"Oh, they're appointed — it's a very good position. Why, a boy can earn enough in a session, if he choose to live carefully, to support quite a family in a country place like this."

"Mr. Downs! Oh — I —" Ben was so excited he could not get hold of the words.

"You're not thinking of going into business?" said Mr. Downs, amused.

"Suppose — just for fun — that I was — how would I set about it?"

"You should get all the letters of recommendation you could; from the supervisor of the town, your minister and so on, and then you would have to apply — I suppose in person; a letter would not be likely to receive any attention."

"And you say a boy could earn enough for a small family?" repeated Ben.

"Yes, he could earn a good deal. They get extra 'tips' for special messages, and a quick, responsible boy couldn't get a better thing; that is, if he had to earn money. But boys ought to be at school, Ben," added Mr. Downs, fearful of putting ideas in Ben's mind of which his father would disapprove.

"Yes, sir. Oh, I wasn't thinking of going, sir. It's a boy I know. He could get all the letters he'd want — everybody likes Percy. Oh, I can't wait, I must go right off and tell him! There's sister Louise — she'll talk and sing to you."

"But, Ben, there may not be a vacancy," called Mr. Downs. But he was unheard; the boy was off, full of hope and thrilling with unselfish happiness. He found Percy engaged in putting up washing soda in two pound packages; there was no one in the store, and, as one weighed and the other tied the bundles, the boys could talk uninterruptedly.

"All you need is letters, and everybody'll write what a good boy you are. Perce, you're sure to get it — when will you go?"

"Monday. Mother'll get my things ready tomorrow, and we can get the letters between now and then. My week's up here and I'll ask for a week's leave so I can come back if" —

"'If?' — there isn't any if! You're sure to get it. Why the minister can write how your father used to talk to the men and get them to enlist; how he talked and wrote to them up to two days before he died, and *that* will get you a place."

It certainly looked promising. The boys talked it over and planned far ahead to the time when they should be partners in a law office together — Percy was to go to Congress and write M. C. after his name! He would learn parliamentary forms while he was a page!

It was harder work to convince the older people that the plan was feasible. But, as it was but fifty miles to Washington, and Percy was so anxious to try his fortune, his mother consented and did her share in sponging his suit of clothes, doing up his best collars and shirts and hardest of all for her, writing a letter, in which she said Percy, her one boy, was her comfort and longed to be her support.

Those were busy, exciting days to the boys. If it had not been for Mr. Halliday, the letter perhaps could not have been obtained so quickly, but he was the chief lawyer of the village, and knew how to push a matter through. It seemed to Percy that the good old minister had some thought of him Sunday when he preached from the text: *I will go forth in the strength of the Lord;* and in a dim, boyish way the lad took the words to his heart and felt that he was not going alone on this quest after a support for his mother and little sisters.

Percy intended to "foot it" to Washington, but Ben was at the widow's house bright and early Monday morning with a parting present — a railroad ticket to Washington and six new crisp one dollar greenbacks. No one knew how carefully those bills had been hoarded, that Ben might carry out his dream of spending a week at Washington himself, the next March to see the Inauguration; but he gave them up cheerfully, for Percy's success was far more important than the realization of his dream.

CALLING A PAGE.

So, instead of starting off in the gray dawn, the boys lingered till train time, at ten o'clock. They went to all their old haunts — the great tree where they had tried so unsuccessfully to build a house *à la* Swiss Family Robinson; the pond, where they fished, or swam, or skated, according to the season; they chopped a supply of wood for the

widow and at last walked to the depôt where Percy jumped on the train and was "off for Washington."

Washington, during the war, was a most bewildering and exciting place for any boy. Percy forgot for a time his loneliness, forgot even his great ambition, in looking about him. All was so strange to the little Virginian who had never been outside of his own village. Slowly, yet surely, he found his way to the Capitol and into the Senate Chamber. The first thing he noticed was — not the pure white marble desk where the Speaker sat, not the beautiful frescos, nor the different men of whom Ben had asked him to make careful note; no, he caught sight at once of the little boys running here and there with bundles of paper; he saw one Senator and then another clap his hands with a sharp ringing sound and soon saw that that was a summons for

THE PRESIDENT STOOD SILENT FOR ONE MOMENT.

a page. Then he singled out Senator Colfax; he knew his face well, for his mother had a print of it and had often told him how Colfax had *once* been a poor boy himself.

He managed at last to gain the attention of a young man who seemed to have it as his charge to direct people where to go; but the moment he mentioned "papers" and "a place," the doorkeeper turned away, saying there was no use — there was not a chance. And as Percy stood and listened, his chance did indeed seem worthless. The boy had not cared to eat his lunch and was discouraged and low-spirited because he needed food. He stood just inside the doorway — gentlemen passed in and out, generally two together chatting gayly; no one seemed worried, no one seemed homesick or alone. Percy turned to — go home.

"I tell you I shall succeed. I don't believe in failure; not since I was a poor boy without a friend to back me."

Percy heard the words; they were spoken by a kindly-looking man who was just going out. "I'll see the President, any way," thought the boy, hope and courage reviving. It seemed less hard to be poor and lonely when he heard those words spoken by one of the Senators. And, after all, he had friends to help him! How good the minister and Mr. Halliday and Ben had been! And then — there was mother! Oh no, he would try again; but first of all he would eat something.

So Percy found a nice baker's, where he bought a cup of coffee and was given kindly permission to eat his carefully prepared luncheon. The girl who waited on the customers eyed the nicely-made sandwiches — how plainly they told the story of some loving woman's care! She brought two cakes to Percy.

"Don't mind my giving them," she said; "I'm away from my folks and know how you feel."

The friendly words gave Percy courage to ask her if she could recommend a lodging-house, and then, as no one came in, the girl heard his story and espoused his cause most warmly. She was a little doubtful as to his getting to the President — still, he might try; and if he would come to the store at seven o'clock she would take him home with her; the lady he boarded with could give him some sort of a shake-down and he could get his meals at the bakery.

"If you don't mind eating stale sandwiches and cake," she added, "you can live very cheap."

Percy did not mind; he was only too grateful, and again his spirits rose and he felt sure he

should succeed. But for two days, though he went promptly to the White House, the ushers would not allow him to have an audience — could not, as one of them kindly explained to the boy; for so long as there were Cabinet Ministers, Members of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators or Justices of the Supreme Court before them, all civilians must wait.

On the third day, Percy resolved, at all risks, to get to the President. He could not spend another day at Washington uselessly. He was a small boy for his age, and, getting close to the door which gave admission to the President, he watched his opportunity. Two kind-looking gentlemen passed in together (he did not know it, but they were Senator Wilson and Governor Rice), and with beating heart the little fellow slipped in in front of them and stood before the tall, thin man, who, as he believed, could make or mar his fortune. He was so frightened he could not speak; but while Mr. Lincoln shook hands with the gentlemen, the boy regained his composure, so that when the President turned and said kindly: "And who is the little boy?" Percy told his story very simply and clearly.

THE SENATE CHAMBER. — AT THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S DESK.

The President listened to every word.

"But such appointments are not for me to make," he answered kindly; "you must apply to the doorkeeper at the House at the Capitol."

"But, sir," said Percy, "I'm a good boy. Mother says so in her letter; and here's a letter from the supervisors, and Mr. Kent, my Sunday-school teacher — he's written me a letter. And mother's a widow, sir, and they told me I could earn enough in one session to keep mother and the rest of us comfortable for nearly a year."

The President stood silent for one moment, looking at the boy's flushed face — was he thinking of his own poverty and the helps he had had over hard places? Then he took the papers and ran his eye over them, lingering longest with eyes grown misty over the mother's letter, which said so simply: "My boy has never given me a moment's pain. His heart is so set on supporting me that I trust any one who can help him, will."

The two gentlemen, by this time, were almost as much interested as the boy. At last the President took his pen and wrote on the back of one of the letters: "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified. A. LINCOLN."

"There, my boy, try your luck," said the President, adding as the door closed on the happy lad, "I hope it won't lead him to the heights we've reached, gentlemen — the lower rounds of the ladder are the safer ones."

That evening Ben came rushing into the widow's cottage shouting: "A telegram from Perce — he's got it, he's got it!" Mrs. Brown fairly cried for joy, the children began joyful entreaties for the candy-pull they had been promised if Percy should succeed, while Ben, whose spirits had not been sufficiently worked off by his walk from the village, cut capers, whistled and prophesied great things for the future law firm of Halliday, Son, and Brown.

The party at the cottage enjoyed the good news no more than Percy had enjoyed sending it; no happier boy lived in Washington that night than he. We cannot follow him through all his career, but our readers will be glad to know that Ben's

dream was realized after all, and the two boys were most enthusiastic "assistants" at President Lincoln's second inauguration. The other dream, too, has proved a reality, for Ben and Percy are both lawyers and they are partners; but whether Percy is of President Lincoln's opinion as to the higher rungs of the ladder or what is the reason I know not, but the "President's Page," as his friends sometimes call him, has never held any higher office under government than the one our martyred hero procured for him, by the few lines which Percy holds among his most sacred treasures.

TO-DAY—XXXII.

By Edward E. Hale.

OUR club met on the last day of February. It was Hector's birthday, and as the poor fellow has but one birthday in four years, we were all determined to make the best birthday possible. So they brought their presents out to my house, and the girls had achieved a wonderful cake at the cooking school, and dressed it with all the colors of the rainbow.

"I wish you would tell me," said Hector, after the row had subsided a little, when I called on him as "leader of the questioners," an honor which is bestowed somewhat at random — "I wish you would tell me about Chinese Gordon. The world seems to pivot on him, just now."

This is a favorite phrase of mine. I tell the boys and girls that they can never know where the world is going to find the pivot on which all its weight will be flung. When a carriage is rumbling over a rough road in the hills, it may be so thrown that very much more weight comes on one particular pin or bolt or screw, than it has to bear in smooth running. If that pin or bolt or screw accepts the responsibility, and bears the pressure, the carriage comes out all right. But if it breaks or slips or even bends, woe for the carriage. So I tell my boys and girls that no one ever knows when the world will pivot on him. It may pivot on any one of them, and that with very little warning before hand. And, as each of them has infinite strength at command, it will not do to bend *even, certainly* not to give way.

So it is was that Hector said, "Just now the world seems to pivot on Chinese Gordon."

Hector was quite right. I told them all that if they would read the 31st, 36th and 37th chapters of the book of Isaiah, they would find quite a close precedent to the condition of affairs. Hezekiah the King had been making alliances, here and there, and was all mixed up with the politics of Egypt and of Assyria. when he would have been quite as well off had he nothing to do with either. Then he found Rabshakeh the general of the Assyrian King, thundering at his doors. All his political combinations having failed, he thought in his terror that he would turn to the Living God — or, as people sometimes prefer to say — he would find what it was RIGHT to do. So he sent for the prophet Isaiah, and Isaiah told him.

It is in much the same way that the government of England has been trying to be on both sides in the Egyptian complications. They have tried to govern Egypt and not govern it at the same time. They have been eager to have the Egyptian revenues collected, and the Egyptian debts paid — but, on the other hand, they have not wanted to take a new province on their shoulders.

"Speaking in the language of proverbs," said Florence demurely, "they have wanted to have their cake, and to eat it too."

It is very much so.

With the skill and tact of Lord Dufferin, who is one of the most sensible men in the world, as he is one of the brightest and wittiest, they had patched up a poor little Constitution for Egypt. Then they had let English officers re-organize the Egyptian army — of which, as you may imagine, there was not

much left after Sir Garnet Wolseley's victory at Tel el Kebir — and after their chief Arabi Pacha had been exiled to Ceylon.

I think Mr. Gladstone, at the head of the English ministry, really hoped that this poor little weakling government, which had thus been carefully balanced on its feet, would stand till he brought the army of occupation well out of Egypt.

Two of the smaller boys were seen winking at each other when I said this — and, on inquiry, Nahum said that they had built a snow-man the day before and that he was just finished when the tea-bell rang. Just as they were coming in, some hoodlums from the neighborhood rushed into the yard and knocked the snow-man down, and "our fellows" had to run back and thrash the invaders or drive them out and set the man on his feet again, though Delia was all the time calling them in to supper.

I smiled benignly on this interruption. For it described, in parable, very much what Mr. Gladstone and his government have to do now.

It is now a considerable time ago, that we began to hear rumors that a Prophet had arisen among the Arab and other Mussulman tribes on the borders of the Soudan.* The Soudan is a rather vague name, given to that large country, sometimes called Nigritia on your maps, bordered on the north by the Sahara, on the west by Senegambia, on the south by Upper Guinea, and on the east by the Nile provinces of Egypt. But one of these provinces also, a continuation eastward of the greater Soudan, is known by the name of the province of Soudan. This Prophet was, it is said, a ship carpenter. By his devotion to religion, by long fastings, and by his determination to establish the Moslem faith in its purity he has attained great authority among the Mussulmans. He calls himself, in a recent proclamation "The humble servant of God, and the defender of the Faithful."

This Prophet, now generally called El Mahdi, was first known and accepted by any followers, I believe, at Dongola in the Egyptian Soudan, now two years or more ago. El Mahdi is a general term, meaning, "he who is guided aright." It has very much the meaning we assign to the word the Messiah, though it has not the original sense of "the anointed" which to that word belongs. But the Mussulmans have often used it for different leaders who have claimed Divine authority. The real name of this El Mahdi is Mohammed. He is the Sheikh Mohammed of Dongola.

This Prophet, with a great army of the people who believe in him, has determined, long since, to expel the Egyptian garrisons on the Upper Nile. These ports are far above what we call Upper Egypt on the maps. But in the prosperous days of the Egyptian government, the successive viceroys have undertaken to control the native provinces. The English tried to arrest the slave trade there, and to induce the Egyptians to help in this. So was it that there was an Egyptian post at Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile, where on most of your maps you will find the territory of Sennaar.

While the Egyptian government had these matters in hand, now many years ago, they named General Gordon, whom my boys, like many other people, call "Chinese Gordon," their chief commander. Chinese Gordon had had great success in disciplining the army of China. He had equal success, perhaps, in training that of Egypt. He interested himself, most humanely, in the welfare of the natives of every race. At last, he parted from the Egyptian government some years ago, because they would not let him carry out his plans of justice for all.

Chinese Gordon was, last January, starting on a journey to the Congo river, by way of the Atlantic, when El Mahdi, the Mussulman Messiah, renewed his threats against Khartoum. In the troubles of Egypt at home, the sway the Egyptian Khedive had over these outlying provinces was weaker and weaker. His English advisers had told him, at last, that he must withdraw his garrisons. And this he was willing to do. But there were merchants and missionaries and others with them, and they and their property could not be withdrawn so easily. The danger was very imminent that El Mahdi, with his enthusiastic army, would pounce upon them all and destroy them, before they could return to Egypt.

Then it was, that in the middle of January, Mr. Gladstone determined to entrust to Chinese Gordon the whole negotiation with El Mahdi. He had proposed this before, but the Egyptian Govern-

* Or Sudan, as you will find it spelled sometimes.

ment would not consent till now. He knew that Gordon would be just and true to these semi-barbarous races. He knew he was a pure, brave, and religious man. The intimate friends of General Gordon have made it known that every day he spends an hour or two privately in prayer and communion with God. Mr. Gladstone is an Idealist, through and through. That is, he believes in the power of ideas. And he was willing to trust the cause of humanity to this Christian prophet — in sending him to meet El Mahdi.

It is said that, on the Monday before he received this commission, General Gordon had resigned his place in the English army, and his resignation was accepted. He had started for the Congo, when he was recalled to London from Brussels. And on Friday the eighteenth he was on his way to Egypt. An eventful week for him!

They say also, that when General Gordon bade good-by to General Wolseley in London, he told him he felt no anxiety about the future. The great English general said he wished he were as confident. General Gordon promised to send him a copy of the little book he should take with him as his guide in his difficulties. When the book came to General Wolseley, it was *The Imitation of Christ.*

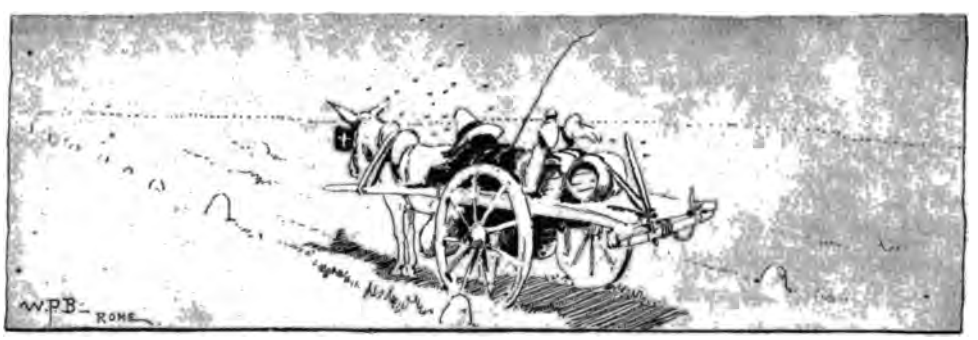
The children had found one and another map of Egypt and Nubia while I was talking, and had made out Sennaar and Khartoum, and Dongola with more or less difficulty.

Then they asked about the fighting which was going on between the English soldiers and Osman Digna and his men.

All this fighting is a part of the same quarrel, though it is not under Chinese Gordon's eye. Nearly four hundred miles east of Khartoum is the Red Sea. You know the English communication with India is kept up by the Red Sea, and it has proved convenient to establish ports at one and another place on its shore. One of the easiest ways for people in Khartoum to communicate with the civilized world is to go down the Nile as far as Berber, more than two hundred miles, and then cross the desert east to Suakim a port on the Sea. If therefore, any help were to be rendered to Khartoum, Suakim and Tokar, another town near it, must be held by the Egyptians or their allies.

It was in an attempt to succor Sinkat when it was besieged by El Mahdi's people, that the Egyptian army under an Englishman named Valentine Baker was defeated and nearly cut to pieces. This was a second victory won by El Mahdi, who had in November broken up a larger army, with whom Baker was not present. The English government then landed its own troops in Suakim, and took the defence of the seaports into its own hands. General Gordon remained at Khartoum, almost without any army, relying upon the confidence which the people there had always had in him and in his word.

I told my young people therefore that here was a Christian prophet relying on truth and justice and the word of God matched against a Mussulman prophet. How much El Mahdi relies on truth and justice and the word of God we do not know. But he relies also, alas, on an army which till it met the English on the very day I was talking with Hector, had been always victorious.



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

HERE WAS A DIFFICULTY OF WHICH GERVAISE HAD NEVER DREAMED.

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.

(*A Romance of the Revolution.*)

By Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO ARRIVALS AT THE BRENSHAW MANSION.

LATER that morning — about the middle of the forenoon — the ladies of the house, according to custom at that season, were gathered together on the south piazza where at its front end it was shaded from the sun. Eden was reading to them from a book — on this occasion Sterne's *Sentimental Journey;* Madame Brenshaw was listening with closed eyes; Dolly was conscientiously at work upon some plain sewing; and Patty had a piece of fancy-work in her hands. Gervaise, who had been out about the stables looking at the horses and examining things in general, came along by and by and sat himself quietly down by them on the step. Before long, however, he interrupted the reading by a sudden, violent exclamation. Everybody looked up.

"Ah!" Patty spoke up. "Here he is now. I *thought* he would come."

A young gentleman of good appearance — the mysterious stranger of their morning walk — was coming up the path from the front gate. He walked easily along with an air of already feeling himself quite at home. At the terrace steps, seeing the group on the piazza, he turned off across the grass and presently halted before them, taking off his laced hat and bowing low his powdered head.

"I presume," he said, raising his eyes again and addressing himself to the lady of the house with

great respect, "that I have the honor of speaking to Madame Brenshaw?"

Madame Brenshaw thus accosted arose from her chair and by a stately inclination of the head acknowledged the correctness of the stranger's presumption. She was visibly impressed by his appearance and manner. For the rest of them, Dolly looked a little distressed, Patty eager, Eden properly indifferent, and Gervaise angry and defiant.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Madame," the visitor went on with perfect self-possession, "for what may at first seem like an intrusion; yet I cannot permit myself to doubt that my name and position, when known to you, will secure for me a generous welcome at the hands of a lady so hospitable and loyal as you are known to be. Before I tell you who I am, however, and explain my presence here, I would like, if you would kindly allow it, to ask a single question"

Madame Brenshaw listened graciously to this elaborate speech, and, by no means displeased by the allusion to her hospitality and loyalty, bowed her head again at its close in assent to the request.

"I would like to ask, then," the young man continued, "with all respect, and for reasons which I do assure you are good ones, who this gentleman may be." He gravely bowed in Gervaise's direction.

Gervaise himself flushed hotly at this pointed question — which, he could not doubt, was asked with the full intention of exposing his false position — and felt that his hour was come. This person knew who he really was and meant to tell what he knew. He had just time to realize this when he heard Madame Brenshaw replying:

"Why," said she, showing some surprise, "surely this is a strange request. Nevertheless, I know not why I should hesitate to tell you that this is our nephew and cousin, Master Gervaise Brenshaw of Brenshaw Hall in England."

The imperturbable young stranger bowed.

"Thanks, Madame," he said calmly. "I may now tell you who I myself am. I also may claim the title of nephew and cousin here. This gentleman is, so you tell me, Gervaise Brenshaw of England, the son of Sir Gervaise Brenshaw, then *I* am — Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia, the son of Mr. Edward Brenshaw."

At this entirely unexpected and (to him at least) *preposterous* announcement, Gervaise gave utterance to an astounded "O-o-oh!" A moment before he had felt only alarm at the prospect of a disclosure of his own assumption of the name and position of another: now he was suddenly filled with astonishment and indignation as he heard another coolly assume his name and position.

The others, at the same time, were of course astonished also, though for a different reason and in a different degree. Here was another cousin who had suddenly dropped down upon them as from the skies — their cousin from Virginia. The two girls uttered together a little cry of pleasure and surprise. Madame Brenshaw drew herself up haughtily:

"I should have thought," the latter said in freezing accents, "that the son of Edward Brenshaw would have thought twice before he presented himself at a house which, though entirely at the service of all true servants of the King, can have *no* welcome for His Majesty's enemies."

The young man, with an air of the most respectful attention, seemed to wait for her to finish. Then he laid his hand upon his heart.

"Madame," said he, "I trust that you will believe me when I say that His Majesty has no more devoted and loyal servant in all his kingdom than he who stands before you. I would cheerfully lay down my life for him. Alas that I cannot say as much of him whom you have just named — the unhappy and misguided father. He, I cannot of course deny, has proved false to his highest earthly allegiance and openly arrayed himself on the side of treason and rebellion. Indeed he is with the rebel congress at this very moment plotting, as I have reason to believe" — here he cast a curious glance at Gervaise, all the while going gravely on — "the raising of a rebel army for the purpose of placing at its head a certain friend and neighbor of his, Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon. But I am sure, Madame, that so just and magnanimous a lady as yourself will not condemn the son by reason of the father's fault. Surely I shall not be disowned by you because of *his* disloyalty."

"Ah, I understand, then," exclaimed Madame Brenshaw; "that he has driven you from your home because you have persisted in remaining true to the king who is our common master — my poor, poor boy!" She took his hand and looked tenderly into his face. "Then indeed have you

done well in coming to me. You could have no surer title to welcome here than to have suffered for your loyalty's sake. We are heartily glad to see you." She turned to her daughters. "Dolly, Patty, welcome your cousin. Gervaise" — to our hero — "this is *your* cousin too as well as ours. You also will be glad to take him by the hand since he proves to be worthy after all of the ancient name he bears — the same name as your own. Why, I shall hardly know how to distinguish you two, in speaking to you. I shall have to call *you* 'Sir Gervaise,'" she said to our hero.

And so Gervaise who had stood and listened to all this, well nigh furious at hearing his father and himself thus coolly belied by this intolerable person, yet absolutely powerless to deny a word of what he said, found himself compelled now to step forward and take him by the hand and profess a cousinly delight at meeting him. He did so with ill grace enough though fortunately none but the stranger himself noticed it. The latter only seemed to enjoy the situation the more for the exasperation he had caused our hero, well aware, it would seem, that he had Gervaise in his power and not indisposed to amuse himself at the latter's expense.

"I am right glad to find you here, my dear Cousin of England," he cried, making up by the ardor of his own greeting for any lack of warmth observable in that of Gervaise. "And so you have entered the King's navy, eh? I don't suppose they have made you an Admiral yet; though that will come by and by, no doubt. It is a noble profession that you have chosen. I always thought I should like it myself. And there are lots of questions I shall want to ask you about it. I shall expect serious answers, though; not such as you seemed to be giving our cousins when I came upon you this morning." He laughed good humoredly at the allusion, a laugh in which the girls readily joined; and what had passed on the hill that morning was recalled as a pleasant jest.

After all had been said that was natural on the occasion of such a meeting, Gervaise managed to get the stranger (for "stranger," to our hero and the reader at least, he may still be supposed to be) alone with himself at the farther end of the piazza where he felt free to address him in a tone and with words more expressive of his real feelings toward him.

"Well!" he began, "of all the impertinent, impudent, brazen assurance that ever I saw or heard of!" — And then he stopped short, allowing his look and tone to finish the sentence for him.

"Well?" returned the other calmly, looking up at him with the same mocking light in his eye which Master Gervaise had already found so irritating. "Go on, if you please. It certainly is not for lack of power to use vigorous English that you leave your sentence incomplete."

"What right have you to call yourself by my name and talk about my father and myself the way you have?"

"Why, perhaps I thought that the name went with the clothes. If you will be so good as to remember, I am not the only person who has taken another's name with that person's clothes. You have set me the example."

"*That* is a different matter, sir. If I choose to come here and pretend to my aunt and cousins that I am my English cousin, just by way of a harmless joke, in the family circle, that is a matter that concerns them and me but not you."

"Perhaps not," said the stranger coolly, though in a tone implying that the question admitted of doubt.

"What right have you in this house?" demanded Gervaise.

"I might answer that question by asking it of you. What right have *you* here?"

"The lady of the house is really my aunt," declared Gervaise.

"Would she permit you to remain here if she knew that you were her American instead of her English nephew — holding the political opinions that you do?"

There was of course but one answer to this question; and Gervaise did not care to make it. Indeed he perceived that nothing was to be gained by displaying his anger to the stranger, who calmly kept his own temper and plainly had the best of the interview. He turned wrathfully away therefore, and left him there — master of the situation.

And whatever opinion Gervaise might have of the new comer, the latter had evidently made a most favorable impression upon the rest of the family — an impression which his conduct every moment seemed to deepen and confirm. To Madame Brenshaw and the two girls he seemed the most charming and agreeable cousin possible; and Gervaise

was almost jealous of the kindly attentions they bestowed upon him, although there had been no lack of such attentions in his own case. The new comer was indeed bright, well bred, good tempered and thoroughly likeable. Gervaise himself could not but acknowledge something of this as he watched him. "The Plagues take him!" our hero inwardly exclaimed: "He makes a better Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia than I would myself. If it wasn't for the impertinence of his being here at all and the provoking way in which he looks at me when he is talking in my name — as much as to say, 'I know you don't like it; but let's see you help yourself'— I believe I should like him. I wonder who he can be any way. After all, there's no great harm in his being here so long as he behaves himself."

Four such young people as these could not at any rate be thus thrown together in a pleasant house without enjoying themselves. There was a great deal of merry conversation at dinner over which neither political nor other differences were permitted to cast any serious shadows; even between Master Gervaise and the unaccountable stranger a sort of truce seeming gradually to establish itself under whose tacitly understood terms they outwardly kept up their character as cousins.

A somewhat extraordinary incident, occuring on the afternoon of this same day, served still farther to establish an understanding between the two young men, inspiring our hero as it did with a certain amount of admiration and even gratitude toward the stranger for the readiness and skill with which, when Gervaise himself was completely at a loss, he extricated them both from a serious dilemma.

The four young people had strolled out together after dinner, down behind the house, by and by seating themselves upon some rocks beside a brook that crossed the estate. They had arranged themselves into pairs — by that natural instinct that knows so well how to put two and two together — Dolly talking pleasantly with her supposed Virginian cousin, and Patty and Gervaise, a little way off, occupied once more in a political dispute which Gervaise, deriving vast enjoyment from his cousin's spirited and unflagging defence of her country's cause, had purposely provoked.

"It is dreadful to be shut up in this way," Patty had been saying. "But really we can go nowhere. I'm afraid you and Cousin Gervaise from Virginia *won't very* much enjoy being here with us."

"Can't we get out the horses and go horseback?" Gervaise suggested.

"There is no pleasure in riding," Patty answered. "We can't go out into the country at all. One can't ride half a mile in any direction without being stopped by a British sentry and ordered to turn back."

"Well, why can't we go out for a walk about town?"

"Yes; and be stared at at every corner by a knot of insolent English officers with nothing better to do. I, for one, prefer to stay home for the present."

"It is all the fault of your own country people," asserted Gervaise. "It is they who have shut us up here."

"Indeed it is not their fault! They have a right to defend their own country and make war upon invaders. It is the fault of the English. And for my part I wish they were all in Halifax!" It would no doubt have afforded Miss Patty a deal of satisfaction at that moment could she have known that on the seventeenth of March following the British army would embark bag and baggage for the port she named.

A high wall of solid masonry bounded the Brenshaw place in the rear. In this wall, close by where the young people sat, a small wicket door or gate opened into a lane that ran past outside. It was just as Miss Patty delivered herself of the vigorous sentiment last above written that this door — not always locked — suddenly swung back and there appeared in the opening a certain personage as yet but little known to the reader, but deserving of farther acquaintance — Mr. Pompey Trim, body-servant to the hero of this story. The reader, who last saw him at Cambridge, will not be more surprised at his appearance now than was his young master who had until this moment supposed him safely lodged and cared for at Inman's Farm.

The negro closed the door behind him and then, seeing the group and catching sight of Gervaise, came toward them. He carried upon his shoulders his master's large valise beneath whose weight he bent wearily. He was seen as he drew near to have a terrified and hunted look. His cap was gone, his smart livery torn and soiled, and his eyes rolled wildly in his head. He marched straight up to our hero and deposited his burden at his feet.

"Oh, Mars' Jarvy, Mars' Jarvy," he broke forth

in tremulous, tearful accents. "Bress de good Lord I foun' yer at lars! I nebber see sech a a terrorbul, ridicerlous country as dis yere in all my bawn days. I'se been inquired into an' swore at an' cuffed about an' molested an' drownded an' killed outrighteous more'n forty times, sence I seed yer, jes' 'cause I wanted ter cross one single little bit o' nasty, miserbul ribber ter git ter my mars'r an' bring him his wardrobe. I wisht I was back in ol' Birginny a t'ousand times. I t'ought I'd nebber see yer agin, shuah!" And with that the simple black all at once dropped down on his knees before his young master and clasping him by the legs fell to moaning and sobbing in a manner that would have been touching save that it was beyond all reason and irresistibly comical.

Gervaise stood looking down at him in utter wretchedness and despair. Here was a difficulty of which he had never dreamed and out of which he saw no way at all. It was hardly possible that he should deny himself to his own servant and face out the situation. The frolic joke which he had so foolishly sought to practice was certainly now to end. He felt the flush of shame and mortification at the consequences to follow mounting to his cheek beforehand. His disgrace seemed certain.

But at that instant help came to him from an unlooked-for quarter.

"Why, Pomp, you rascal," suddenly spoke up the stranger, "what in the name of Nebuchadnezzar is the matter with you? Are you crazy? Let go that gentleman's knees and get up and come here this minute. Do you hear, sir!"

Gervaise turned to the speaker in bewilderment; but receiving from him a swift, expressive glance, he comprehended something of his intention and made an effort to regain his own self-possession. The two girls were looking on in wonder, able to make nothing at all of what was taking place. The negro, hearing himself thus peremptorily addressed, raised his head with an air of stupid interrogation.

"Why, Pomp, my lad," the stranger continued in a more kindly tone, stepping toward him, "what in the world is the matter? Why" — he looked up at the girls — "this is the queerest thing I ever heard of. The boy appears to have had his head turned by what he has been through. Pomp, look up here! Don't you know your own master? Let go, I say, and get up."

Gervaise had now fully possessed himself of the other's idea; and audacious as it seemed to him, hope straightway rekindled itself in his breast and he entered at once into the spirit of the plan.

"Yes, my fine fellow," he in turn addressed the prostrate black, "if it is all the same to you, I would prefer that you bestow your embraces upon the person who you see is entitled to them." He disengaged himself from the now relaxed hold of the negro and turned to the stranger. "Who *is* this individual, cousin Gervaise? One of your plantation negroes? Have you so many of them, then, that they don't know you when they see you?"

All this — the tone of authority on the part of the stranger, the drawing back of his master, the words and manner of both — could not but have their effect upon the negro, though he was as yet far from comprehending what they signified. He slowly rose to his feet and stood rolling his eyes from one young man to the other in perplexity and distress.

"You don't seem to know which is your master," Gervaise said to him by way of farther aiding his comprehension. "There is your master." He pointed to the stranger.

At this point poor Pompey suddenly uttered a howl of grief and dismay.

"O, Mars' Jarvy, Mars' Jarvy," he cried. "Yer don' mean t' tell me yer done gone an' *sol'* yer boy Pomp, do yer? — who was brought up wif' yer 'n' 's follered yer roun' ebber sense bof of us wore pettercuts."

"True as I live," said Gervaise, shaking his head soberly, "he don't know his master there!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the stranger. "I don't believe it. At any rate, I'll see if I can't bring him to his senses." He laid his hand roughly on the negro's shoulder. "Now, sirrah," said he sternly, "look me in the face. Do you mean to say that you don't know me? Look at this hat and coat that I have on. Do you remember ever to have put a brush to them?"

The negro gazed in growing bewilderment into the face of him who thus addressed him; then at the clothes he wore; then at Gervaise himself, seeming now to first perceive the change in the latter's dress. And his eyes grew bigger and whiter.

"Whose coat is this that I have on?" pursued the stranger fiercely, tightening his hold upon the lad's shoulder and giving him a shake. "Answer me that."

"He am my Mars' Jarvy's coat, shuah 'nuff," replied the negro, his teeth beginning to chatter.

"And this hat and waistcoat and breeches — aren't they your Mars' Jarvy's too? And didn't your Mars' Jarvy bring you with him from Virginia to Philadelphia and from Philadelphia up here? And didn't we stop at the Golden Ball tavern, going on Saturday to Cambridge, where you were left in charge of the horses?"

"Gracious, Mars'r," uttered the negro scratching his woolly head, completely overcome by this array of facts hurled at him with such frowning force and emphasized by another vigorous shake. "I surmise dat you is right, sah. You mus' be my Mars' Jarvy, shuah 'nuff." He pondered the fact a moment longer and at length seemed fully to accept it. Then he added mournfully: "An' ef dat's de case, den you is right w'at you said jes' now. Po' Pomp 's done gone crazy. W'at he's been froo 's done turned his po' head. Well, I don' know's I wonder much, considerin' de 'speriences dat's happened to me. I'm s'prised dat I got sense 'nuff lef' ter know dat I *los'* my senses. But yer'll le'me stay wif yer, now I'se got here, Mars' Jarvy?" He looked up at his new master appealingly. "I t'ought you'd need yer things so I follered ye here to yer aunt's to bring 'em. I'se hed a hard time 'nuff gitt'n' here. I don' b'lieve I sh'd ebber libe to git back 'gin."

"Well, yes," the stranger answered, "you may stay if you have really come to your senses again. That is, if they can take care of you here. How is that, cousin Dolly? Can they make room for this boy at the servants' quarters, think you?"

Dolly assured him that the servant could of course easily be provided for; and Pompey was therefore sent on to the house with his valise, being instructed to report himself there to old Ptolemy.

"What a very funny scene that was," Dolly remarked when he was gone. "Do you really believe his head was turned?"

"No," answered the "master" whom Pompey had recognized, "it is only that he is so horribly stupid. I've known him to make even worse blunders, a hundred times. No doubt, though, he *is* pretty well mixed up by what he has been through. I don't see how he ever got over here from Cambridge. It was only by a fortunate chance that I got over myself; and I was obliged to come off without my baggage. I'm glad he has brought it; and I am glad to have him here, himself." Then the young man introduced a new subject and this one of Pompey's strange behavior seemed to be readily forgotten.

Nevertheless Miss Patty, going up-stairs with her sister an hour later, stopped on the landing and said very solemnly:

"Dolly, there's something about our cousins that I don't understand."

THE INVISIBLE PAINTER.

By David Ker.

ONE fine spring morning, a great many years ago, five or six young men were assembled in a large painting-room in one of the great Spanish cities, while a grave, dark-haired, rather sad-looking man, in a rich dress of purple velvet, was going from picture to picture, and saying a few words upon each, to which his pupils listened very respectfully. — And well they might; for this man was himself one of the greatest painters living, and *his name* was Esteban (Stephen) Murillo.

But it was plain that the pupils had not been working as well as usual that day; for Murillo had a great deal of fault-finding to do. One student had painted an arm wrong; another had spoiled the effect of his sunset; a third had made a bad fault in the shading of his sky; and so on, and so on, till at last the master lost patience altogether, and cried angrily:

"Really, gentlemen, this is too bad! You don't seem to remember anything that I tell you. If you

can't do better than this, that poor little monkey of a Sebastian, yonder, has a good chance of becoming a painter as any of you!"

The "poor little monkey" was a Moorish lad of fourteen, one of Murillo's servants, who had to sweep out the painting-room, grind the students' colors for them, and do other jobs about the house. His face flushed as he heard his master speak so contemptuously of him; but he said nothing, and the lecture went on.

When the pupils came in the next morning, one or two of them noticed that their pictures were not where they had left them; and Manuel Suarez, a little black-eyed fellow with a pretty hot temper of his own, found his brushes all smeared with paint, and flew into a passion at once:

"The Zombi* must have been at work here!" shouted he, shaking his fist; "I cleaned these brushes myself last night, and look at them now!"

"And he seems to have been at *me* too," cried another, "for here's a child's head on my canvas, which is none of *my* doing!"

"Well," yawned José Villavicemio, the laziest of the whole school, "if it *is* the Zombi, I wish he'd just put in the face of my St. Catherine while he is about it, for I'm sure *I* can't. Hollo!"

Well might he cry "hollo!" There, on his canvas, instead of the blurred, unfinished head that he had left there the night before, was a face so beautiful, so admirably painted, and yet so light and delicate, that the whole six stared at it in silent astonishment.

At that moment the door opened, and in came Murillo.

"Ha, Villavicemio!" cried he, looking from the picture to his lazy pupil, "this is better than I expected of *you!*"

"But it wasn't I who did it, master — more's the pity!"

"Not you? Who was it, then?"

"That's just what none of us can tell, Senor Don Esteban; we found it here when we came."

"Hum," said Murillo. "Well, we can talk of that again; let us get to work now."

But, from that day forth, it really seemed as if some mischievous fairy *had* taken Murillo's studio for his playground. Half-completed pictures were finished no one knew how — loose strips of canvas were covered with admirable portraits of the various pupils — and one morning there appeared on the wall a capital likeness of Murillo, at which the great master himself smiled approvingly. But all these paintings were so much better than anything which the students themselves could do, that they were completely puzzled.

However, Murillo was not the man to let such pranks be played upon him for nothing; and one evening he said to his class:

"It's time to put a stop to these tricks, gentlemen. Whoever this invisible painter may be, he's a man like ourselves; and our best way is to come an hour earlier to-morrow, and try if we can't catch him at work."

And so they did, sure enough; for when they came next morning, there, seated before one of the pictures, and so intent upon his work that he did not even hear the door open, was the "poor little monkey," Sebastian!"

It would be hard to say which was the more astounded — Sebastian to find himself caught, or Murillo and his pupils to see who their "fairy" really was.

"Who taught you to paint, boy?" asked Murillo at length.

"You, master," replied Sebastian timidly.

"Why, I never gave you a lesson in my life!"

"No, master: but I listened to what you told these gentlemen, and remembered it."

"And you've fairly beaten us all!" burst out Suarez, in his headlong way. "Bravo Sebastian!"

"Bravo Sebastian!" echoed all the rest.

"God bless thee, my son," said Murillo, laying his hand tenderly on the boy's head. "I have made something far better than a picture this time — I have made a painter! Henceforth thou shalt be called no more Sebastian Gomez, but 'El Mucacho de Murillo'" (Murillo's Boy).

And although Sebastian Gomez afterwards became a famous painter (as you may see by the pictures which he has left behind him) he was known as "Murillo's Boy" to the end of his life.

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* A mischievous fairy of the "Robin Goodfellow" sort, supposed to play tricks at night.

The Town and Country Mouse

Versified from Æsop's Fables by Mrs Clara Doty Bates

Decoration By Childe Hassam

ONCE on a time there were two MICE,
And one lived in the town;
She frizzed her hair about her forehead,
And wore a flowered gown.
Her finger nails were pink and polished,
And tastefully were placed
A black-heart sunflower on her shoulder
And a hollyhock at her waist.

At peep of dawn, one day in summer,
She opened her eyes to see
Whether it rained or whether it shone,
Or what the weather might be;
For the city heats were fierce and trying,
And she had planned to spend,
If it were fair, a day in the country
With the other MOUSE, her FRIEND.

There was no cloud in all the heavens,
Nor mist, nor fleck, nor stain,
Nor any possible fear of shower
Unless blue sky could rain.
So with reticule of Russia leather
And a white lace parasol,
She left her room in the kitchen cupboard
And scampered along the hall.

Out on the coolly-sprinkled pavement
Pattered her bits of feet;
But one lone cart awoke the echoes
Upon the slumbering street
As on she sped, with whisk and rustle,
Timid, and yet elate,
With ever an eye for a cat on the railing,
Or a dog at the wayside gate.

She reached the country; the road was dusty,
The may-weeds bitter and white,
Yet under their shade her way she made
Safely and out of sight.
On either side were fields of barley,
Of wheat and oats and rye,
And they nodded their bearded heads together
And whispered as she passed by.

She reached the house of her FRIEND, and found it—
Ah, what sort of a house,
That she should come so far to visit it,
She, a high-bred MOUSE?
Only a shanty of leaves and grasses
Thatched with a roof of straw;
And though there were beams and shelves and crannies,
No bric-a-brac she saw.

A bed of thistle-silk, with a pillow
Of dandelion-down,
Was there, 'tis true, and as fine as the finest
She ever had seen in town;
And her FRIEND was very glad to greet her
Indeed, although she wore
Such funny clothes, and of such a fashion
As never was seen before:

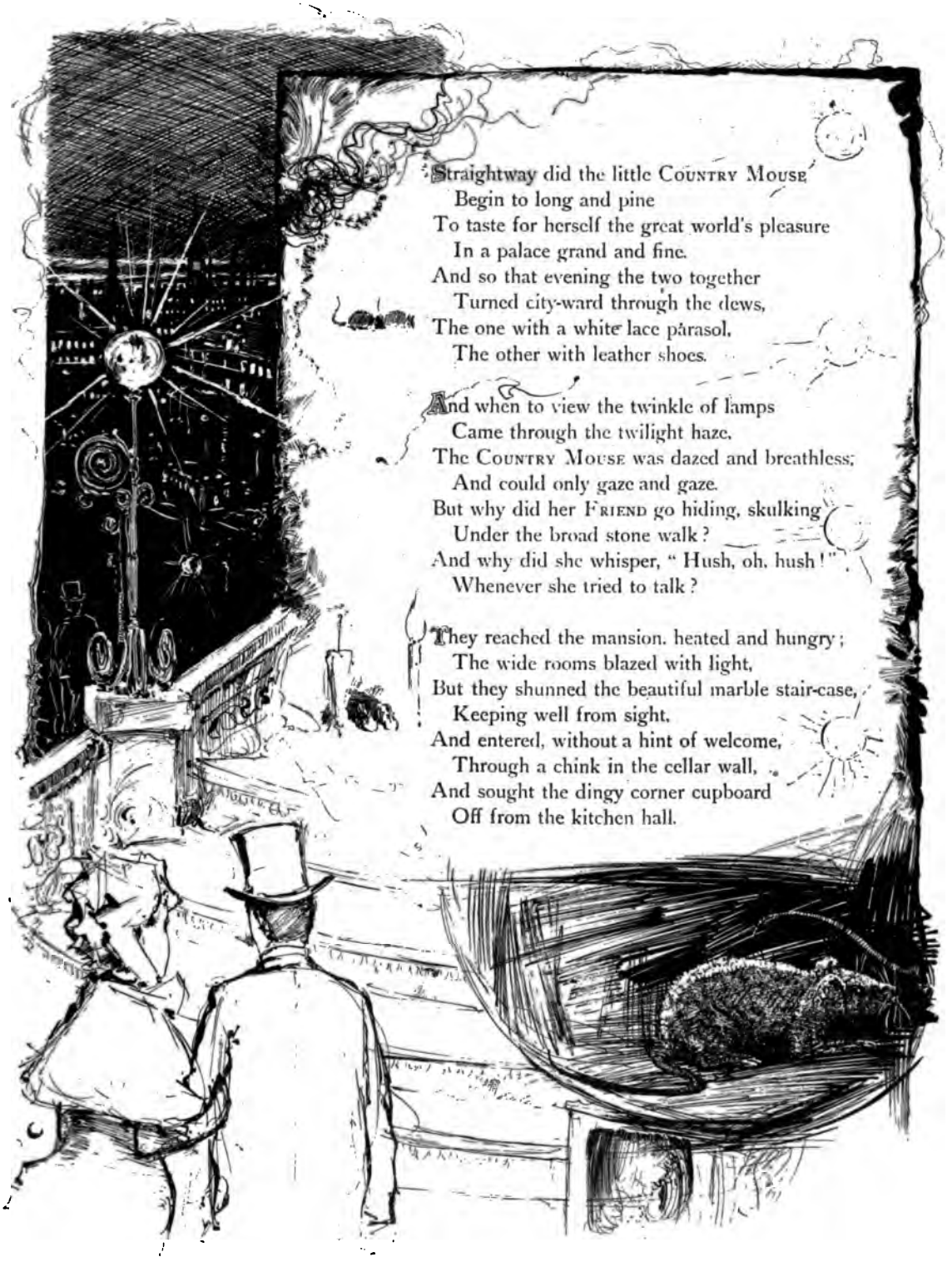
A long checked apron, a huge sun-bonnet,
A pair of leather shoes,
And a dress whose waist and sleeves and collar
Seemed a mile too loose.
And though in the meadow the spotted lilies
Grew tall above the grass,
And the wild sunflowers along the fences
Shone as yellow as brass,

And in the marshes and low wet places
The cardinal flowers burned red,
As if some wild wood thing were wounded
And here its blood was shed —
Yet the little RUSTIC, content and simple,
Had never thought to wear
A flaming blossom, a corn-silk tassel,
Or a cockle in her hair!

Humble she was, nor vain in the least,
But open of heart and hand,
And she welcomed her FRIEND and spread her table
With the best in all the land:
Corn in the milk, ripe wheat, and oats
In sheaths of silver green,
With sour sorrel and clover-tops
Tucked temptingly between;

Barley with beards that tickled their noses
And made them squeak and laugh,
While the dew they drank from acorn saucers
Was better than wine by half;
And while they nibbled and munched and chatted,
They had no haunting fear
That there might be poison upon the bread,
Or a prowling pussy near.

A dinner of herbs, with freedom sweetened,
What reason to complain?
Yet the MOUSE FROM TOWN had lofty fancies
And thought the fare was plain.
"You live but the life of ants," she cried,
"Ah, if you'll come with me,
You shall see the way we dine at home,
Our ease, our luxury."



Straightway did the little Country Mouse
Begin to long and pine
To taste for herself the great world's pleasure
In a palace grand and fine.
And so that evening the two together
Turned city-ward through the dews,
The one with a white lace parasol,
The other with leather shoes.

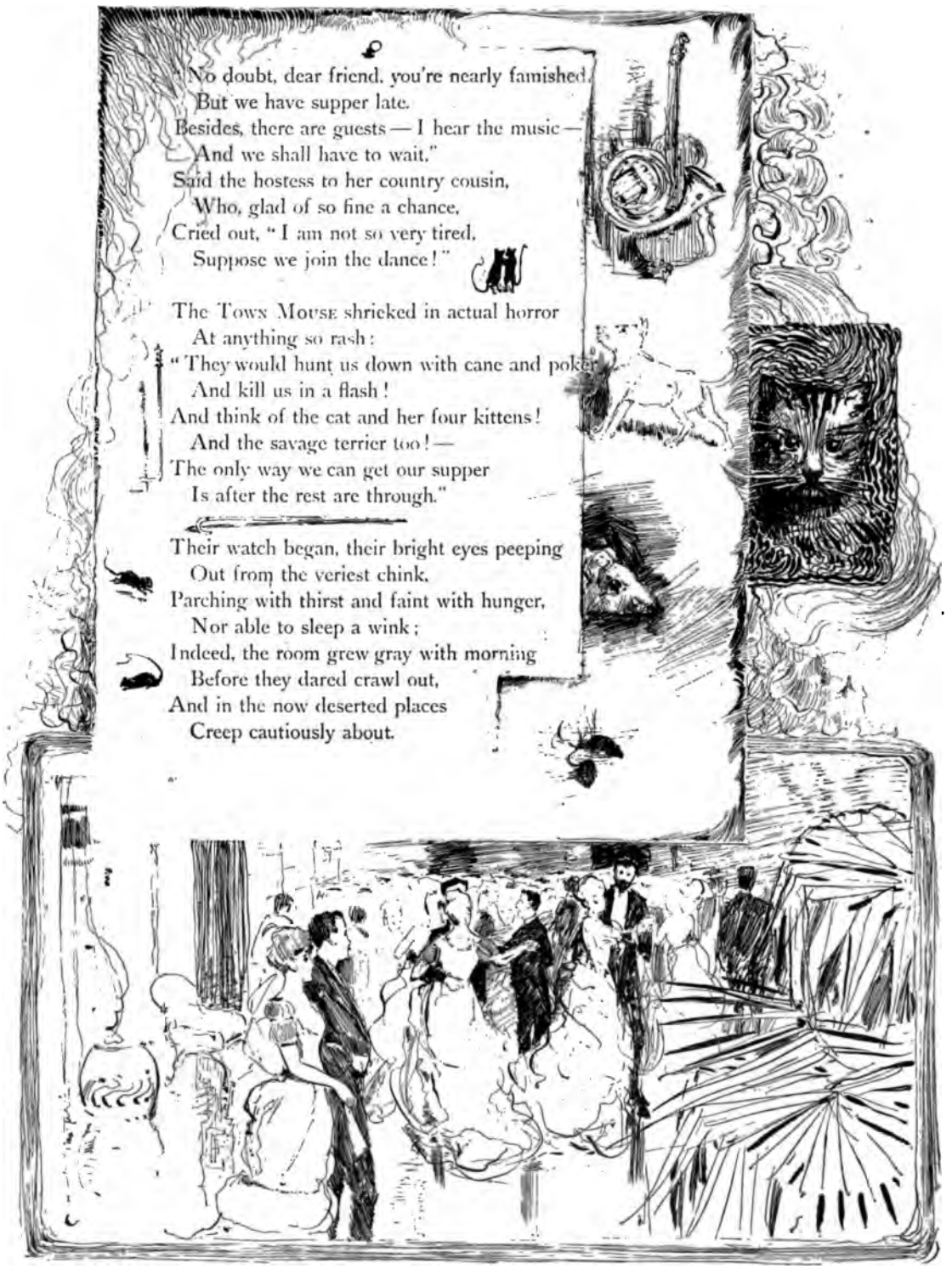
And when to view the twinkle of lamps
Came through the twilight haze,
The Country Mouse was dazed and breathless;
And could only gaze and gaze.
But why did her Friend go hiding, skulking
Under the broad stone walk?
And why did she whisper, "Hush, oh, hush!"
Whenever she tried to talk?

They reached the mansion, heated and hungry;
The wide rooms blazed with light,
But they shunned the beautiful marble stair-case,
Keeping well from sight,
And entered, without a hint of welcome,
Through a chink in the cellar wall,
And sought the dingy corner cupboard
Off from the kitchen hall.

"No doubt, dear friend, you're nearly famished,
But we have supper late.
Besides, there are guests — I hear the music —
And we shall have to wait."
Said the hostess to her country cousin,
Who, glad of so fine a chance,
Cried out, "I am not so very tired,
Suppose we join the dance!"

The Town Mouse shrieked in actual horror
At anything so rash:
"They would hunt us down with cane and poker,
And kill us in a flash!
And think of the cat and her four kittens!
And the savage terrier too! —
The only way we can get our supper
Is after the rest are through."

Their watch began, their bright eyes peeping
Out from the veriest chink,
Parching with thirst and faint with hunger,
Nor able to sleep a wink;
Indeed, the room grew gray with morning
Before they dared crawl out,
And in the now deserted places
Creep cautiously about.



To find the still half-laden tables
Was an easy matter quite,
By the glitter of glass, the sheen of silver,
And the glimmer of linen white;
But before they tasted the tiniest morsel
They heard the creak of a door,
And with limbs a-tremble and hearts a-patter
Fled back to their crack once more.

Again and again they made a sally,
Tried stealth and stratagem,
But ever in some unlooked-for manner
New danger threatened them:
Till the Country Mouse, exhausted, starving,
Cried out in sheer despair,
"No doubt, if we could only reach it,
A bountiful feast is there!

"But better I like my quiet hedge-rows,
My roots and leaves and grains,
For peace is there; while in your mansion
Nothing but terror reigns!"
So sadly she said adieu, and slowly
Back to the country went,
To her house of weeds and her awkward fashions,
Cured of her discontent.

IN THE STREETS OF ANTWERP.

THE DOG CARTS OF ANTWERP.

HOME FROM MARKET.

IN Belgium the country people are mostly poor; even those who think themselves "well off" are not what we should call so. Some of them have small farms just outside the city walls, and raise vegetables for the markets. They seldom can afford a horse, so they keep a number of large, strong dogs — sometimes as many as five or six — which they harness to their market carts. If you could see these dog teams tugging along, you would understand what it means when people say they have to "work like a dog." About all these farmers have to eat is a sort of dark-colored, coarse bread; and the same kind of bread is fed to the horses. It looks very queer to see the cab drivers cutting off the slices for their horses.

The bakers and butchers and grocers, and a great many other people keep dog teams. Most of the milk-women bring the milk to the city in shining brass cans packed into their little dog carts; and when they go home again, they pack themselves in too, along with the empty cans, and while the poor dogs tug along home, they sit and knit.

This morning one of these market dog carts was standing before our house, and Madam Van de Vin, my landlady, was chatting with Pauline the driver, trying to decide whether she would buy a cabbage or a cauliflower, when our great black cat walked lazily out and right along under the very noses of the dogs; and quicker than a flash those four dogs and that cart were on their way down the street as fast as they could go after our foolish cat. Pauline had just time to catch hold of the reins, and she went with them shouting "*Arretez! Arretez!*" as loud as she could, and the last I saw of them they turned into Moon street in a cloud of dust.

A YOUNG ANTIQUARIAN AND HIS SOCIETY.

By Amanda B. Harris.

I HAVE before me the diary of a boy; one who lived a genuine boy life in the country, hunting, fishing, reading a little, making things with tools, as boys do, going away now and then for a holiday, going berrying, helping mother, riding the old mare to plough, dropping corn in planting time, raking after the cart in haying, helping to dig the potatoes and husk the corn, running of errands, going to mill. I know the history of his daily life from these little books almost as well as though I had been there. The little entries in a boy's unformed hand tell the story.

He who wrote it will never write anything again; but I do not think he would object, if he knew, to my telling something about him. He was so manly and sincere that he would not mind my saying, that though the family had a small farm, with cattle, sheep and poultry, and raised crops, they were obliged to work hard; that they had but few books, and that they had no money to spare to buy more.

When he began to keep a diary (or journal, as he calls it) I believe he had never seen one in his life, probably had never even read about one in print; but it seems to have come into his mind that it would be pleasant at some future time when he had become a man, to know what he was doing and the incidents that happened to him when he was a boy. He had a remarkable sense of the importance of events to any individual, even though the events were trivial and commonplace.

So as he could afford nothing better (even paper cost too much for them to afford it), he took a sheet of paper and folded it twice, which made sixteen pages about four inches square. There are four of these tiny square diaries, and two oblong ones, ruled with a lead pencil, and sewed; and one is protected by covers made of a printed advertisement.

The entries, under date and day of the week, are such as these, boy-like: "Did chores and boiled sap;" "helped mother make soap;" "went hunting;" "made duck pen and read some;" "did a lot of chores;" "mended fence and went fishing;" "dropped corn and watched the cattle;" "did the chores, read in the History of England;" "went to

THE MIRROR CORNER, N. H. ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Sodom to mill A. M.; made wind-mill, planted beans and hoed corn, P. M." ("Sodom" was a local name, for no bad reason, it is to be hoped, of

THE SWORD CORNER, N. H. ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

some place in the neighborhood of that little green mountain town where our busy boy lived.)

Two or three days he is at work making a cupboard; he is making two picture frames, and next he is painting them; making a fiddle-case, a music stand, fixing a spool stand; sometimes he puts "the tools in order"— and I can see him, the careful, systematic child, whose hands were never idle when he was able to use them. Sometimes it was "unwell, and read some;" or, "unwell, and looked over my trinkets;" or, "unwell, and cut out *scraps," or "pasted" them.* Many are the entries beginning with that word, for he was delicate from his infancy, small for his age, pale always, and frail-looking, so that it was never thought that he would live to grow up; and he had a feeling (which lasted him through his life of forty-five years) that he must be doing and learning all he possibly could, crowding life to the brim, using it well.

It was the hunting and the fishing, the out-of-door life that saved him to grow up to manhood. That strolling off into the woods and by the streams, and doing his little duties in the open air, driving the cows, riding horseback, were good for both brain and body. A sweet nature and clear head he always had. Though so slight physically, he was never morbid, but a cheerful, whole-souled, healthy-natured boy of the country, and happy as a summer's day; happy when he was a man — it was good to see his cheery face.

Many are the items of setting traps, shooting game, and catching fish. He was as much at home with the gun and rod as with a book, and carried these tastes along together through life, studying natural history from the things right around him, using those clear, observant eyes to see everything without as well as in the world of books. Though he was never strong enough to go to school more than a few days together till he was twelve years old, he was learning all the time, and more thoroughly than boys who had better opportunities.

There came a time when the father's health failed and he had to go away for a temporary stay on the seashore. About this, the son wrote in another journal years after: "I was asleep in the trundle-bed (the old one, God bless it!), in which I always slept, when he went away, and did not know it; but mother said he stooped down and kissed me and said, "Be a good boy, *Sila*" — he always called me *Sila* — "and mind your mother."

Then there seemed to be stated chores for him, perhaps more of them, too; and he sets down the list in this way, by time of day and number: "My chores: 1. Feed the hogs. 2. Feed the ducks. 3. Feed the old mare with corn and water her. 4. Let out the cows. 5. Feed the sheep with turnips." That is for the forenoon. For noon: "1. Feed the hogs." Then night: "1. Feed the

hogs. 2. Pick up the chips for morning. 3. Bring in the night wood. 4. Shut the ducks in the pen."

What a methodical, faithful, sage, quaint little fellow, with that quaint name of Silas — Silas Ketchum!

The mare they called "Old Ten O'clock;" and they were very fond of her. Many years later he wrote: "I remember her with affection now. I have ridden her thousands of miles." The ducks were quite a care. One year his mother raised ninety-six. "Had to shut them up, else they would set in the water and drop their eggs there. Also to keep the beasts away from them." Sometimes there were turkeys, and one item is: "Found the other turkey's nest." She had stolen her nest in the woods, and when they "set her" they "had to put a lot of old iron around her to keep the foxes away."

Scattered among the entries are many about reading. Books were scarce in that thinly settled place, but when the family moved away in the year he was fifteen, he had read every book within five miles of his home. His father subscribed for a paper for him while he was a child, *Uncle Ezekiel's Youth's Cabinet*, subscription price twenty-five cents a year, and when he grew up he had it, bound in neat shape, "in remembrance of my father, as his first present to me." It is now in the State Antiquarian Society, which this boy lived to found, and see a flourishing and important institution; and these words are in the catalogue at its title: "In handling tons of old books designed for the paper mill, and in visiting innumerable libraries, I have never seen another copy. — S. K."

Could the preciousness of a little paper to one who had no other be more pathetically told?

Then there was the first new book he ever bought with money actually his own. It was the *Life of Ethan Allen;* and those who were present when he brought it home, who have outlived him, will never forget his rapture over this precious thing. Times changed with him a good deal before his death; and he came to have a private library of his own, containing many choice, costly, and rare books, of twenty-five hundred volumes, after having given away to historical, antiquarian, and other societies more than five thousand books and pamphlets; but I doubt if the possession of all those treasures gave him more delight than that one little Ethan Allen book of his boyhood.

He began early to save every book that belonged to him. At about seventeen, he had forty-three, bound and unbound, carefully catalogued, with a little explanation about each one, school-books and all. He thought it was wise to preserve a copy of each school-book that had ever been used, to show the progress in educational works, and that future generations might see what their ancestors studied; and when he became a man and went about, wherever he had opportunity, he secured one copy or more, which would otherwise have gone to paper-mills or been used to kindle fires. These he afterwards presented to the two

ANTIQUE CANDLESTICKS, FLASKS AND INKSTANDS.

State societies, the Antiquarian and the Historical, so that now any one who chooses can go to the proper alcoves and examine the curious collection.

While he was still a mere boy, the family lost their property, and the father became disabled from doing any more work, and thenceforward must depend on the earnings of the two sons, the elder of whom already had a family of his own, and it was necessary that the younger must now learn a trade. They moved over into New Hampshire, and on the third day after their arrival at their new home, the entry in the little diary is:

SCORES OF YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES.

"Began to work on shoes." As soon as he had learned, he was set to making "sale shoes" for a contractor on what were called "cacks," at ten cents a pair, and he could make four pairs a day. He soon became a skilful, thorough workman; and looking back to the days when he made for one firm fifteen hundred and seventy pairs of misses "Jenny Lind boots," at ten cents a pair, he said he took pride in his faithful work as a "knight *of the most* noble Order of St. Crispin."

He had no false shame about his hardships of poverty, or his trade, but in his first two years of schooling after his father's death (at an age when most boys are nearly through with their education), he continued to work summers on the bench, to meet his expenses in the winter; and when, later on, he entered the theological seminary at Bangor, he again "went to work with a will" shoemaking to pay his way, which won him high respect.

It was five years after moving to the new home that the death of his father released him from the duty and care he felt to be so sacred; and then he began to go to school at the academy near by, taking a bag of sewing-silk, and going about peddling it to help pay his tuition. At the end of one year, however, the persons in authority told him that he might work, and pay in that way. So he swept the rooms and rang the bell, heard eight classes, and recited in Latin and Greek. He afterward learned Hebrew in the theological course, and enough French, Spanish, and Italian, to be able to read in all those languages. At twenty, he had never studied grammar, yet he became an admirable writer, with a pure style that was very attractive from its crisp and clear way of putting things.

It was while he was working at those small wages that he came into the ownership of another valued book, *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, which cost more in those days than now. His father was in the habit of handing him, from time to time, a small sum of money, saved out of the household expenses, sometimes ten cents, sometimes more, which the boy put by (and counted often, no doubt) till the savings amounted to enough to buy the coveted book. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, he walked seven miles through the snow to a neighboring town, bought it, and walked all the way home with it under his arm. How proud he was of that book!

I may as well say here that he kept up the dia

which he afterwards began to carefully ar-
, as he said, into "something like a series of
narks, so that by-and-by, when I want to trace
my way from manhood to youth, they will
me to find it, though it be wholly covered
weeds."

t "weeds" never grew in that soil. There
o place for them, as you can readily see —
ow can there be room for weeds where the
d is tilled and watched and filled to complete-
with useful growths, as his life was?

en he was seventeen, he made an end of
ng his journal on stitched leaves, but went
e store where the *Dictionary* was bought, and
red a *Brown's Almanac*, which was published
e bookseller. He says: "It was a humble
, but I esteemed it highly, for it was a long
n the way of improvement. No law student
thumbed his new English *Blackstone* with
cherishing satisfaction than did I my new-
t treasure. Father suggested that, as there
be room enough besides what I needed to re-
each day's work, that therefore I should keep
pense account in it, day by day, which I did.
days were a little crowded, and were pieced
n the margins, . . . but never were days'
so long nor varied that I wasn't able to get
of them into a single page."

this manner, he kept it for three years; and
he says he "branched out still larger, and got
blank book, where I had unlimited space for
r all days." When he came to have spare
y afterwards, he had those little almanacs
d up in one volume, "by which means they
ot get lost, or will get lost together."

these things show what a painstaking, con-
te person he was, how he venerated the past,
hat importance he attached to the influences
shape a boy's character as he is growing
nhood. He not only kept up the journals
ly and squarely," but soon began in writing-
s, which he afterwards had bound, to copy
things, where you see the antiquarian spirit
rk gathering up "fragments of history, curi-
scraps, and things new and old, which I
n highly now, not only as the relics of long
s after days of tedious toil, but as indicating
urn my mind was taking then, before it had
shaped at all by habits of discipline, thought,
stematic study."

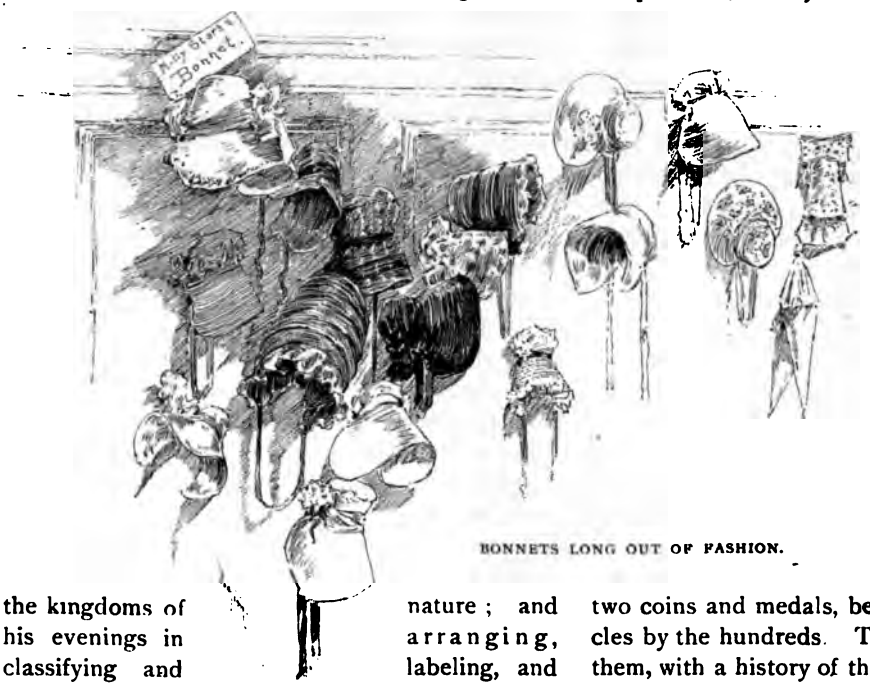
"By moving into the neighborhood of a seat of learning," he said, "the Philomathic seeds" of his nature were stirred. That word became the name of a little club of three, which he was the means of forming. One of the number was a young farmer, the other a village boy going to school when there was one, going fishing, working out haying; but all had certain tastes in common, and they agreed to have a club and meet once a week for social intercourse and mental improvement, to talk over things they all liked, or discuss those they did not agree about. They met in a room over the village store; and, at first, had not the least idea of what would grow out of their coming together.

They all agreed, however, in the desire to be learning, and began at once to have original essays. Our young antiquarian had brought with him from Vermont his boyish collection of relics and specimens, and before long a cabinet of curiosities, starting from this, was among their properties. The father of the farmer member finished off a room for them in the attic of his house on "Beech Hill," fitting it up with cupboards and shelves, and they moved their things in, and dedicated it, with appropriate ceremonies, "To the use of the *Philomathic Club* forever." But the house eventually passed into other hands, and twelve years from the time of the dedication, the great change of name to the New Hampshire State Antiquarian Society took place, by which the accumulation of articles was removed to the village where they now are, somewhat remote from the great activities of the world, and bearing one of the pretty Indian names which Whittier has sung in his legendary verse, Contoocook.

But there is a bit of the past life of the boy which must come in here. He had had from his childhood such a regard for old customs and things, that as he went about, as boys do, where an old house was being altered or torn down, he would secure a sample of the wall paper, or of the nails, or something; and in his little journeys (perhaps going to that very "Sodom" to mill, or to Montpelier, or visiting the relatives of his parents, who were both of Pilgrim descent, from Governor Bradford and Edward Doty), he was always picking up curiosities and relics, which he took good care of and learned the history of. So that he had the beginnings of a cabinet even then.

Afterwards, while working twelve hours a day

at his trade, he used his leisure moments in "gathering specimens of common things in all the kingdoms of nature; and his evenings in arranging, classifying and labeling, and in studying up by the help of such books as he could procure, their names, history, characteristics and structure, thus gradually accumulating a fund of information extensive, various, and practical." (I am using his own words.) Besides this were his relics of historic places and events about which he read everything he could find.



BONNETS LONG OUT OF FASHION.

The "Club" proved a liberal education to its founders. The number was afterwards made seven, limited to that, and it held fraternally and true to its purpose, without essential change, till on the fourteenth anniversary of the November evening when the three met over the store, a special meeting was called, a new constitution adopted, and it became the Antiquarian Society at present existing, the only one in America at that time, "with a plan of equal scope, and proposing the same methods of operation."

It was duly incorporated by the Legislature, having a carefully drawn up and guarded constitution, and all its rights, privileges, duties, purposes and limitations were legally stated, for it was meant for permanence. Its object to collect and preserve "such books, papers, relics, and valuable curiosities as will illustrate the modes of living of former generations," to gather "p on personal, family or local history, relati New England in ge and New Hampsh particular." This a part.

The whole nu of bound, printed which the Club had ered was two hu and twenty-seven, phlets about five dred, mineral and logical specimens one thousand; of three hundred and t seven were catal and accurately cribed. About five dred engravings, four hundred and two coins and medals, besides miscellaneous cles by the hundreds. The list and descripti them, with a history of the Club up to the tra makes an elegant volume, of which fifty c were printed.

To the present place of deposit, unde wider arrangements, accessions have come in numbers, so that the collection which was b by a thoughtful child, has become the largest seum by far in the State; occupying a whole of six rooms, and numbering to-day not less forty thousand articles, "all collected abou handful" with which he began. He was Pres of the Society, and most diligent worker f spending his vacations from his pulpit la labeling and classifying far into the night, 1879, when not expecting to live a twelvem he laid down his office; and before the next versary came round, had ceased from all wo this world, and joy of books forever.

It was in these rooms that the artist mad sketches, among the shelves of books rea from floor to ceiling, the old utensils, implen and tools for field, house and shop, the relics by-gone time, the things of which the founder "whatever of furniture, or utensils that were fashioned or becoming scarce, we have endeav to secure a specimen of. All middle-aged pe

remember when the hand-cards, the hatchel, the spinning-wheel and the loom were things used in every house. When we ate off blue crockery, on which were pictures of Chinese pagodas, boats, men, women and umbrellas, that did violence to all the laws of perspective, known or unknown. But the generation now growing will have no such recollection. We have, therefore, saved some things such as our fathers and mothers used. . . . We do not make any pretence about them, but such as they are, we are glad to show them to anybody that wants to see them."

Nearly all the things have a story to tell. There in the little room, amidst a collection of bonnets long out of fashion, and therefore queer and ludicrous in our eyes, is the identical one that Molly Stark wore — that brave wife of that brave old soldier who is said before the battle of Bennington to have addressed his troops in these words: "There, my boys, are your enemies, the red coats and tories; you must beat them, or my wife sleeps a widow to-night;" or as tradition has it, "Molly Stark is a widow." The bonnet which was given by a lady of the Stark family to the Society, is a great sugar-scoop leghorn, durable enough to have dated back, so far as the quality goes, to these Revolutionary days when she was with her husband in camp when General Washington entered Boston after the British embarkation.

There are corners of mirrors, corners with a great show of swords, and drapery of battle flags; arrays of antique and odd-looking ink stands, candlesticks and flasks, snow shoes and pipes; lanterns, quaint crockery; an ancient sign board; furniture scores of years behind the times; a venerable secretary, a melodeon with a long history, an axe of a shape that had gone out of use more than a hundred years ago, and tools our great-great-grandsires worked with, cooking utensils our great-great-grand-dames cooked with, which we should not know even the names of.

Hardly anything among these aged and singular articles appeals more to one's imagination, if one be imaginative and likes to picture the past, than a cow bell and a dinner shell. The rude bell was worn by cattle almost as far back as the Revolutionary War, on some settler's new place beyond the Connecticut River, that the creatures might more easily be found in the forest. And the shell which was brought from the West Indies in 1709, has descended from one to another of the same family, "has called in its one hundred and fifty years of service, six generations of laborers to their meals, the first of which were the great-grandchildren of those who came in the *Mayflower*, and if not destroyed by violence, is good for a thousand years to come." One thing amidst all the documents and archives and priceless relics touches me with pathos at the homely, home-living idea — a handful of beans, with a history, a pedigree indeed! A certain man gave to his daughter's husband a handful of beans to plant, and the same kind has been planted, without fail, by his sons, every year since, till the fifty-third generation of beans is represented here. It is like the Scituate corn, which, as the inhabitants there claim, has come straight along, unmixed and uncorrupted, from seed the Indians gave the first settlers of that ancient town by the sea.

The Society, whose humble beginnings have thus been indicated, has its permanence provided for; since if it cease, for any reason, to exist under its present condition, it becomes by its constitution, the property of the State Historical Society.

All the world was white with blossom,
  Sweet the fields with breath of May,
Silver-throated larks were singing,
Silver-clear the bells were ringing
  In the village far away;
"Tell us whom you love!" they cried,
Pressing eager to my side.

"Whom you love the best of any!"
  Eyes alight with boyish glee,
Ankle-deep in daisies standing,
Thus my secret heart demanding,
  Came my bonny lads to me,
Weary growing of their play,
At the closing of the day.

"What his name is," grave I answered,
  "'Twere not fair for me to tell.
But, though I must not confess it,
You, perhaps, may chance to guess it,
  For you know my dear Love well;
He is straight and tall and slim,
Stout of heart and blithe of limb.

"Brown his hair is — rumpled, curly,
  Blue his eyes — dear honest eyes!
Sunburned face with dimples merry,
Fond of fun and frolic — very!
  Fearless, frank — not over-wise;
Patches on his suit of gray,
And his age — just ten to-day!"

Pealed their merry ringing laughter;
  "Ah," they cried, "but we are two!"
Looked askance at one another,
Recognizing each his brother
  In the picture that I drew:
"You have only half confessed;
Can you love us *both* the best?"

"Nay," I said, "my blue-eyed tyrants,
  I have answered. Be content!"
And with happy jest and laughter,
Long our shadows following after,
  Homeward through the dew we went.
And the bells rang far away,
For the ending of the day.

GEMINI.
MAY.
II

IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW RUTHIE FARED IN THE HOUSE OF THE TANGLED TALKERS.

"PICKLES and cream! pickles and cream! here's your nice, hot pickles and cream!" were the first words that greeted Ruthie's ears as she and little Jumping Joan stepped upon the shore, and drew the Geometry after them. A piping little voice was calling out this singular combination and, turning around, Ruthie saw at her elbow just the smallest and funniest "darky boy" imaginable. He was dressed in a long white butcher's apron and baggy green Turkish trousers, and had a scarlet fez on his head. A great green and yellow basket hung on his arm and, again, as Ruthie looked at him, his shrill voice piped out, "Pickles and cream! pickles and cream! here's your nice hot pickles and cream!"

"Dear me," said Ruthie, "whoever heard of pickles and cream?"

The "darky boy" dropped his green and yellow basket. "Lend me that lead pencil you forgot to return to Dixie the Ogre," he said.

"Why, I declare, so I did," exclaimed Ruthie, handing it to him.

The "darky boy" took a letter from his pocket. Then he said, looking at Ruthie, "Well, *I've* heard of pickles and cream for one. I'll put that down," and he marked a big 1 on the back of the letter. "That's one, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes," Ruthie assented.

"And — now you've heard of them, haven't you? That's another. Mark down one for Ruthie," and he showed her the two marks (11).

"*And here's* little Jumping Joan," he continued, "she's heard of it. Mark down one for little Jumping Joan." And he added another mark to his score and showed the letter to Ruthie with the three marks (1 1 1) upon it. "Now then," he said, "how many does that make? How many people have heard of pickles and cream?"

"Three, of course," Ruthie replied, confidently.

"Ho, go to school, go to school!" shouted the little "darkey boy" contemptuously, as he turned a double somerset in the air and landed in his green and yellow basket. "Three, it is? ho, ho! It's a hundred and 'leven, isn't it? Go to school; go to school!" and snatching the letter from perplexed Ruthie he picked up his green and yellow basket and called out, like a licensed vender: "Pickles and cream! pickles and cream! Here's your nice hot pickles and cream!"

"But just think of it — pickles and cream!" Ruthie exclaimed, "and hot at that. Dear me, don't you get the stomach-ache with it?"

THE VENDER OF "PICKLES AND CREAM."

"No, not any kind of cake," said the "darky boy;" and then he added, "some folks do eat cocoa-nut cake with it I believe. Is the kind you mean as nice as that?"

"Nice as what? — the stomach-ache?" laughed Ruthie, "why, that isn't cake, it's pain."

"Spain? Where's Spain?" he asked.

"O — what an absurd boy!" exclaimed Ruthie. "But, where are you going?"

"Who — I? Oh — why — I'm going to the tournament," he replied.

"The tournament!" said Ruthie; "what tournament? Oh, I should so like to see a tournament! I've heard my brother Paul read all about them."

"What in?" asked the "darky boy."

"What in?" echoed Ruthie, "why — Ivanhoe, you know."

"No, I didn't know it. Have you, though," said the "darky boy," looking around; "where is it?"

"Where's what?" asked Ruthie.

"Why, your hoe; I don't see it," he said.

"My hoe!" Ruthie exclaimed, and then laughing heartily she said, "Oh, no, no; that isn't it — it's a book!"

"Well, well, you are a nice one," said the "darky boy" disdainfully. "I don't believe you're a very smart girl for all your airs. Not to know the difference between a hoe and a book!"

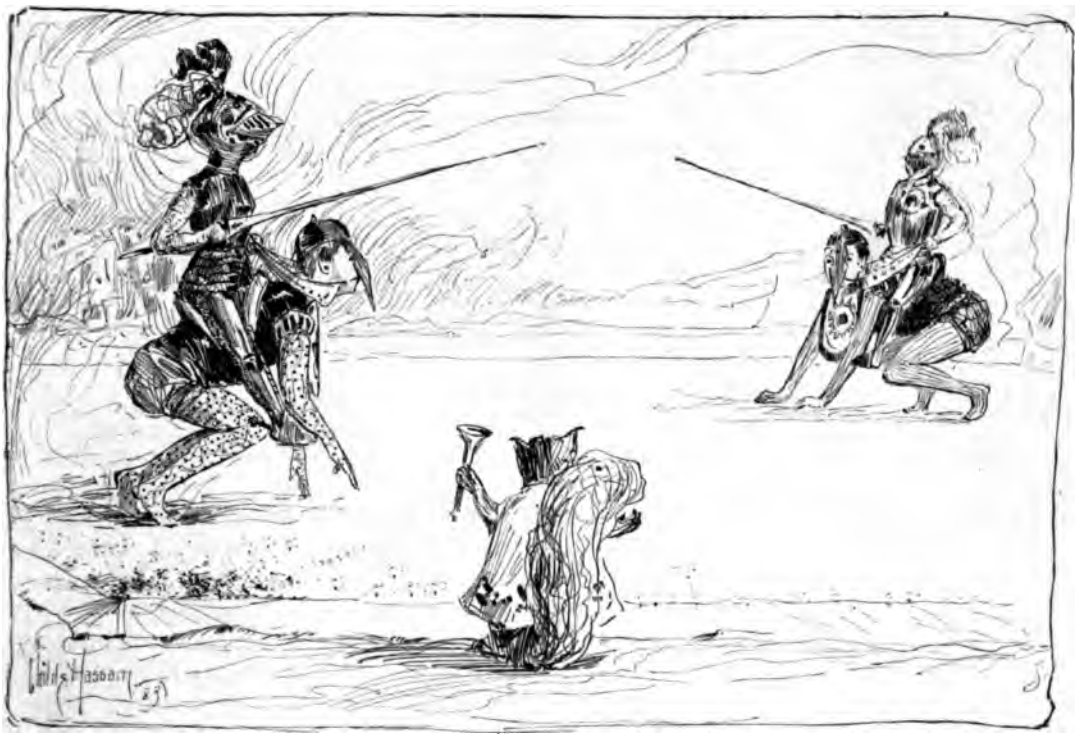
"Oh, you goose!" was Ruthie's only reply.

"But," she asked, "where is this tournament to be?"

"Why, right over there, behind old Mammy Tipseytoes' barn," he replied.

"And what's it all about?" Ruthie inquired.

"Sh! don't say anything," said the little "darky boy" mysteriously. "It's all about this letter" — showing her the letter on the back of which he had marked the 111. "They don't know that I've got it, and the Duke of Tisket and the Count of Tasket are going to fight about it. O — ho — ho!" And he stood on his head and waved his feet in the air for very delight.



THE TOURNAMENT.

Ruthie would have pursued her inquiries farther, but just then with a sweeping rush the whole court came hurrying past her and the little "darky boy" was lost in the crowd. The squirrel saw her and shouted, as he passed: "Hey O, Ruthie! Come on to the tournament!"

"Oh, well, but" — said Ruthie, somewhat undecided.

"Oh, come on; I can butt well enough; leave the butts to me," the goat exclaimed, as he

caught Ruthie on his horns and tossed her high in air. Ruthie lost her breath a little, but quickly found it again as she landed lightly and comfortably upon the golden side saddle that was still strapped to the goat's back. Then she noticed that most of those who were on their way to the tournament were driving spirited little boys — singly, in span, tandem, and "pick-a-back." The Chief of the Gamekeepers dashed along in state, behind six prancing boys — three blondes and three brunettes — dressed in green velvet and harnessed with bright-colored reins, trimmed with tinkling silver bells.

IN THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

When they drew up behind Old Mammy Tipsey-toes' barn, the entire company gathered around a great Brussels carpet, and the Chief of the Gamekeepers, having driven his six-in-hand twice around the circle, halted in the centre, doffed his bonnet, and declared the tournament "open." And, as he rode off, the squirrel, as herald, brilliant in a green and gold cloak and carrying a silver trumpet, skipped upon the carpet and announced that as the letter said to have been sent by the Chief of the Gamekeepers to Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun giving the answers to last week's conundrums had been lost, the noble Duke of Tisket and the valiant Count of Tasket would have the honor and glory of fighting for the inestimable privilege of escorting Queen Anne-who-sits-in-the-Sun on her search for the missing letter. With this the squirrel bowed himself out of the circle and, mounted on two fiery little boys who pranced in upon their hands and knees, the Duke of Tisket and the Count of Tasket rode gallantly around the carpet. Then the squirrel sounded his trumpet, and with loud shouts of "a Tisket!" "a Tasket!" the two doughty champions lowered their lances and closed in mortal combat.

"But, say; what is it all about?" Ruthie asked the Chief of the Gamekeepers, for she had not quite got it straight in her mind. Then the whole court, turning towards her, sang in chorus:

A Tisket; a Tasket;
A green and yellow basket!
I sent a letter to my love,
And on my way I dropped it —
I dropped it; I dropped it; —

"Oh, I know where it is then!" burst out Ruthie; and springing into the circle, she parted the valiant knights who were hammering away at each other's helmets, grasped the Duke and the Count by their arms and sang loudly:

A little darky picked it up
And put it in his pocket —
His pocket; his pocket! —

"And see, there he goes — green and yellow basket, letter and all," she added as she spied the "little darky" running for dear life across the Brussels carpet. Dropping the arms of the champions she dashed after the fugitive, followed by the Chief of the Gamekeepers, the Duke of Tisket and the Count of Tasket, the squirrel, the goat, the boy-horses and all the court. Around and around the circle she chased that little "darky boy," but just as she had her hand almost on his shoulder he ducked his head and darted another way. She, trying to turn and follow him, tripped — and fell — down, down, down, until she landed in the Old Oaken Bucket at the bottom of a deep well.

As she stood in the bucket perplexed and panting she heard a dreadfully cracked and quivering voice above her call out, "Hel-lo be-low!"

"Oh, oh!" echoed Ruthie. "Please, sir, look here. I stand in the well!"

"How many feet deep?" the voice inquired.

"O — twenty-five I guess," said Ruthie at a venture.

"Who will you have to help you out?" again asked the voice.

"Why, you'll do as well as any one, I suppose," Ruthie answered.

So, creak, creak, creak went the bucket-rope, up and up slowly rose the bucket, and as Ruthie sprang joyfully over the well-curb with a hearty, "O, thank you, sir," the funny cracked voice said, "It was twenty-five, you know, miss."

"What was twenty-five?" Ruthie asked, and turned to look at her deliverer. He was the most crooked, bent and snarled-up little person she had ever seen. His nose turned one way and his chin another; his mouth was screwed into a funny little pucker; he was bandy-legged and knock-kneed and his clothes were what Ruthie had heard her grandmother define as "seven ways for Sunday," so rumpled and twisted were they; his high black hat was all bent and banged, and he had in his hand a cane that was as gnarly and crooked as a ram's horn.

"What was twenty-five?" repeated Ruthie, as this twisted-up little fellow looked at her rather sheepishly.

"Why, the well," he answered; "you said you stood twenty-five feet deep in the well — and, it's a kiss for every foot, you know."

"O, it's forfeits, is it?" laughed Ruthie. "Well, then — there's one kiss," she said dropping a hasty little one on the tip end of his particularly crooked left ear; "please charge the rest. But I'm much obliged to you for getting me out of that horrid well. And who are you, sir? You look as if you might be the Crooked Man."

"Why, of course; so I am," he replied, "and only just now I've

> — walked a crooked mile,
> And I've found a crooked sixpence
> Against a crooked stile,

see, here it is," he said, showing her a piece of money bent nearly double.

> I've got a crooked cat,
> And she caught a crooked mouse —

he continued, and Ruthie finished the description:

"I know," she said, "and you

> — all live together
> In a little crooked house,

don't you now?"

"To be sure we do; to be sure we do," replied the Crooked Man, highly flattered and nearly nodding his head off. "Why, you know me, don't you?"

"O, I've heard about you," said Ruthie; "but where do you live? Where is your crooked house?"

"Just a crooked mile from here," he responded, "next door to the House of the Tangled Talkers."

"The House of the Tangled Talkers!" screamed Ruthie; "what a funny name. Why, who are the Tangled Talkers?"

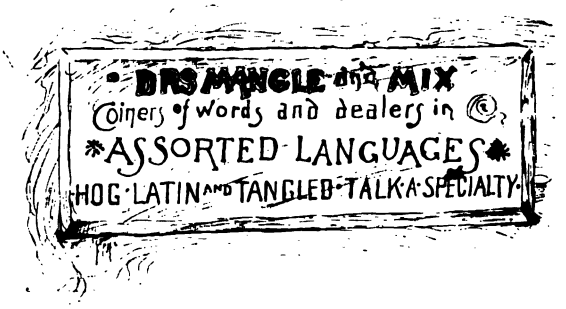
"O, they're awfully smart people," replied the Crooked Man. "They know everything under the sun from Timbuctoo to Trigonometry and they talk so wonderfully that nobody can understand them. O, it's just beautiful."

"It must be," said Ruthie, charmed with his description. "Why, I must call on them."

"If I were you I'd ring the bell," said the Crooked Man. "They are so busy studying that perhaps they won't hear you if you just call on them, and then it's more polite too, you know. Go right over to their house. It's a crooked mile as I go, but as you can walk straight it's only a short path across the field. Good-by — but — ah — by the way," he added, hesitatingly, "I don't like to bother you — but when can I call for the rest of 'em — those — feet — ah — kisses, I mean?"

"O, next day after never," said Ruthie laughingly, as she jumped over the fence and ran hastily across the field.

She soon found the house. There could be no mistake about it, and the big silver door-plate convinced her that she was right. It read:



Only hesitating long enough to read this announcement and to think, "well that's the funniest door-plate I ever saw," Ruthie rang the bell.

Soon the door was opened by a queer little man,

very round and fat. His clothes seemed to be all wrong side out, his spectacles were on wrong side up, and he wore the blandest kind of a smile on the wrong side of his mouth.

"How-gry do-gry you-gry do-gry, my-gry de-gry?" he said, extending his hand.

Ruthie was delighted to feel that she too was a

SWALLOWING THE DICTIONARY.

fluent speaker of the fascinating Hog Latin, and she replied in the same tongue:

"O-gry, I-gry am-gry qui-gry well-gry, I-gry than-gry you-gry;" then, looking at him she added, "you-gry ar-gry —?"

"Moctor Dangle, at sore yervice," replied the little fat man with a low bow.

This was beyond Ruthie, so she simply said, "O," and smiled sweetly.

"Wha-gry can-gry I-gry do-gry for-gry you-gry?" he inquired.

"O, I only came to call on you and look around," said Ruthie falling back on the plain English for her reply.

"Howd to práve you, Riss Mūthie," said her welcomer; and Ruthie, after studying the door-plate and his introduction of himself as "Moctor Dangle," concluded that he must be Doctor Mangle, and that this was a sample of his "tangled talk."

"Here is our rool skoom," he said, opening a door at his right. The "rool skoom" was a large apartment in which were a number of boys and girls variously employed in writing and studying. Ruthie's attention was first attracted to a party of boys who were pulling what seemed to be a long snake out of a rat hole. She learned however that they were merely drawing out the meaning of a peculiarly slippery sentence. Another group seemed to be twisting or braiding a long string of something like molasses candy, and Ruthie thought she would be able to have some fun at a candy-pull; but Doctor Mangle explained that these scholars were engaged in twisting the English language to suit their purposes, and he assured her that they very soon learned to twist it and turn it so beautifully that no one could understand them.

Then Doctor Mangle beckoned to a girl of about Ruthie's size and said to her, "Ring for Sūthie," and the obliging little miss, with a neat courtesy, sung to a familiar air:

Rightly lo, rightly lo,
O'er gle thassy gaves we wo;
Gloothly smide, gloothly smide,
On the tilent side.
Wet le thinds and borters we,
Moonful in tear thelody,
Fling and soat, fling and soat,
In our bittle loat.

Ruthie thanked her for the song, although she thought the words sounded queerly.

Doctor Mangle next showed Ruthie the laboratory, and peeping through a glass door she saw a little wizened-up person, just the reverse of Doctor Mangle, who was mixing and stirring furiously in a great saucepan. This, Doctor Mangle told her, was "Moctor Dix, woining curds."

Ruthie had not the slightest idea what this occupation could be. "Perhaps it's pudding," she thought, but she soon found that he had a great bin full of letters — like "logomachy" or "word-making" — and that he was mixing these letters for the purpose of coining words to suit the needs of his advanced pupils.

Next to Doctor Mix stood a boy who took a

quantity of the loose letters and spreading them upon a board before him combined them into all sorts of fantastic forms. To Ruthie's inquiry, Doctor Mangle explained that this boy was a Spelling Deformer. Then he spoke to Ruthie in a loud voice: "Spell colonel!"

"C-o-l-o-n-e-l," Ruthie promptly responded.

Then turning to the boy, he said, "Spell vernal!"

And the Spelling Deformer as promptly responded, "v-o-l-o-n-e-l."

"O, O, that's dreadfully wrong," said Ruthie; but Doctor Mangle assured her that it was right according to the Spelling Deformer's book, and then he requested him to write out for Ruthie "The Song of the Plough," and the boy, turning to the blackboard, spelled out in large letters, the following singular composition:

THE PLOUGH SONG.*

'Tis the Song of the Plough!
Hough the cough
Seeks the bough
As it shadows the gleaming furrough;
Though the farmer may sough
He will knough his fough
And the cough lieth lough on the morrough.
The old horse at the trough
Breaks ough his cough
And the rabbit seeks his borrough;
While the tough green stough
O'er the rocks so rough
Hides the signs of the wintry sorrough.

Ruthie tried hard to read it but gave up in despair. "It's awful nonsense," she said.

"Nonsense?" exclaimed Doctor Mangle, "Suthie, you're roopid!"

And Doctor Mix who had overheard her remark held up his hands in horrified silence.

So Ruthie turned from them in silent contempt, and walked slowly towards a long, lank boy who at a table in the corner was tearing the leaves from a great book, with his teeth, and swallowing them greedily.

"O, what is this boy doing, please?" she inquired.

"Dollowing the swictionary," said Doctor Mangle, briefly, as he put his hand affectionately on the boy's head and requested him to "expatiate his exordium and peroration for Ruthie."

THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

"O, no, don't," said Ruthie in some alarm; "it might go off and hurt somebody."

The long, lank boy merely looked at her in dire disgust and, rising, repeated in pompous tones:

Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,
Minute corpuscles of non-cohering inorganic matter,
Conjointly cause to exist the immeasurable expanse of aqueous sections
And the resplendent superficial area of dry solidity.

* Ruthie's final translation of this "Song of the Plough" gave this:

'Tis the Song of the Plough!
How the cow
Seeks the bough
As it shadows the gleaming furrow;
Though the farmer may sow
He will know his foe
And the cow lieth low on the morrow.
The old horse at the trough
Breaks off his cough
And the rabbit seeks his burrow,
While the tough green stuff
O'er the rocks so rough
Hides the signs of the wintry sorrow.

"For gracious sakes, whatever is he talking about?" asked Ruthie, almost overpowered by volume of hard words. Then, looking over his shoulder, she exclaimed, "Why, I do declare, if this boy hasn't been swallowing the dictionary and now he's trying to recite:

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
  And the beauteous land."

At this moment the door opened and in walked the Three Wise Men of Gotham. Ruthie knew them at once — clothes, books, instruments, spectacles and all, and wasn't surprised to see through the window, a great China punch-bowl bobbing about unsteadily in the lake before the house.

The Three Wise Men of Gotham solemnly shook hands with the two Professors of Tangled Talk, and then proceeded to examine the school. Such questions and answers Ruthie had never heard before, and she said, when she tried to remember them afterwards, that she never could tell whether the questions were the answers, or the answers the questions — or, as she expressed it, "it was so mixy-muxy that I always thought the answers were questioning the questions or that the questions were answering the answers," which shows what a glorious tangle it all was.

At last when the Three Wise Men of Gotham, glaring at her through three pair of spectacles, asked her if she understood Botany and requested her to go into the garden and dig up for them some Latin and Sanskrit roots Ruthie could stand it no longer. Springing to her feet she seized Doctors Mangle and Mix and tied them firmly together with the very string of sentences that their pupils had been twisting. Then she turned on the Three Wise Men of Gotham and drove them to their wobbly and bobbily bowl and pushed it out to sea. This done she darted back into the schoolroom and sang to the astonished scholars:

Boys and girls come out to play,
Where the sun shines brightly 'tis ever day,
Leave your studies to stew and steep,
And prance with me, dance with me, into the street.

Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will or come not at all,
Up the ladder and down the wall,
Trip with me, skip with me, one and all!

There was no resisting Ruthie's jolly appeal. Out with a rush trooped all the boys and girls. Only the two tied-up Professors, the Spelling Deformer and the boy who had swallowed the Dictionary were left in the House of the Tangled Talkers — too top-heavy to move.

But the liberated boys and girls — O, how happy they were! With a whoop and a call, up the ladder, down the wall, here, there, and everywhere, they raced and chased and tumbled in a glorious game of Tag, while Ruthie led them on with laughter and with glee.

And so, off and away, across the pleasant fields and under the smiling sky, Ruthie and the children escaped from the House of the Tangled Talkers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LITTLE CLAM.

By Helen Chauncy.

WHEN the merry, madcap waves come racing, chasing, in from sea,
Trying which can run the fastest, laughing loudly in their glee,
I wonder if they ever think what joy their voices bring,
To the little Clam, as, snug at home, he hears them shout and sing.
Oh, the jolly little Clam!
Oh, the happy little Clam!
Oh, the merry little Clam!
When the tide comes in from sea.

But when the waves are weary playing long upon the shore,
And run away as quickly as they hastened in before,
Oh then the little Clam sheds tears, salt tears of bitter woe,
For well he knows that danger comes whene'er the tide is low.
Oh, the doleful little Clam!
Oh, the long-faced little Clam!
Oh, the tearful little Clam!
When he knows the tide is low.

His house is strong, and all about are walls of mud and sand
That shut him in quite safe and sound (I hope you understand),
He never feels the snow and ice for sheltered close and warm
He rests within his shell, nor minds the pelting winter storm.
Oh, the muddy little Clam!
Oh, the cosey little Clam!
Oh, the comfortable Clam!
In the pelting winter storm.

But spring and summer come, when every little girl and boy
Think "clamming" just the nicest part of all their daily joy,
Oh, then the little Clam shrinks up with terror and with fears
As over him, at dead low tide, an awful sound he hears.
Oh, the wretched little Clam!
Oh, the frightened little Clam!
Oh, the squirming little Clam!
When that awful sound he hears.

Still nearer and more near it comes! Alas, what shall he do?
He has no legs to run away, he cannot walk like you,
So shivering with agony he crouches in his shell,
His terrible suspense and dread no human words can tell.
Oh, the terror-stricken Clam!
Oh, the hunted little Clam!
Oh, the legless little Clam!
What he feels no words can tell.

At last the awful moment comes, when just outside his door
He hears the thumping of the spades, and then he knows no more
Till torn from home and happiness, he wakens by and by
To find himself in cracker crumbs all ready for a fry.
Oh, the hopeless little Clam!
Oh, the finished little Clam!
Oh, the thoughts which fill that Clam!
As he sizzles in the fry.

Now when you hear that any one is "happy as a Clam,"
Remember that Clam-life, like yours, is not all cake and jam;
There are two sides to everything, high tide as well as low,
And Clams, like children's ups and downs, must have their ebb and flow.
Think kindly of the Clam!
The fated little Clam!
And don't forget the Clam!
Whene'er the tide is low.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, P. O. Box 188, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO APRIL TANGLES.

18. Despise not the day of small things.

19. R u c h e
U s u a l
C u r v e
H a v o c
E l e c t

20. b A n
i N k
u T a
madr E phore
cale D onia
calc I nate
a L t
p U n
i V y
t I t
w A y
o N e.

21. M O R A N A
O P E R A
R E N T
A R T
N A
A

22. D a c E
A n i L
V a r I
I n c A
D r a B.

23. Silence seldom does harm.

24. H A Z E
A D E N
Z E R O
E N O S.

25. No answer, owing to an error.

No. 26. RIDDLE.

Two legs have I, but cannot walk;
Two tongues have I, but cannot talk.
Sometimes I'm borrowed, sometimes hired;
Though never out of breath, am always tired.
Useful alike in garden or in park,
Though not ambitious, often make my mark.

C. A. L. B.

No. 27. PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

Across, the words are of seven letters each.

1. Pain of conscience proceeding from guilt.
2. Voyages.
3. Suffused.
4. Cautious to avoid harm.
5. Debases.
6. Those who offer sacrifices.
7. Enduring without murmuring.

The third line read down; and the fifth, read in the same manner, will give two words meaning "to free from."

CYRIL DEANE.

No. 28. CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

In books, but not in paper;
In smoke, but not in vapor;
In swamp, but not in moat;
In ship, but not in boat;
In fire, but not in gas;
In flower, but not in grass.
My whole is a girl's name.

M. H.

No. 29. A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.

Take one word from each of the following proverbs and add them together to make the answer, which is also a proverb.

1. It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor.
2. The wise man knows he knows nothing, the fool thinks he knows all.
3. Give a clown your finger and he'll take your whole hand.
4. He that does you an ill-turn will never forgive you.
5. He who has no bread to spare should not keep a dog.
6. All are not saints that go to church.
7. Empty vessels make the greatest sound.
8. A rich man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.
9. The eyes, the ears, the tongue, the hands, the feet, all fast in their way.
10. He that speaks me fair and loves me not, I'll speak him fair and trust him not.

CYRIL DEANE.

No 32. RHOMBOID.

Across: a genus of rodent animals; a botanical term; an order of architecture; a Persian high priest; one who is affected by a certain disease..

Down: a letter; a prefix; a cushion; a preposition; pertaining to the calf of the leg; a margin; a cover for the head; to exist; a letter.

W. H. L.

SOLVERS.

March Tangles were solved by Josie E. Haight, Helen B. Hobart, S. R. Throckmorton, Sphinx, Winifred Warren, Mabel Hanes, Tangle Pate, Annie C. Webster, Fannie Atkinson, D. C. Leeka, Nellie Ward, Marion Hill, Henry T. Borhek, jr., A. Cleveland Blair, L. W. Harris, Edith J. Bugbee, Perley Holman, William H. Leete, E. P. Tobie, jr., C. R. G. Betts, Q. Reus, Charles W. S. Wilson, Daisy Terrell, Virginia Holbrook, Willie Twing, Winnie Messmore, E. S. McDowell, Katie Raynor, Claggan, Alice B. Shanard, Louise C. Southwick, Ethol Sanders, Alice J. Wood, Asa B. Frances, M. Burchard, J. H. Eaton, Ethel A. McLeod.

PRIZE WINNERS.

No. 13. Henry T. Borhek, Jr., Bethlehem, Pa.
No. 17. Ethel A. McLeod, Indianapolis, Ind.
Best List. Perley Holman, Dixfield, Me.
Next best List. "Q. Reus," Fredericton, N. B.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for first solutions of this month's Tangles: —

No. 26. An illustrated magazine.

No. 29. The Cooking Club, by Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt.

For the first complete list, we will send WIDE AWAKE six months.

For the next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

All answers must be received by May 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, young and old, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original Tangles for publication as above directed.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

By Arthur Gilman.

III.

HOW A COLONY WAS LOST.

A NUMBER of scenes crowd upon me this morning as I think of the subject that I am to treat. I seem to stand on the shores of old England just three hundred years ago this twenty-second day of September. A small vessel is making its way into the harbor of Falmouth, bearing news from the westward. It is the *Golden Hind*, and it tells a story that our good poet Longfellow has embalmed in his lines entitled "Sir Humphrey Gilbert." The watchers by the shore are told how the five vessels that had been sent to distant Newfoundland had fared; how the largest, fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, had long before returned, how the next in size had been lost before trying to return home; and how the ill-success, the tempestuous weather and the unpropitious prospect had caused all to want to turn towards England; and then they heard the story that the poet has told — how the commander, the good Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had gone down with his vessel, the *Squirrel*, a boat that we should think scarcely big enough to sail along our coast with.

Just as the decision had been made that the three remaining vessels should return and give up their attempt, so the seamen said, there passed between them and the land "a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair and color; not swimming after the manner of a beast, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (not excepting the legs) in sight." The men were probably alarmed, but Gilbert professed to see a good omen, though the beast, which was probably a seal or sea-lion, turned its head angrily to and fro, gaped fiercely at the intruders, as he considered the seamen, made ugly demonstrations with his long teeth and glaring eyes, and sent forth a lion-like roaring or bellowing with its horrible voice.

I seem to hear the seamen tell, and rejoice in telling, the story of the self-sacrificing bravery of the good commander as he refused to leave the *Squirrel*, though it was so small and was overcharged with artillery and other warlike freight which made its safety in the Atlantic tempests that were to be encountered in a September voyage, very doubtful. With what feeling do they speak his words again as he said, "I will not forsake my little company going homewards with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." I hear them tell how the voyage progressed until the ninth of September came, the fatal day when the *Squirrel* was near cast away; when they saw Gilbert sitting with the good Book in his hand, and, as they approached near, heard him say, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." I think their voices dropped as they told the breathless group about them that at about twelve of the clock that same ninth of September, being Monday, suddenly the lights of the *Squirrel* went out, "as it were in a moment," and the watch on the *Golden Hind* shouted that the general was cast away, which was, alas, too true, "for that moment the *Squirrel* was devoured and swallowed up of the sea!"

Now let us turn to our Longfellow, and read:

> He sat upon the deck,
> The Book was in his hand;
> "Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
> He said, "By water as by land!"

This heroic adventurer has not a little connection with the story I am to tell, for he was a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, who fitted out his fleet, and who sent out the colony that was lost, and as he was himself lost exactly three hundred years ago this very month in which I am writing, a vision of him will force itself upon me. He was one of the old Pathfinders, albeit one who failed in his effort, which was to find a passage to Asia around the north of our continent. The

passage has not yet been found, and at this moment the papers are discussing the subject with little more prospect of solving the tragic problem than there was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who gave our Gilbert on the eve of his departure from England, a golden anchor as a token of her regard.

The next scene that comes to me this morning is one in which the queen is prominent. Raleigh had been spending some time in Ireland, where he had heard a part of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* read by its author, who had been dissuaded from giving it to the world by the criticisms of some of his friends who did not fancy rhymed verses. He brought Spenser and his poem to London, and soon the literary world was welcoming a new light whom critics have never since tired of calling the most poetic of all his tribe. You have all heard of the scene when Raleigh brought himself to his sovereign's notice. She was on a walk, and came to a place where the mud of the way threatened to soil her fine clothes. Such places cannot have been few in those early days, for good roads are things that our ancestors did not know even in favored England, and in England's capital. As the queen hesitated and as her other courtiers did not see how to overcome the difficulty, the new-comer proved the man for the occasion, and his gorgeous cloak fell into the mud before his sovereign to serve as a foot-cloth. The action was an inspiration, and lifted the hero to a place of prominence in the court. Perhaps it led to the efforts to found a colony in the New World, and therefore to the loss of the colony that I am to tell of.

Another scene that comes to me reminds me that it was this Walter Raleigh who first told our fathers how to smoke tobacco. Europeans have been burning "the Virginia Weed," as it is called, for three hundred years. It is said, but I am not sure that it is truly said, that one day, as Raleigh was writing and smoking, he called his servant to bring him some water, and when the servant came with it, he threw it all over his master, whom he innocently supposed to be on fire. It does not sound to me like a true story, but there it stands in history, and it comes to me as I have seen it in pictures ever since I was a small boy. It may serve the good purpose of fixing in our minds the date of the introduction of tobacco into Europe. It is connected with the other story of weighing tobacco smoke. It is said that one day when the queen and Sir Walter were sitting together chatting while he smoked his pipe, the royal dame said that she would lay him a wager that with all his ingenuity, he could not tell the weight of the smoke that came from his tobacco. "The thing is quite easy," said Raleigh, as he weighed a quantity of tobacco and placed it in his pipe. When the whole had been burned, he placed the ashes in the scales and told the surprised queen that the difference in weight between the tobacco and the ashes was the weight of the smoke. Elizabeth paid him the gold with a smile, as she remarked that she had heard of alchemists who had turned their gold into smoke, but that he was the first man of whom she had heard who was able to turn smoke into gold. Such a story was likely to be repeated, and it is said that from the time dates the popularity of tobacco in England, which one writer says perfumes the island from John O' Groat's to Land's End. It was this popularity of tobacco that led Ben Jonson to write in one of his plays, "I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man and to fill him full of smoke and embers; there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it; and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er 'scape it." It led King James, some years later, to write his celebrated "Counterblaste against Tobacco."

Such are some of the thoughts that come to my mind as I think of the colony that was lost three hundred years ago. The next scene will take longer to tell of. Sir Walter Raleigh, whom one of his late biographers calls the founder of England's colonial empire, is the centre of it. I cannot stop to give you the history of his varied life, almost every important and interesting event in which is involved in obscurity or perplexed with doubt.

If you were to visit London now, you might read on a window of one of its churches these lines by our American poet, Lowell:

> The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
> Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
> Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
> This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

American citizens placed the window there in memory of the man who, though he never visited our shores, had predominant in his mind the founding of a colonial empire for our mother-country by wresting America from the grasp of Spain, which then held it or rather claimed to hold it.

What do we see, when we allow our imagination to carry us back to the brilliant days when Raleigh was one of the chief ornaments of the famous court of "England's manly queen," as Mr. Lowell calls Elizabeth? He is himself the first to attract our attention; a brave, accomplished young student from Oxford, whose mind was filled with romantic throbbings as he read the stories of the doings of Pizarro, Cortez, De Soto, and those other Spaniards whose boldness in American conquest was then the latest excitement. We should find him, I am sure, interested in the French efforts at colonization in South Carolina under Ribault, agent of Admiral Coligni, and with regrets at the tragic failure of the scheme. It was not many years after that event that Raleigh went to France

to fight for religious liberty (in a troop which he said was "wholly gentleman, wholly soldier") on the side of the Prince of Conde and the Admiral Coligni. After six years of such work, he was again abroad on a similar errand, a volunteer in the Netherlands, under the noble Prince of Orange. The student of the life of Raleigh is inclined to agree with that critic who asserted that Raleigh was "one of the most renowned and attractive, and in some respects the most remarkable in English history. . . . His mind presents a surprising union of strength and versatility, of intellectual and practical power, and of an observing, reflective, philosophical with a highly imaginative or poetical temperament."

Raleigh was skilled in mathematics, knew all that any one knew in that day of chemistry, was a brave and experienced soldier, spoke several languages, and knew the history and geography of the world.

Besides all this, he was a poet of no mean pretensions, the honored companion of Sidney, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Francis Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, and probably of every other man of letters of any standing in his day. He was one of the famous company that is reported to have had its meetings at the Mermaid Inn in London, and his was not the least brilliant of the sprightly wit of that company.

Protestant though he was, Raleigh accepted the doctrine that had been fostered by the popes, that the unchristianized peoples of the world were without rights to any territory they might occupy, and it was on this principle that he proposed to take possession of all of North and South America that he could conquer, in the name of the Queen of England. Elizabeth was not willing that he should go in person on the expedition, as she had work for him to do on her side of the Atlantic, but she gave him a generous patent, entitling him to take possession of western countries and to plant colonies. The consequence was that he sent an expedition out in 1584, which discovered the shores of what is now North Carolina. The Englishmen were hospitably entertained and spent six weeks with the wife of the chief who ruled those parts. They then returned, taking home with them two of the natives and specimens of the products of the country. In their enthusiasm, they reported that the soil was the most fruitful of all the world, that the oaks were of many kinds and far better than those of England, that the fruits, vegetables, fish and game were abundant, and that the people were "most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason," and that they lived "after the manner of the golden age."

Such reports, so verified, excited enthusiasm in England. The queen permitted Raleigh to name the new land Virginia, in honor of her; and also she made him a knight and gave him monopolies to enable him the better to pursue the work of colonization which she rightly thought was to add to the lustre of her reign. The consequence was that a notable expedition was ready to start by the next April under command of Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Raleigh, as admiral, and bearing Ralph Lane, who was to be governor of the colony. Among the company was a scientific man of the highest rank, Thomas Hariot, who wrote an account

KEEPING THE AGREEMENT.

of his observations made during his stay in the country. This man was a staunch friend of Raleigh through good report and evil report all his life. He was the reputed inventor of our system of algebraic notation, and divides with Galileo the credit of first observing the spots on the sun and the satellites of Jupiter. The rank and position of the men who came with this expedition show better than words can tell the impression that had been made by the reports from America.

The squadron arrived at Roanoke Island in due time: that is, after a voyage of some three months' duration — and proceeded to explore the vicinity; but the guileless natives had found reason to change their attitude towards the invaders, and Grenville soon returned with a portion of the fleet, leaving Lane, however, who made excursions in

various directions; but he, too, was glad to take advantage of the coming of a fleet of Sir Francis Drake to return also, and they arrived at Portsmouth July 28th, 1586, "to the great glory of God, and to the no small honor of the prince, our country, and ourselves," as a narrator expresses it, though it is difficult to see in what the "honor" consists.

It was just after Lane had thus sailed for home, that a relief ship arrived bearing supplies, but finding Roanoke Island deserted, it sailed homewards. Two weeks later, Sir Richard Grenville brought other supplies, and failing in his turn to find the former colonists, he sailed back again, leaving, however, fifteen lone men on the shore to hold possession of the New World. Fancy, if you can, the condition of those fifteen men, as they stood on the sandy North Carolina shore, and saw the sails of the ships disappear from sight. We can only imagine their feelings, for no one ever saw them again.

Still the strong spirit of Raleigh was undaunted, and in 1587, he sent out another colony, under John White, and furnishing it with a charter for the city of Raleigh which they were to found. The first labor was to find the fifteen men left by Grenville, but, saving the whitened bones of one, and the huts grown over with vines, there were no vestiges of them. The savages reported that they had been attacked and killed, or driven off, a natural conclusion to a foolhardy venture. The fleet did not remain long, but leaving the colonists, White sailed for home to get assistance. He left behind him one person whom he had not brought, Virginia Dare, his granddaughter, born on the eighteenth of August, the first child of English parentage born within the present limits of the United States. Nine days after the little stranger appeared on the sandy shore of Roanoke, its grandfather sailed and did not return for three long, dreary years. He left with an agreement that if the colonists should change their place of residence, they would leave carved on the trees or door-posts the name of the place to which they had gone. Should they remove in misfortune, a cross, emblem of faith and heavenly succor, should be cut beneath the name.

Never was the truth of the proverb, "Man proposes, God disposes," more fully shown than in the events that followed. If you will turn to your English histories you will get an idea of what John White found to be the state of affairs when he reached England. I suppose that, before he left home, he knew that Philip the Second was making great preparations to invade England, and perhaps he had heard that two or three weeks before he had finally weighed anchor at Plymouth, Sir Francis Drake had "singed the Spanish king's beard," as he expressed it, by sinking, burning, or *capturing* all of his shipping at Cadiz, and he may have thought that Philip had been frightened out of his schemes. Probably he was not prepared to find all England stirred and thoroughly awake to the fact that self-preservation demanded all their exertions, and that not the smallest ship, or the most insignificant officer could be spared to prosecute discoveries, or even to carry succor to suffering explorers, who had gone to increase the glory of their country.

The summer of 1588 was crowded with the stirring events connected with the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and in these, Raleigh and Grenville were deeply involved. When, at last, danger from the Spaniards was at an end, Raleigh found himself so much impoverished that he was not able to fit out such an expedition as he wished. Did he find time even to think of the Englishmen that White had left on the shores of a vast continent? Did White think of them? Yes; the brave men were not forgotten. Two small fleets were prepared for the purpose of carrying relief, but the first was impressed by the government, and the second did not reach the colony, the men proving more anxious to fight Spaniards than to carry food to their own countrymen. Thus time wore on, and it was not until the spring of 1590, that Governor White was actually on his way towards America.

Shall we try to picture to ourselves the condition of the men on the Carolina shore from September, 1587, to August, 1590, when Governor White's ships arrived to look for them? Shall we sit with them on the low beach as they saw the ships lose themselves in the distance, the September sun shining upon their full sails, and try to realize the thoughts of home and wives and children that filled their minds? Shall we turn with them to the work that lay before them as the last vestige of the fleet disappeared, and they felt that the only link that held them to civilization was broken, and they among unfriendly savages? Autumn had already begun, and winter was soon to be upon them. What kind of a winter were they to expect in the New World? Little did they know. What preparation did they make for the future? Did they stop long on the island, or did they soon seek the mainland, as White supposed they would find it best to do? We know little of their movements. They must have ventured to remove, and that under agreeable auspices, and they carved on a tree the name of the place to which they went. That is all. They died. That little Virginia who, first of English children, drew her breath on American land, drew her last breath before three summers had been given her; but did she die of disease or of accident? Did an Indian hatchet cleave her young body? These are questions that never can be answered.

When White approached Roanoke Island, he saw, or thought he saw, through the gloom of nightfall, a light glimmering among the sombre

trees, and visions of happy meetings with the lost filled him and his men with enthusiasm. Alas, it was only to cast them into the greater sadness, for the most careful search, the most stirring trumpet-notes, served but to make the loneliness of the forest more desolate. No voice responded, and the break of day, that they had hoped would unite friends, showed them carved deep in the bark of a tree, the word C-R-O-A-T-A-N, the name of the place to which the colonists had retreated, perhaps from a winter storm, perhaps to find food, perhaps — but we can only guess what took them thither. The cross, to betoken distress, was not there. Had the flight been too sudden to give time to cut it? Books torn from their covers were found, pigs of lead and bars of iron, maps rotten with dampness, and a suit of armor almost eaten up by rust, but no tidings of the lost colonists! From that day to this, now almost three hundred years, no syllable has come from the LOST COLONY.

Curiosity is piqued by a tradition among the Indians of the region that they had among their ancestors some who could "talk in a book," as the English do; and the gray eyes sometimes found among them give a slight ground for hope that the colonists lived, and were absorbed into the friendly tribes about them; but that is all. The lost colony furnishes another mystery, and gives a basis for further surmises as to the fate of a few more among the crowd of Pathfinders whose blood lies, like a sacrifice, at the foundation of the nation that has grown up on these Western shores.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

By Dr. D. A. Sargent.

III.

THE SKIN.

THE skin forms a thin, elastic covering for the external parts of the body. The outer surface, termed the *epidermis*, is tough, hard, and dry. The inner skin, called the *derma*, or true skin, is sensitive, soft, and moist. In case of an abrasion or irritation of the skin, a fluid is secreted between the outer and inner skin. This is commonly known as a blister. If the abrasion is severe enough to wound the small capillaries beneath the skin, this gives rise to a *blood* blister. If you touch your fingers to a hot stove, or lamp-chimney, you are made aware of the fact by a sensation of pain which is conveyed from the surface through nerves to nerve centres and the brain.

After exercising vigorously for a little while, you have observed that you got very warm, and that your body was covered with perspiration. If you ceased exercising while in this condition, and did not take the precaution to put on extra clothing, the temperature of the body would perceptibly fall, and you would take cold. Thus you see the skin is quite an important part of the body.

Its outer covering, by its hard and horny nature, tends to protect the more delicate parts from mechanical injury. The blood-vessels and sweat ducts by their timely contraction and expansion regulate the temperature of the body, and keep it constantly at the living standard. The sweat glands secrete waste substances from the blood, and carry them to the surface of the body.

The nerve filaments notify the brain of the skin's contact with excessive heat, cold, or injurious substances.

Interfere extensively with any one of these separate functions and you would endanger your life.

It is by reason of the important duties which the skin has to perform that any accident or injury to its membranes should be treated with promptness and intelligence.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Perhaps the most serious accidents which occur to the skin come by way of burns and scalds. As long as we are compelled to deal with fire and heated fluids accidental burning will take place, and it behooves every one to know what to do until medical service can be procured.

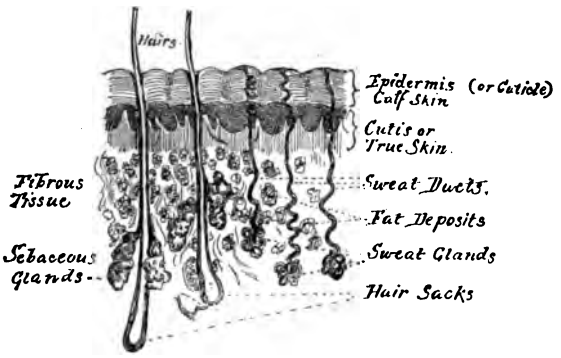
In case the clothes take fire, throw yourself upon the floor, and roll over and over as fast as possible. In this way you may be able to smother the flame by pressure.

If this accident should occur to another in your presence lose no time in getting him on the floor in a horizontal position.

If there is a mat, shawl, coat, or blanket handy throw them over the victim, taking care to tuck the covering around the neck, so that the flame and smoke will not be inhaled. Now press the covering over the body until you have smothered

the flame, then run quickly for a pail of water. Dash this over the body, and extinguish the smouldering embers before they have had time to eat their way into the flesh. This accident is most likely to occur to a woman or child, on account of the light and inflammable nature of their clothing.

The same treatment is applicable in either case. Prevent running about, protect the throat and



A SECTION OF SKIN.

lungs by placing a covering around the neck, roll on the floor, then drench the clothing with water.

As soon as the fire has been put out, take the sufferer into a warm room and place him on a table, or on the floor. Do not have too many in the room; three will do. Now get a pair of scissors, and begin to cut the clothing up and down the body and limbs so that it will fall off. Do not attempt to pull it off, or you will take a part of the skin with it. If any of the clothing clings to the flesh, let it remain, and cut around it.

If the blisters are very large, and seem likely to break, puncture them with a needle, and let the fluid escape, but do not remove the outer skin, or you will expose the raw surface.

If the doctor has not yet arrived, get some one to tear up all the old linen or calico which is accessible, dip these pieces into most any kind of oil which is at hand, and place them over the exposed parts. If there is any delay in getting the linen, anoint the burnt surface with butter, lard, or any kind of grease. If these are not at hand, powder it with flour or starch. Cream or oil mixed with lime-water may be used. Do not use *cold* water, if warm water is to be had.

As soon as you have removed the clothing and applied the dressings, put your patient in bed, first taking the precaution to cover the mattress with a water-proof sheet or oil cloth before putting on the under blanket and sheet. Cover the person with clothing enough to keep him warm and comfortable, and wait for the arrival of the doctor.

In case of severe scalding by steam or hot water, drench the person as soon as possible with cold water, then take him to a warm room and proceed as in case of extensive burning.

BURNS BY LIME, ETC.

Are often more to be dreaded than burns by fire. The superficial skin is not only removed, but the soft parts beneath are often injured. The lime eats its way into the tissues, and destroys everything on its course Being a strong *alkali*, the best way to combat its effects is by means of a diluted acid.

Vinegar, mixed with one half water, will answer, or lemon juice similarly diluted. Apply either of these acids freely over the surface where the lime has burned.

The same treatment is applicable in case of burns from soda, potash, ammonia, or any other alkali.

BURNS BY ACIDS.

Where concentrated acids (such as nitric, sulphuric or vitriol, etc.) come in contact with the skin, a severe burn with an ugly eschar is likely to follow, unless some remedy is immediately applied. To counteract the effects of the acid, use any alkali that may be at hand, such as soda, lime water, soap, or common earth.

In case of burns from acids or alkalies, use water freely, as every application will tend to dilute them and render them less likely to injure the skin and soft parts.

The after treatment is similar to that used for burns.

FROST BITE.

Next to scalds and burns, frost bite is most likely to occur, and to prove injurious to the skin and underlying parts.

When exposed to the cold for a long time, the blood is driven in from the surface and extremities, and the toes, nose and ears are apt to be frozen.

At the time the person may be unconscious of the fact, and it is possible to be frozen to death without being made painfully aware of the approaching danger.

In case of severe frost bite the person afflicted must be treated immediately. *Do not* take him into a warm room, but into a *cold* one. Remove the clothing carefully, so as not to break the limbs if one happens to be frozen. If there is any snow on the ground, rub the frozen part freely with it. If there is no snow, use ice water and wet cloths.

At the first sign of returning animation in the limb, the patient may be made warmer by an

extra sheet or blanket. Keep up the surface-rubbing all the time, and do not remove to a warmer room until the circulation is quite thoroughly established. Then warm cloths may be gradually applied, and stimulating drinks, such as cold tea or coffee, may be given.

Slight frost bites, such as often occur to nose and ears, must be treated on the same general plan. The parts must not be warmed, except by very slow degrees. The necessary heat is best supplied by cold applications and gentle friction.

After the doctor arrives he will take measures to prevent the skin from coming off, or mortification from setting in.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

III.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"I FELT I was in the world to do something, and thought I *must*," said Mr. Whittier, speaking to me of his early years, as we sat in his home at Oak Knoll, Danvers, before a cheerful wood-fire. This consciousness of "must" is the secret of the noble life and noble work which has impressed the very heart of the American people. While no poet has sung more lovingly of our flowers, brooks and mountains, so no other has labored so heroically for the great principles of the American Republic. To free the slave, to give woman an equal chance in the world with man, to make the nations love each other and learn war no more — these are the once unpopular principles which he has fearlessly championed.

"But," says Mr. Whittier, "it is always safe to do right; and the truest expediency is simple justice."

Mr. Whittier, now seventy-six years old, is a tall, slender man, with dark, kind eyes, winsome smile, and gentle manners. The moment he begins to talk, his self-forgetfulness shows, and his kindliness. Probably no one in this country has helped so many young writers, by kind words to editors, or by commendation of a first book. "I read a book with sympathy for the author," he says. "It is easy to tear a volume in pieces by criticism, but I try to find its merits." Many who have come up through struggles to success forget the great crowd of toilers below when they have reached the top of the mountain, but Mr. Whittier never forgets.

His boyhood was passed in Haverhill, Mass., in a lonely farmhouse half-hidden by oak woods, with no other home in sight. Here, he says, on stormy nights —

> We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
> The board-nails snapping in the frost;
> And on us, through the unplastered wall,
> Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.

Besides a brother and two sisters, there were few companions. The father was a good Quaker, one of the selectmen of the town; the mother a refined, dignified woman, fond of reading the best books. She spun and wove the linen and woollen cloth needed in the family, always finding time to teach her children from the Bible. There were only twenty volumes in the home, most of these journals of Quaker ministers; and the only fresh book for the young boy was the yearly almanac! He longed for reading, especially for books of biography and travel; and whenever he heard of a volume, he would walk miles in the snow to borrow it.

When he was fourteen, his first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, brought a volume of *Burns* to the house, and read it aloud. Little John was delighted, begged him to leave it, and lo! forthwith began to make rhymes, and to imagine stories and adventures.

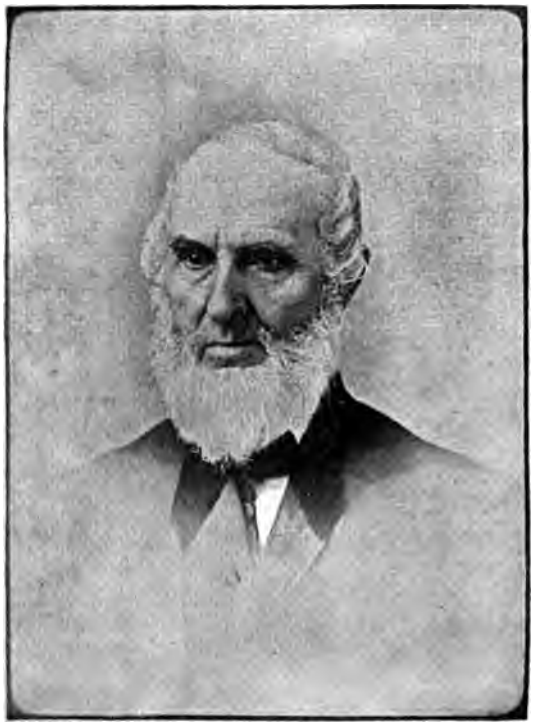
This is not the first time that a book has changed, or swollen the current of a life. Faraday would have remained a bookbinder, perhaps, if he had not read an article on electricity in a book he was binding. Robert Dick became the noted Scottish geologist from reading a book of Hugh Miller's. Between one baking and another, he often walked fifty and eighty miles, toiling at his scientific diggings and hammerings and spyings, with but a dry biscuit for food, which he moistened in brooks by the roadside.

Whittier's elder sister, Mary, encouraged him to write in the spare moments he could save from work on the farm, and errand-going for his mother; and, moreover, she sent one of his poems to the Newburyport *Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. Says Mr. Whittier:

> Some weeks afterwards, the news-carrier came along on horseback, and threw the paper out from his saddle-bags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet, and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "Poet's Corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to recall me several times to my work.

Dickens had a similar experience when, as he writes, "my first effusion, dropped stealthily one evening, at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street, appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the by — how well I recollect it — I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there."

Some time after this Mr. Garrison called at the farmhouse to see the young poet, who was at work in the fields, simply clad — like a true farmer boy — in shirt, pantaloons and straw hat. With beating heart he made himself ready to meet the editor. Mr. Garrison encouraged him, urging his father to send him to school. Young Whittier desired an education, but there was no money to procure it. "Where there is a will, there is



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

always a way," and reflecting that the young man who worked for his father in summer, made shoes in winter, he followed his example, and thus earned enough to carry him through a six-months term at the Haverhill Academy. After making provisions for his board, tuition, and books, he had twenty-five cents left in his pocket! This he *carried all* the term, not spending a cent more than he had planned at the beginning — and this instance of self-denial and self-control, really Spartan in a schoolboy, is surely a lesson in the art of success. He was popular at the Academy, for he was, even as a lad, wholly free from conceit, wholly free from egotism — two traits sure to be at once detected and despised by schoolboys. He had a fine, open face, then as now, was witty, somewhat shy, did not talk over much, and was very courteous. His memory was retentive, but from the very first he formed the habit of storing information in note books.

At the close of the term, he taught a school, and thus earned money for another six months at the Academy. After this, for some months, he edited a paper called the *American Manufacturer*, his salary being nine dollars a week; but presently we find him again at work on the farm, and writing whenever he can find time. How little there seems, at first glance, in such a life to inspire rapt or tender moods for the making of verses. His impulse was surely inborn, and from forces and fires of his own nature. Young Longfellow had literary friends with whom he could take counsel. Whittier had only his devoted sister. He still owned few books, still had little money, and was troubled and depressed by poor health. However, he worked constantly. We find him next invited to Hartford, to take charge of the *New England Weekly Review*, in the absence of the editor, George D. Prentice, afterward so well known in Kentucky. The young Quaker editor showed his sense of high-toned journalism by refusing to engage in personal bickerings or controversies, then the fashion of newspapers. After a year and a half of this life he was called home by the illness and death of his father; and again he "put his hand to the plough," literally, supporting his mother and sisters by labor on the farm, one and all working "to make both ends meet." But if this life was hard it was mellowed by the tenderest home affections. Elizabeth, the younger sister, now wrote poetry, too, thus rendering the companionship more delightful, and already fame was busy with the name so dear to her now these long years.

Garrison, meantime, poor, setting his own type, and sleeping in his office, was editing the *Liberator*, and persistently demanding the unconditional surrender of the slave. He had been imprisoned and insulted by the great, mobbed by the ignorant, yet still he kept his eyes on his motto: "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" Young Whittier, loving freedom as dearly as his friend Garrison, at last resolved to give up his projects of literary eminence, and join the "despised abolitionists" instead. He wrote and published with his own hard-earned money, an able pamphlet concerning slavery, of which Lewis Tappan of New York, presently had ten thousand copies

printed, to be distributed broadcast. It is not at all surprising to learn of a young man so fearless and so true, that he was a delegate to, and secretary of, the first National Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, in 1833, when he was but twenty-six years old, and that two years later he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. However, few journals desired his ringing poems now. Editors drew back appalled at the impassioned outcries for liberty, for action in behalf of the oppressed four millions of fellow-men.

Soon after this, appearing at Concord, N. H., with George Thompson of England, an eloquent anti-slavery speaker, the twain were mobbed by two or three hundred persons, severely bruised with stones, and barely escaping with their lives. Yet the fearless young Quaker soon went on to take charge of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, at Philadelphia. There his office was broken open by a mob, who carried his books and papers into the large hall of the building, set fire to them, turned on the gas, and then retired to watch their wild work go on, till the building lay a smouldering ruin. For a year longer he worked on the paper, till failing health compelled his return to the farm, but not to silence, or any abandonment whatever of his aims, although he had seen a mob, led by "men of property and standing," drag his old friend Garrison through the streets of Boston, with a rope around his neck, and rescued by the police, only to be thrown into jail.

In 1847 Mr. Whittier become the associate editor of the *National Era*, in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was printed as a serial. For this paper he wrote nearly a hundred poems. Ten years later, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, he was one of its ablest writers. All these years he had earned little money, but he had won enduring fame, and everywhere was reverenced as the champion of every man's inalienable rights. Certain literature may be popular for a time, and find a large sale, but only that which is written to elevate the world, has within it enduring life. Dicken's books are sure of permanence, because in them he showed the rich how wretchedly the poor are housed and fed. Victor Hugo's works will not cease to be read, because they are, one and all, impassioned pleas for liberty and justice.

Whittier's mother died in 1857, having lived to see her son come to his fame and honor. She knew that his voice had thrilled thousands of hearts; and she also knew there must be later a glorious outcome in the nation's life, from his fearless work. To the last, the devotion between mother and son was beautiful.

There has been a glorious outcome. And the poet of high courage, and deep tenderness, singing always in clear, true keys, has gone on his way from honor to honor, along peaceful and sunny heights now for many a year. On Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday, Mr. Houghton, the publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, gave a dinner in his honor. Emerson and Longfellow, Holmes and Howells, came with tender greetings, while from Lowell, Bryant, Stoddard, Aldrich, and many more, letters were read. The once "barefoot boy" was hailed the poet of the American people. Whittier's life is beautiful with the happiness of noble aims fulfilled — a life that has hinged always on that brief law, "*Dare to be true!*" Unmarried, the world has wondered if, like Washington Irving, he did not cherish the memory of some fair, sweet face. An article having appeared some time since, in a Western paper, stating that a lady, recently deceased, was the one whom Whittier loved, the poet wrote a letter to the editor, saying that the article was very interesting, but somewhat imaginative, as he had never seen the person mentioned since she was nine years old. But doubtless the poem *In School Days* was written from the heart:

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
  I hate to go above you,
Because" — the brown eyes lower fell —
  "Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
  Like her — because they love him.

"I have gotten a great deal out of life; more than most people," he said recently. When I spoke of the early struggles, here recounted, he replied, "I did not covet what was beyond my reach. I try to remember only the bright and good," and added, playfully, "I have forgotten all the mischief I did." He recalled to me the lines in *My Birthday*:

Better than self-indulgent years
  The outflung heart of youth;
Than pleasant songs in idle years,
  The tumult of the truth.

He lives in Lincoln's memorable words, "with malice toward none, and charity for all;" he is an outspoken proclaimer of total abstinence; never uses tobacco; he is modest, self-depreciative; yet thankful for his poetic gifts. Still so devoted to principle is he, so brightly yet flames the early fires, that he says, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declara-

tion of 1833, than on the title page of any book."

Thirty-six different volumes have been issued of Mr. Whittier's work; among them biography, essays, and a historical novel, *Margaret Smith's Journal.* For many years now, he has not been able to read or write for more than a half-hour at a time, yet he still accomplishes much.

Although Presidential Elector in 1860 and 1864, voting for Mr. Lincoln, and one of the founders of the Liberal Party, the early form of the present Republican Party, he has refused to participate largely in public life. He says, "I have always taken an active part in elections, but I have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office." He has been a member of the Board of Overseers for Harvard College, and a Trustee of Brown University. He is greatly loved by his townspeople, both at his home at Amesbury, and in Danvers. His books furnish a comfortable income. He is genuinely fond of children and of animals. When I saw him last, his dogs came to welcome me, one holding up a bruised paw for sympathy, while the mocking-bird talked so much louder than both of us, that Mr. Whittier was obliged to cover his cage. Such a life of cheerfulness in toil, of perseverance, such an example of unselfish allegiance to duty, such an instance of noble success won through utter devotion to high principles, is a rich legacy to the children of our country. Some one has well said, "The most valuable gift of a man or woman to this world is not money nor books, but a noble life."

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By the Next Neighbor.

XV.

A SCREW LOOSE.

YOU wanted me, Anna Maria, to go over things this morning, and decide what was best to do with them before spring cleaning. You are thinking about draperies and toilet mats, the mantel screens and corner brackets, spring dresses and Kate Greenaway aprons, with all the pretty devices a girl runs over in her mind. You want the house and its belongings just as bright and pretty as it can be with what you have. The only trouble is you don't know where to begin.

There is a story of a man who had an ambitious wife, who used to say he wanted to be rich, and his wife declared she only wanted to be "comfortably off; but he would be rich a long time before she was comfortable." Everybody wants to be artistic now where people used to be content with being comfortable. Yet I've seen plenty of folks who thought their houses artistic who would never be in reach of comfort. We will make sure of the comfort first, without leaving taste out, and I think in going over the house, we will begin at the front door.

Do you notice how loose the knob is, how it swerves in your hand as you try to turn it, and how Charlie has to twist and turn the handle two or three times in his little red-mittened hand before the door opens, when he comes from school in a hurry; and what a sense of irritation it gives one every time he or she takes the ill-conditioned thing in hand? One of these times it will come off, and there will be a day's bother for the family before it is repaired. Put a stop to all this vexation at once by finding a screw-driver and fastening the loose bolt. Life is too short, too full of better things, to have its energies wasted by such petty fret and hindrance. The time is nothing; the annoyance repeated five or six times a day for weeks is something serious in the end. Yet how many families endure such annoyances for a whole season for want of two minutes' work with a common tool, which any schoolboy or girl should be able to do.

The screw is gone? Now, you remember, you swept it up last week and threw it into the fire, thinking it wasn't worth saving. You can buy a dozen such screws for five cents, and it wasn't worth the trouble of picking up that one. Beside, if you did, it would only lie around on the mantel or window sill for weeks, and be in the way every time you dusted. You hate uninteresting trash about a house. The boys are always picking up nails and bits of lead or tin, and the consequence is that windows and shelves are decorated with such rubbish. You don't mind saving, but you don't like the litter it makes.

I sympathize with you entirely there. I knew a family where the father was punctilious about saving every nail, every scrap of string, every sheet of paper that came into the house, and I know what a burden he made life to his womenkind who liked

neat ways, and were always troubled to put away his nails and bits of wire, the nuts and rivets, the tags and strings by which his presence through the house could be traced. This fashion of saving made me hate the very idea of being careful, or of keeping little things; and it was not till I had a house of my own that I learned how valuable trifles can be, and that not the saving was to be dreaded, but the disorder. You want not only to save, but to know how to save.

For want of that tiny screw to the doorknob, you will have to find Willie, see that he is neat enough to go down town, and send him to the shop for a paper of screws. As Willie is with the rest of the boys, watching the ice break up in the river, and will have to change his boots when he comes home, and get you to sew a button on his coat, and you will have to see that his face is clean, his hair brushed, and his mittens on, and he will have to bring back samples of screws before you can get the right size, I think you will agree that it would have been less trouble to save the screw in the beginning; better still to have tightened it as soon as it came loose. But while you wait for the screws, let us provide against such awkwardness happening again. I want to give you a charm against all litter of nails and strings, all losing of screws, loss and breakage of every sort, as far as mortal can prevent. You want a light wooden tray — an old kitchen knife-box, or quarter-box for raisins will answer — with handle in the middle, and small partitions in the sides to hold things of different sizes. Have the tray finished as nicely as you can, scrubbed with sand or sandpapered, all roughness smoothed, and cracks filled. Last of all, finished with oil varnish which will not chip like spirit varnish. A neat tray that you don't object to handle is more likely to be used than a rough, grimy box no one wants to touch. In this tray you want tools: a claw-hammer large enough and heavy enough to drive a ten-penny nail, and let me tell you, though you are a girl, it is easier to drive nails with a hammer of some weight than with these foolish light tools sold "for ladies' use." Next, you need a common screw-driver, such as comes with sewing machines, and costs five cents; a larger one for obstinate screws, twenty-five cents; a gimlet for boring holes, five cents; two files, one coarse, one fine, the two costing twenty-five cents; a handsaw, fifty cents; and a good jack-knife worth twenty-five. You have a hatchet with broad blade already — as most families do — but is it sharp? If not, the kitchen grindstone will set that right. Add to these, if you choose, a kit of soldering tools, which come for women's use in a neat wooden box for fifty cents, iron, scraper, solder and resin complete. Also a glue-pot and two wooden clamps at five cents apiece, and you cannot only save the cost of repairs, which is the least consideration, but also the waiting for things which need mending, and the vexation of careless workmen and slighted work. Things have come to such a pass now that the ordinary workman will often refuse to mend a thing at all, preferring you should pay the price for a new one. As he says, "Not wanting to be bothered with repairs." I have taken my French coffee-pot to the shop to have a trifle of soldering done which would restore its usefulness, and the tinman refused to touch it. He would sell me a new pot, price two dollars and fifty cents, but he would not do twenty-five cents' worth of work on the old one. "It was too much bother to do small jobs."

I did not give up my coffee-pot, which made such incomparable coffee, but waited until I found an old-fashioned tinner who for thirty cents gave back the pot ready to last longer than a new one. It often happens that the first of any convenience manufactured, especially of patent articles, are much better made than any after, and you have better wear from an old thing mended than from a new inferior one.

Don't tell me you can't use a soldering iron or a saw. I know a dozen women as clever with such things as their brothers. If you don't know how at first, you can learn by practice; and you may as well do your own bungling and botching as pay workmen for it, and most of them botch repairs anyhow. There is nothing in the ordinary repairs of a house, in tin, wood, or iron, painting or puttying, which is not as easy for a girl or woman as half the work which falls to her proper share. For instance, the door of a closet sticks, and every time it is opened you must work and coax it, bear down on the handle or kick the panel before it will budge. I have seen families worry with a door for years without the energy to put it in order. You can see by the mark on the floor or frame what the matter is. The door needs planing off the eighth of an inch on some corner. The best way to cure it is to take it off the hinges, and have the edge planed true; but this is too heavy for you, though I have seen a slender woman take a door down, trim it with her jack-plane, and put it up in less time than one could send for a carpenter. You can remedy the trouble in an humble way by paring the corner carefully with a sharp knife, and rubbing it smooth with sandpaper. A window rattles at night, disturbing the sleep of every one near it. Whittle out two small wedges of hard wood to fit between the sash and window-frame, and the clatter is stopped.

But the question is where to find a bit of hard wood when wanted. An old slate frame was burned up last week of seasoned maple, just right for such uses. The odd block from the baby's old set would do, but that was burned too. Better keep a box to save such things. A window shade hangs awry, a distress to sight, and to the hand of

any one who wants to pull it up. Usually such things hang till the shade is half ruined. Take it down at once. Your fine screw-driver pries out the little nails easily; the little clamp which screws on the table holds roller and holland straight at one end, while you tack the other with your sure-headed hammer. A tiny rivet is wanting for the roller cap — somebody brushed it off the window sill when it fell, and thought no more about it. You can't get such a rivet short of the factory where the curtain fixtures were made; dealers do not keep them. You must put up another socket. There has been one calmly rusting on the wash-room window these three months. What a rusty, disagreeable object to touch! Boil it in your lye-can a few moments; it comes out clean and bright. The screws have worn the wood in the screw-holes, because somebody tried to pry them out with the hatchet, like nails, the last time the shades were taken down, instead of unscrewing them. Use a size larger screw. Where to find them? It seems to me that for three months I have seen screws, nails, rivets, wherever such things ought not to be — on the kitchen mantelpiece last week, on the flower-stand week before, on the window in Willie's room, or the sidelight in the hall where he tucked them before darting out to play. Of course they are not to be found now. But I'll tell you where they ought to be after this — in one of the compartments of your tray, where every such thing as a fixture, or part of a fixture, should be kept, together with tacks, brads, nuts, and all the things which are useless till they prove invaluable.

To gather these things is the use of those handy modern articles known as catchalls. Every room in the house should have one of these. A cigar-box, decorated, makes a good one to stand on the mantel and receive odds and ends, from pens to nails, old keys, bits of metal, or hard wood, waste paper, rags and strings going into a waste-basket fanciful enough to disguise the litter it contains.

Nobody wants to run to the kitchen closet and work tray with every nail, or bit of rubbish, but it is dropped in the little carved catchall and nobody the wiser till the end of the week, when all these receptacles are to be emptied, contents sorted, and each kind go to its own place, the rags to the big rag bag in the stair closet, the hardware to the scrap tray where nails of one size drop in their division, screws in theirs, nuts and bolts in their own, and pieces of seasoned hard wood go in a box by themselves, ready for the boys' jack-knives or your "Boston knife," when wanted. The use of tools will teach you the worth of such material. Have a place for it, with convenient catchalls to receive house litter, and you will find that it is better to keep a thing a dozen years till you want it, than to once want it, and be without it.

So, when Willie splits up the store boxes for kindling, teach him to draw out all the long, slender nails first, and put them away, because such nails are best for holding boards together, and are not commonly sold. That bit of hoop iron will serve to brace your trunk when it begins to gape at corners. Those little, long nails from the raisin-boxes are the only ones to tack the corners of trunk trays so that they will hold, and hold all the better for being bound with that thin brass off a foreign package you were just going to throw away. Willie wants new partitions in his insect cases. He can whittle them out of the soft wood of broken clothes pins. Or he wants to line his rabbit hutch so the inmates cannot gnaw their way through. Bricks are out of the question, but tomato cans are not. Heat them, when empty, till the solder melts, and the ends drop out, when you have square pieces of tin which need hammering or rolling flat to fit them for lining or roofing small pens. Any boy can nail these pieces around the lower part of a rabbit pen or chicken house, making it both rabbit and rat proof. And this is one of a hundred ways in which rubbish can be turned to use.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

By Edward Dewson.

XVII.

A BOY'S "CATCHALL," OR HANDY CASE FOR BOOKS, BUGS, BATS, BALLS, ETC.

THERE is no better way for a boy to spend his evenings, half-holidays, and vacations, *than in making* some useful and pretty articles of furniture for his own room, providing he has an aptitude for such work, and the mechanical ingenuity and natural patience to do it with neatness and accuracy. Yet a boy should not — if he takes pleasure in such work — become discouraged if his first attempts are not wholly attended by success, as no success comes without perseverance; and perseverance, if the love for the work be not

wanting, will inevitably bring its own reward.

The average boy is not usually blessed with overmuch room in which to bestow his many treasures — his bats, balls and marbles, his collection

SKETCH NO. 1.

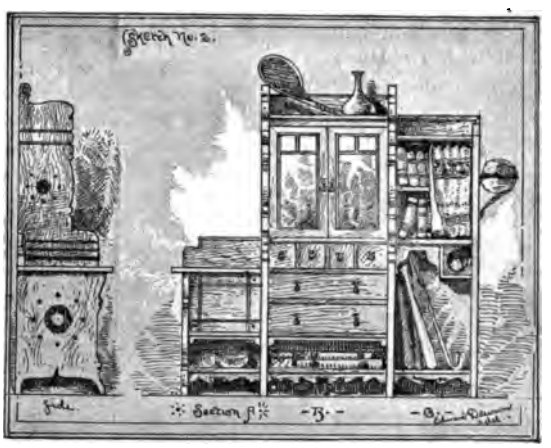
of butterflies and bugs, relics of many a pleasant tramp through field and wood, and last, but far from least important, the treasured books of tale and adventure, so dear to the heart of a genuine boy, therefore the little case or cabinet of the illustration has been contrived, for his own making, as a resting-place for all these and more, and to prove the happy truth of the old adage, "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

It may be constructed of nicely-selected pine, for this is easily obtained, is cheap, and any little mistake will not entail too much expense if the work has to be done again, and also it is easily worked, and takes a beautiful golden color when "filled," and finished with shellac. Pains must be taken not to mar the wood with tool-marks. To make a nice piece of work, you will not use any nails, but put the case together with dowels, screws, and glue.

Now look over the drawings together. *Sketch No.* 1 shows the completed case as it should look when finished and in place. The first section, *A*, (*Sketch No.* 2) is a fair-sized box with lifting cover, and a shelf beneath. This will be found handy for many odds and ends of boyish treasures too cumbersome to be stored away in drawers and boxes. *Section B* contains the specimen, or butterfly case, with a row of small drawers below, these drawers being handy receptacles for marbles, tops, twine, or like odds and ends that make a troublesome litter when thrown together in a large drawer. Two large drawers below these, and the shelf, will find their uses, without doubt. *Section C* has a couple of shelves for books, with storage room for bats, hockey sticks, etc., below; and in one corner is a small box large enough to hold two or three balls; outside of this, as the other plans will show, is a receptacle for a foot-ball, made of bent wire. This, if not a desirable addition, may be left off.

Having looked our case over in a general way, let us now go into the details of construction and finish. In *Sketch No.* 2 will be found all the general measurements. The figuring and lettering on the *Detail Sketch* all refer to this drawing. We will first get out the stock for the side-pieces of the various sections, four in number, and two of them — those belonging to *Section B* — of exactly the same size and shape. These should be of one and one fourth inch stock, and of the dimensions given in *Detail Sketch No.* 3. Mark out carefully the simple outline indicated for each piece, using a piece of charcoal, so the line may be easily wiped out and corrected if unsatisfactory. Go over the corrected outline with a soft pencil to preserve them, and then saw them out. This must be done with care, to keep the edges even and true, using either a draw tool or small saw on the finer outlines.

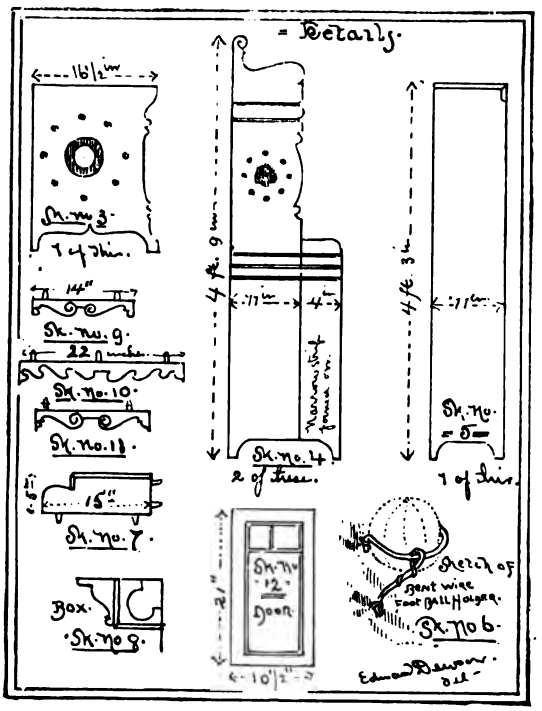
The half-trefoil on side of *Section A* at the bottom should be drawn with a compass, or scribing tool, and cut with a hand scroll-saw; and the sim-



SKETCH NO. 2.

ple pattern on the sides should first be marked out with a compass, the larger hole carefully cut out with a sharp tool to the depth of one fourth inch. The smaller holes, surrounding it, bore out to about the same depth with a small auger-bit.

The straight line decoration on sides of *Sections B* and *C* are first neatly lined with a pencil, and then cut with a sharp tool, one fourth inch wide, and about as deep. The cover of *Section A* should be of seven eighths inch stock, and should project fully an inch over the side and front. The back piece, on which the hinges are fastened, should be



SKETCH NO. 3.

two and one half inches wide. This will allow ample room for the back board, and give to the cover, when open, sufficient slant to lean easily against the wall. This piece should be well glued and doweled into place, and two neat brass hinges set in, to hold the cover. The bottom of box and bottom shelf of this same section are of same thickness as top, firmly doweled and glued into place. The front panel is of same thickness, and cut to fit exactly into place, doweled and glued. The small jig-saw patterns at bottom of *Sketches No.* 8, 9, 10, are cut from one half inch stock, and glued on firmly. *Section A* is now ready to attach to the side piece of *Section B*. This must be neatly and firmly done with dowels and glue.

In *Section B* first get out the top, centre and bottom shelves, as well as the narrow strip division for the drawers; these last need not run back more than three inches, excepting for the row of small drawers. This division should run entirely *from front to back, the* same as the shelves. The thickness of all the shelving is the same throughout. Having framed together our sides with the centre and bottom shelves, and drawer partitions, next place the two narrow uprights, on which the doors are to be hung, in position. These are one half inch wide and firmly doweled and glued into sides; the doors are hung with simple brass hinges and made to lap one over the other on one fourth inch rebate, and shutting against an upright post about three fourths inch square. Glue a strip one inch wide and one half inch thick around the sides and back piece, for the top to rest upon and be fastened to, by one fourth inch dowels, and glued; this strip should, for further security, be fastened by a number of small screws. Space will not allow the details of construction of drawers; but if the lad will look at any well-made drawer, he will easily find out for himself.

We have already got out the side for the book shelves and bat holder, *Section C*, and have only to dowel and glue shelves firmly into place, put the back boards in position, having got them out the size and shape shown by *Sketches* 7 *and* 8.

Now our case is well framed together and it only remains for us to finish various small details. After fitting a one fourth inch shelf into the specimen case midway, the next move is to line the whole of the specimen case and the two long drawers beneath with thin, flat pieces of cork about one eighth inch in thickness. First apply to the whole surface to be covered, a thin coating of hot glue, fitting in the piece of cork while the glue is hot; rub well into place, and apply an even pressure, to be left until the glue is thoroughly "set;" when this is done cover all the cork with nice white paper, applied with flour paste. Frame up the door as shown in *Sketch No.* 12, of one half inch stock, setting the glass in from the front into a narrow rebate. Then glue a narrow moulding on the outside to prevent the glass from falling out. Hang the door with brass hinges and fit a small lock into place; then dowel neatly into place the under brackets, *Nos.* 9, 10, 11, in their respective positions, place pretty brass pulls on all the drawers, and the case is nearly ready for finishing.

In the book case *Section* 6, the simplest way of arranging the shelves is to bore a row of one fourth inch holes front and back and at both sides, and fit little pegs into these for two shelves to rest on. These may be raised or lowered by changing the positions of the pegs. Make a little box as shown, of one fourth inch stock, fasten this neatly with small screws into the left-hand upper corner of the bat holder under the lower shelf; this is to hold the base and hockey balls. The back of the case may be made of narrow strips of one fourth inch sheathing, held in by screws.

Fill the woodwork thoroughly with a good filler; Wheeler's is good. After it is wholly dry, go over the case with a good coat of white shellac, and

when dry, rub it down carefully with powdered pummice stone, oil and emery cloth. A second coat of shellac carefully rubbed down, will result in a rich golden brown hue, that will improve with age. This case, when complete, will cover a small space of four feet nine inches by three feet three inches.

In buying stock, select the best pine for all portions that will show. Get the stock well planed and smooth it down.

If made by a carpenter, twenty-five dollars would be the smallest payable price for a good job, so that the price named is not at all excessive for a really good thing.

This case being somewhat elaborate is intended both in design and instructions here given, for those boys who have a fair knowledge of construction, and some ideas as to the best way to set about it; and it must be borne in mind although pine is soft and easily worked, it is also easily soiled and injured by tool marks more readily than the harder woods.

The general schedule of material and cost given below will be found useful in buying.

SCHEDULE OF COSTS, ETC.

50 feet, 7-8 inch pine, 25 " 1-2 " } at 6c per foot,	$4.50
Sawing, if done at a mill, about	1.50
Finishing and filling the wood in four coats, about 1 quart of shellac, etc.,	1.50
Hardware, locks, hinges, drawers, pulls, etc., etc.,	1.50
Glass for doors,	.50
Cork, paper, glue, etc., about	1.50
Total,	$11.00

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

ETHEL S. "Please tell me how to clean bronzes. My sister has a pair of bronze statues with ebony bases, and while she was in New Orleans the chambermaid put a piece of cocoa butter on one of them, not knowing that it would soil it, and she also wiped it off with a wet cloth." If the articles are really bronze, take the grease out with magnesia, or weak soda water, and a sponge, rinsing with beer; then restore the color with bronze powder of the right shade, which you will find at a metal worker and burnisher's, or at a large paint dealer's. If the articles are imitation bronze, touch the spot with alcohol or wipe with yolk of egg, and apply bronze powder.

MAGGIE. "Will horse hairs kept in water become snakes?" No; a small snake closely resembling a hair, with no head or tail to be seen without a magnifying glass, is found in streams and springs, and has raised the belief that it sprang from a hair, which in some mysterious way became vivified.

QUIZ. 1. "A week or two ago the boys at school brought in some little frogs from a shallow pond, which were about the size of a three cent piece, smaller than any little toads I ever saw. Now, I thought all frogs developed from tadpoles, and find nothing to the contrary in an encyclopædia. Can you tell me about them?" Frogs sometimes pass the tadpole state in the egg, and are hatched perfect, especially when they have been exposed to drouth. Are you quite sure whether it was a frog or a toadlet that the boys found? Young toads are extremely small.

2. "What will prevent the skin from growing tight to the base of the finger nails? In trying to loosen it, I make it rough and homely and sometimes make a rough place in the nail, which is a long time going off. If I let it be, it cracks at the side and is sore." Cut the ragged skin away with sharp, fine scissors, and rub the nails and finger joints with vaseline or olive oil, before going to bed. Repeat every night and morning till healed, then daily in drying the hands, press the skin from the base of the nails with the forefinger nail or a tiny ivory knife for the purpose. The cracking and soreness shows an irritable condition of the blood; using the vaseline will soon improve the nails. You can remove roughness by polishing them with fine emery and nail powder.

3. "Mr. Hale says it is almost impossible to make a European comprehend the difference between Local and National government. Then he goes on to speak of the instance which he noticed when visiting the English Parliament, when the question was discussed, as to what should be done for a school-mistress who had been injured by a falling blackboard.

"Does Parliament usually attend to such petty matters, or had this case been referred from some lower tribunal?" The case in question had undoubtedly come up from some lower court. Dublin and Edinburgh are merely seats of administrative power, and carry out the laws framed by the home or London government. They have no more to do with the government of Ireland or Scotland, than New York City has with the affairs of the State. As Richard Smyth says, "In the constitution of the United Kingdom, despotic power lies in Parliament, and any grievance which defies the ordinary

remedies of law can be redressed by Parliament."

4 "I have seen a picture of the Parliament house in Ottawa. Would not any laws enacted there be considered local government? I do not presume to criticise, but would like to understand more about it." We are not to understand that there is no local government in English provinces, but their rights are entirely subordinate to the will of Parliament, and they have no right to decide exceptional cases or to devise modifications of law to meet such cases. Their business is to apply the laws already formed by Parliament to meet the wants of their particular counties and constituents.

BERTHA M. C. wants the post-office address of three or four popular authors whose names she gives. I am sorry, but I must decline to give any such addresses. Public people and writers are very busy persons, and no one has any right to intrude on their time with requests for autographs or letters of idle interest or curiosity, and if you have any real business with the ladies named, you can address them in care of their publishers. If you admire the work of authors so much that you can't rest without saying so, why don't you write your good opinion to their publishers? That would be doing a writer some real good, for such letters have weight. An editor of large experience was in the habit of saying that if six people thought enough of a writer for his journal to write how much they were pleased with his or her work, that author was marked as valuable to the paper and was likely to be permanently engaged. Instead of taking up the overfilled time of busy, working persons with an apology for writing at all, and telling how you have often thought you would like to know them, and how much you should prize a letter in return and all that stuff, which authors receive from a hundred silly nobodies a week, and on which they all are ready to cry out "bore," why don't you write to their publisher, saying in a modest way that you are very much pleased with such and such articles or books, and hope to have more to read from the same authors. That would be something they would thank you for, in their heart of hearts. If you like a book, send your compliments to the publisher always — not to the author.

GERTIE M. 1. Use cretonne of warm, dark colors, lined with red or olive silesia for winter window curtains to your bedroom. I cannot recommend the cotton flannel so much used, as it fades badly. The deep, all red German damask used for tablecloths is much liked for draperies, as it washes and lasts better than anything else.

2. The simplest decorations for cake are the prettiest; a beading of pearly sugar plums on the edge. Guipure lace patterns are pencilled on the plain frosting and followed with a tracery of lines of frosting pressed from a paper horn filled with the mixture, or put on with a confectioner's syringe. White leaves and ornaments are sold by fancy bakers for decorating cake, and can be used more than once, as they are not to be eaten. A cluster of phantom leaves is very pretty on cake, or bunches of white currants crystallized. Crescents of lemon and orange peel dipped in frosting, or coral sprays in rough sugar seeds, which are easy to arrange.

LOU VERNON. The poem, which you desired, "Rock of Ages," is to be found in *Songs of Sunshine and Shadow*, by Maud Moore, published by D. Lothrop & Co., price $1.25.

JESSIE J. can find a list of Mrs. Mulock-Craik's works at the public library in her town, or on the list of Franklin Square Novels.

SUBSCRIBER. Skeletonize leaves by soaking or boiling them to loosen the pulp from the fibres. Beat them gently and wash in several waters, then bleach with a weak solution of chloride of lime. The process is too delicate to be described briefly, but these hints will guide you.

DAISY. 1. A girl of sixteen ought to be able to earn $75 to take her to school, but if she wishes neither to teach or to work out, and has no artistic skill, she will hardly be sure of finding any employment except sewing and dressmaking.

2. Chloe is pronounced *Klo-e*.

FLORA J. P. 1. The United States flag was chosen by Congress June 14, 1777.

2. A letter written by a Roman of Judea, in the time of Christ, describes him as being rather fair, "the color of wheat." The disciples, being Jewish, had doubtless the dark complexion which accompanies Hebraic features.

3. Fishes can hear, and it is a favorite trick of musicians to draw them in shoals to the side of a boat by playing a flute with one end in the water.

R. T. H. This page has not room for examples in common arithmetic. Ask your teacher for an explanation.

A. B. C. 1. Cherryburn is a pretty name for a place with a spring and a cherry orchard. Summerside and Summerest are names given to cherry orchard homes.

2. You can become a good conversationalist only by having plenty to talk about. Lay up all the interesting, droll and kindly things you read and hear, think before you meet people what you can say to them that will be kind or pleasant, and practice, by being just as entertaining as you know how to any and every person you talk to.

3. The sulphate of quinine ointment sold by druggists is recommended to make eyelashes grow.

L. M. W. Send to the publishers for the back numbers or odd numbers of any magazine. You will find the address and the price on the first page of the cover.

THE WISE BLACKBIRD.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

By Arthur Gilman.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LADY REBECCA, AND SOME OTHER WIVES.

WHEN I think of the efforts to establish colonies in our country, I hear ringing in my ears certain lines of verse. I think again of little Virginia Dare breathing out her gentle young life and leaving her tender body to be buried beneath the sands of a Southern shore. With her vanishes the only representative of childhood in that day that I have heard of. Then it is that the air sings to me:

> A dreary place would be this earth
> Were there no little people in it;
> The song of life would lose its mirth,
> Were there no children to begin it.
>
> The sterner souls would grow more stern,
> Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
> And man to stoic coldness turn,
> And woman would be less than woman.

I remember that not only were there no children among the early Pathfinders, but, as I have told you, seldom did a woman trust herself in the little boats with which her husband or brother or lover embarked to find his fortune in the wondrous New World. It was accident that carried Anne Dorset away from her English home. Love impelled Isabella Bovadilla to follow De Soto, and we may presume to say that the mother of Virginia Dare crossed the ocean from the same powerful motive. These were exceptions to the rule, and after Virginia Dare died, there were no women among the colonists for a long time. It is this fact which lends interest to the story of the Lady Rebecca and some other wives, that I am now to tell you. Perhaps I ought to speak of the other wives before the Lady Rebecca, but I shall not.

The most of my story relates to the fifteen years that followed the death of Queen Elizabeth; long and dreary years to Raleigh, who was pining in the Tower of London, where he had been confined by his jealous sovereign, King James, of whose reign he would otherwise have been one of the most brilliant ornaments. At the end of this tedious imprisonment, in the year 1618, Raleigh's head was cut off by the executioner, and we may suppose that the king tried to make himself believe that he felt happier, when he reflected that he had put out of the way one whom he feared as much as he should have honored him. It was not necessary for King James to emigrate to a childless world, as the verses suggest, that he should turn to stoic coldness; fear of a great subject and subserviency to a foreign king were powerful enough to embolden him to this heartless deed.

Treacherous and cruel as King James was to Raleigh, he was the one who gave the charters to the two companies that made permanent settlements in America. They were in Virginia and Massachusetts. It happened that the enterprising and intelligent men of England were obliged by circumstances to engage in establishing colonies in America. Among them was the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham. We find many persons bearing titles among those who, at about this time, turned their attention westward. Any enterprise that is taken up by such people in England becomes popular, and we should not be surprised to be told that a great many men entered into the schemes for colonization with ardor, when Sir this and Lord that allowed it to be known that they were interested in them.

King James is the person to whom we owe the translation of the Bible that is still in general use, in spite of the fact that a new one has just been made which most scholars consider better. He is known in history as the Wise Fool, the Solomon of England, and by other titles of the same sort. The historian Macaulay says that he was two persons, a well-read scholar and a drivelling idiot;

which is pretty strong language, but he did so many foolish acts that it does not seem too forcible. In the year 1606, he showed both sides of his character. A few months after the land had been stirred up by the famous Gunpowder Plot, the king issued the patent that led to the founding of British civilization in America, and it was so generous in its terms that we can hardly believe that it was not dictated to him by some one of his wiser courtiers. A few weeks later, he had a visit from a royal relative from Denmark, and obtaining a good grant from parliament, he set his people an example of riotous excess. So great was his influence, that ladies were seen to roll about London in a state of intoxication, and a letter-writer of the day says somewhat confidentially, "I will now, in good sooth, declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got all out of our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil were contriving every man should blow himself up by wild riot, excess and devastation of time and temperance." The "wise fool" was not a whit behind his subjects, if he were not actually worse than they in the indulgence of dissipation at his royal residence called Theobalds. It was at this place that he gorged himself with table delicacies, at times lying in bed all the day for the purpose. It was there that he filled his body with wine, and then wrote his Counterblaste against Tobacco, for he had taken a great dislike to the Virginian weed. The counsels of such a king could not have much influence, for while he denounced one indulgence he encouraged a worse by his outrageous example, and naturally the use of tobacco kept on increasing. People liked to "drink" tobacco, as they said, and they seem to fancy it no less now than they did then. Thus it was that King James appeared to his people as the well-read scholar writing a judicious charter for a new colony that was to grow to be a great nation, and also as the drivelling idiot dissipating his time and squandering the substance of his people in riotous living that would have been disreputable in the meanest of his subjects.

The king's charter for Virginia was signed in the spring of 1606, and all summer preparations were pushed forward for the momentous expedition. Ships were fitted out, and provisioned for a voyage that was certainly to be long, but how long, no one was wise enough to tell. We can imagine the interest that was excited by these doings. On all sides, men and women were talking about the wonderful country. Doubtless some had seen a play acted the year before in which the land had been described as already full of Englishmen, as being rich in gold, precious stones and the less valuable metals, as a place where life was all that the most luxurious could desire, and to which a direct wind would safely waft the seamen. It was a land to satisfy the desires of the dissolute, the lazy, the ambitious, and when the promoters of the colony that was to sail, gathered together the emigrants, a week before Christmas, they found on the decks of their three ships more than a hundred men, of whom one half were "gentlemen" of broken fortune and no character to speak of, and only about a dozen were laborers able to till the soil with intelligence. The company gave the party orders to explore the country, to sail up the rivers, to find an entrance to the rivers Volga and Dwina, and the great Eastern sea, and under no circumstances were they to offend "the naturals," as they called the native inhabitants of the country.

As the preparations had advanced, the interest had increased in London, until all the scholars, all the merchants and statesmen, and most of the laboring classes were talking of nothing else with so much earnestness. Even the poets and literary men stopped to say their word of sympathy, and all united in the prayers uttered for the welfare of the emigrants and in the sentiments expressed by the poet Drayton, when he wrote—

> You brave, heroic minds,
> Worthy your country's name,
> That honor still pursue,
> Whilst loitering hinds
> Lurk here at home with shame,
> Go, and subdue!
>
> Britons, you stay too long,
> Quickly aboard bestow you,
> And with a merry gale
> Swell your stretched sail
> With vows as strong
> As the winds that blow you.

It was the first of January before the cliffs of England disappeared from the view of the voyagers, and it was not until the end of the following April that the coast of Virginia was reached. The next month a settlement was begun on the site of Jamestown (named for the king), and it became the first successful attempt of its kind, though the colony passed through many trials. The savages gave them trouble at times, and there were dissensions among members of their own ill-assorted community. The number of workers was very small, and the gentlemen who had come out as a "speculation," as we might say nowadays, were disappointed that they found none of the gold and precious stones that they had supposed were to be gained so readily. At one time they had only one left of five or six hundred hogs, unfriendly Indians having killed many of them, there was not a hen or a chick in the fort, and all the horses had been slaughtered for food. Of the men, it was said that they were of such "distempered bodies and infected minds," that no example of goodness or of punishment could deter them from their habitual impieties, or terrify from a shameful death. It was no wonder that Captain John Smith, who was

the foremost man of the colony, wrote home, "When you send again, I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths and diggers-up of trees' roots, well provided, rather than a thousand of such as we have."

But even in their poor state, they had a "church." It was made by hanging a portion of an old sail to three or four trees as a shade from the sun. The walls were simply wooden rails, the seats were unhewed trees, and the pulpit was formed by nailing a piece of rough timber to two trees. In bad weather the congregation was removed to "an old rotten tent." After a while, they were able to build a barn-like structure, the top and sides of which were covered with sedge and earth, and they probably thought the change was a very pleasant one to it from the old tent or the overshadowing awning. The houses of the people were not much better than their church.

From the first, the colonists had been in contact with the Indian inhabitants, and they dignified their rulers with the high-sounding titles borne by European sovereigns at the time. If a woman were at the head of the affairs of a tribe, she was called an empress; if the head person were a man, he was known as an Emperor or king, and of course, their children were princes and princesses.

Their rude homes were honored with the name of Courts, and a glamor was thrown upon the condition of the natives that has not been entirely dissipated by the passage of two centuries and a half.

Among the Indian rulers was one known as Powhatan. Captain Smith fell into his hands once when he was on an exploring expedition, and was apparently very well treated. Powhatan had a family, of princes and princesses of course, one of whom has become historic. She appears first as a little girl of ten or twelve years of age, playing in the irregular streets of Jamestown with the little English boys, and indulging in many pastimes that we never suppose princesses permit themselves to enjoy, at least in the company of those who can boast no royal pedigree. When Captain Smith had gone to England and wished to magnify his experience among the savages, as he had been accustomed to magnify his doings in other parts of the world (for he had had wild adventures in Egypt, Hungary and other foreign countries), he wrote a book in which he gave a story to the effect that at one time he had been about to have his brains dashed out by Powhatan, and had been saved by little Pocahontas, who threw herself upon him just as the great Indian club was about to fall. He seems to have forgotten that in his first account of his adventures he had represented Powhatan as very kind to him, and not at all likely to wish him killed.

One writer tells us that the name Pocahontas meant "Little wanton," and her acts seem to give us some reason to believe that his interpretation was correct. However, that makes no difference. Many a person in our day has grown up to be staid enough who was trifling as a child, and shall we expect more of the little Indian maid than we do of a Christian child? Captain Smith sent her presents and she was a frequent visitor at the new town of the white strangers. When she was about

THE YOUNG WOMEN FROM ENGLAND.

fourteen years old, it is said that she journeyed one dark night through the woods to let the pale faces know that her savage father meditated vengeance upon them, and that Powhatan was so incensed at her conduct that she was afraid to go home for a time at least.

When Pocahontas was seventeen years of age, she was taken by the whites and kept on one of their ships, and it proved a turning point in her history, for there, one of the men, John Rolfe, fell in love with her, taught her the rudiments of Christianity and the next year made her his wife. Rolfe is described as "an honest and discreet" young Christian who had heard voices in the Virginia woods — the beautiful Virginia woods — calling upon him to lead the blind Indians into the right

path, and he began his efforts with this "unregenerated maiden." At the proper time she was baptized and named Rebecca, which means "of enchanting beauty." A font was hewn out of the trunk of a tree, and probably in such a church as we have described, the dusky beauty openly renounced idolatry and was admitted into the membership of the Church of England. At her marriage, which was performed with the approval of her father, she was given away by one of her uncles, and made the proper responses in a style of broken English that must have been very charming, at least to John Rolfe. The friendship of Powhatan was ensured by this marriage, and the colony did not suffer from the Indians for a long time.

The Indians of that time appear to me to have been a nobler, handsomer type of humanity than those with which we become acquainted when we visit our Western wilds, and I look with the most romantic interest upon this wedding that those who saw it thought promised a general mingling of the races and a prophecy of peace and happiness. It was not to be so.

Pocahontas was a worthy wife, so far as we know, and Rolfe a pattern husband, but when they left the woods and meadows of the fresh New World and sailed for the crowded capital of Britain and entered the artificial atmosphere of court life, as they did in 1616, the child of Nature pined and died at the early age of twenty-two. A few weeks before her death the Lady Rebecca attended the theatre and saw one of the masques of Ben Jonson, which much pleased her. She was presented at court by Lady De la Ware, and it is significant of the feelings of the time that after it was known in England that Rolfe, a subject, had married a princess, it was gravely discussed in the Council whether he had not been guilty of high treason in so doing. The Lady Rebecca was about to sail from home when she died, but she left a son, Thomas, thought to have been named for Sir Thomas Dale, governor of Virginia, who survived and was afterwards looked upon with pride by some Virginians as their ancestor.

It was not strange that Rolfe should have fallen in love with the beautiful Indian maiden. Not all of the colonists were able to find wives, as he did, however, and as women did not seem to come from England readily, a scheme was formed to supply the other and better half of the social power.

Children were sent out from England — "starving boys and girls picked up in the streets of London," and one Owen Evans, a venturesome Englishman, began boldly to kidnap young women to ship to Virginia. So much terror did he spread among that class of people that many fled from their homes and hid themselves until they thought that danger was past. In due time, however, the company that had charge of the colony took the matter into its own hands and made arrangements for shipping boys and girls to be apprenticed to the inhabitants. One hundred were sent out in 1618, and more followed, and they were carefully provided for.

Finally the happy thought struck some one that young women might be sent out and selected on their arrival by those who wished to make them wives The Company entered upon the work, sending at first twelve on one ship, and then on another, enough more to bring the total up to fifty.

They wrote that extraordinary care and diligence had been exercised in the choice, none being sent of whom there had not been had "good testimony of their honest life and carriage," and the hope was expressed that they should be "received with the same Christian piety and charity as they were sent."

One would think that the settlers might have looked askance at this method of furnishing them with "help-meets," as they are sometimes called by mistake, but they all thought (as wise men will think) that a good wife is one of the best gifts of God, and that they ought to accept her in whatever way she should come. The Company guaranteed both the young women and young men freedom in choosing their partners, and provision was made for those who did not find any husbands to whom they felt willing to trust their happiness.

If a bachelor saw fit to take one of the Company's maidens, he was obliged to pay one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco for her, or rather to refund the expenses of bringing her over seas. If any of a particular lot happened to die on the passage, the cost to the marrying men was increased enough to make the aggregate equal to what it would have been had the full number arrived and been married.

Thus was this company of our Pathfinders successful in establishing itself on the Virginian coast. Thus was the colony furnished with the pleasant society of children, and thus did the Lady Rebecca and some other wives give joy and comfort to the young colonists who pined for the delights of home, for home was home, even two centuries and a half ago and in the wilderness of a strange land.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

By Dr. D. A. Sargent.

IV.

THE BLOOD AND ITS VESSELS.

THE blood is the principle source of vitality. It is composed of a thin watery fluid filled with little red and white cells called corpuscles.

These corpuscles range in size from one-twenty-five-hundreth to one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and there are more than fifty billions of them in the human body. The total amount of blood in the whole system is equal to about one eighth the weight of the body. The red corpuscles are composed largely of oxygen, which is essential to the life of all parts of the body.

FIG. 1.

The blood is distributed throughout the body by a system of closed tubes. Beginning with one great branch at the heart, this is gradually divided and subdivided into smaller branches, until they terminate in a fine meshwork of tubes called capillaries. These capillaries are so numerous that it is impossible to prick any part of the body with the finest needle without wounding some of them. The blood which is sent from the heart through these tubes (arteries) is ladened with oxygen and is termed *arterial* blood.

As soon as it gets into the capillaries their walls are so thin as to allow the constituents of the blood to pass through them and mingle with the surrounding tissues. In so doing certain chemical changes take place in which the oxygen of the blood is consumed, and carbonic acid produced.

Blood which has lost its oxygen is no longer fit for the nourishment of the body, and it must be sent back to the heart and lungs, where it gives up part of its carbonic acid, and gets a new supply of oxygen.

To carry the blood back to the heart, another system of tubes (veins) is necessary. These begin with the capillaries and gradually grow larger and larger until they terminate in two large trunks which empty into the heart. The blood thus returned is called *venous* blood, and differs from *arterial* blood in its dark red appearance.

The *arterial* blood is bright red, and inasmuch as it is sent directly from the heart, it gushes out in spurts if any of the arteries are wounded.

As the blood is so essential to life and health, any accident which occasions its loss to a great extent, must be regarded as more or less serious.

How to prevent excessive bleeding in case of injury is something which every one should know. For a person might bleed to death before medical aid could be procured.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.

This is the most common and the least dangerous of accidents to blood vessels, but sometimes the bleeding is persistent, and needs to be checked. The best way of doing this is to apply cold water to the neck and face. Hold a sponge saturated with cold water to the nostrils, or if this does not succeed, dissolve a little alum in a basin of water and inject or sniff some of this up the nostrils. Hold the head back and do not attempt to blow the nose.

BLEEDING FROM INJURY TO THE LIMBS OR BODY.

In case of a wound where there is considerable bleeding use cold applications freely. Small pieces of ice wrapped in a handkerchief are excellent. Before and after such applications can be obtained rely upon pressure immediately over the parts wounded.

If in the hand or arm hold it above the head ir a vertical position. If in the foot or leg lie upon the back and elevate it above the body. In both cases you will lessen the flow of blood through the wound.

If the bleeding still continues you must try and discover its immediate source and check it.

If the blood is bright red in color, and flows in jets, you may know that an artery has been injured. In this case you must endeavor to stop the flow by exerting pressure upon the artery between the wound and the heart. Nothing is better for this purpose than the pressure which can be applied by bandaging.

FIG. 2.

If you have an elastic cord, or pair of elastic suspenders, wind these tightly around the limb, one layer above the other, so that the bandage will press the artery firmly. If you have no elastic, use common cloth, but put one layer above the

other for several thicknesses, and when you have carefully secured them, pour cold water on the bandage to shrink it. If you can locate the artery, a stone tied in a handkerchief or a hard knot placed over it, and firmly tied, will sometimes relieve the hemorrhage. But unless you know exactly where the wounded artery is, pressure applied in this way will sometimes do more harm than good.

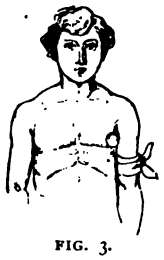


FIG. 3.

Now a few words as to the location of some of the important arteries likely to be tributary to a wound.

BLEEDING FROM THE HAND OR ARM.

If the finger or thumb is injured, pressure on the sides of each will usually cover the arteries of those parts (*fig.* 1).

Profuse bleeding from a wound in the hand may sometimes be checked by pressure over the artery on the thumb side of the wrist, where the pulse is usually felt (*fig.* 2).

If not, then pressure exerted on the inner side of the upper arm by gripping the muscle so that the fingers will cover the artery, pressure by a tight bandage, or by a block of wood or a stick placed under the arm (*fig.* 3) will tend to stop the flow of blood to all parts below the elbow.

FIG. 4.

BLEEDING FROM THE FOOT OR LEG.

Dangerous hemorrhage from injuries to the foot or leg may be checked by pressure over the large artery on the inner side of the thigh (*fig.* 4).

This may be applied by the fingers or thumbs, but as their strength would soon be exhausted, it is better to rely upon the bandage. To get this tight enough put a stick or cane under the bandage, and twist it around until the bleeding stops.

BLEEDING FROM THE HEAD OR FACE.

Bleeding from a wound in the head or face may be arrested by pressure applied over the artery at the front side and base of the neck just above the collar bone (*fig* 5).

If the injured person faint either from the loss of blood, or from sight of it, or from emotional disturbance caused by witnessing the excitement of others, put him in a reclining position, with the head low and the extremities slightly elevated. As a general rule, do not administer spirits of ammonia, brandy or other stimulants, as they excite the action of the heart and may increase the hemorrhage.

Do not attempt to dress the wound with old rags, flour, whiting, clay, etc., as these substances interfere with the natural, healing process.

Continued pressure is the best means of stopping the bleeding; the dressing had better be left for the doctor to attend to. A clean pocket handkerchief, or a piece of linen or cotton moistened with cold water may be placed over the injury to protect it from the air, and a pad of the same material may be used with advantage under the bandage to keep the edges of the wound together and help arrest the flow of blood.

It must be remembered that a very little blood mingled with water will cause considerable coloration, and lead one to think that more blood is being lost than really is. You must not allow yourself to be deceived by false appearances, and thus lose your self possession. You must show no sign of excitement, but work quickly and with a clear knowledge of what you want to do.

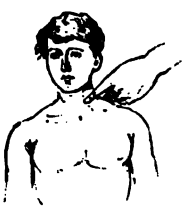


FIG. 5.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

IV.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

It was about twenty years ago that a poor young man, in Philadelphia, started, in the southwest part of the city, a Sunday-school, in a shoemaker's shop. Saloons were on every corner round about. Rough men fought and stoned each other in the streets, and murders were not uncommon.

"You will probably lose your life!" said his friends, trying to dissuade him.

But that young man had become a Christian. The highest love always renders us heroic, and

forgetful of self. Young Wanamaker's sunny face, his warm grasp of the hand, made him immediately seem a friend to the roughest man he accosted.

His school grew in numbers, and was moved into a tent. While the young men of his time enjoyed their leisure, the encouraged superintendent, laboring all day to earn his bread, went on gladly giving his evenings and his Sabbaths to lifting the lowly; year by year his hope, and his faith, and the school grew. One after another the saloons disappeared. Pleasant homes were built in their places. The years still went on. By and by a beautiful stone structure arose, with these words graven on its front: *A Little Child Shall Lead Them.* On Sundays three thousand scholars gathered in the spacious assembly room. This room was of itself attractive, with its frescoes of blue and gold, and its cool silvery fountain in the centre. Presently, too, the adjoining church was built for the twelve hundred members which had grown up from the Sabbath-school, the poor young man, now a millionnaire, giving sixty thousand dollars as his thank-offering for God's blessing on his work.

The last time I stood in Bethany Sunday-school and heard the exquisite music, and listened to the dying message of one of the boys, "Thank the superintendent for the help he has been to me," I bowed my head in gratitude that here and there, like a beacon light, there shines out an ideal life like that superintendent's to inspire noble aspirations in others — noble aspirations and courage to undertake Christian work.

John Wanamaker was born in 1838. His parents were Christian people, but they were poor, and all his early life was a struggle with poverty. Of a summer morning, before school-time, little John turned five hundred bricks for his father, that they might dry in the sun, thus earning two cents each day. When a mere boy, he worked in a bookstore at a dollar and a quarter a week, walking four miles each morning and evening to do it, often buying a two-cent dinner — a cup of milk and a biscuit, that he might save the more money for his mother. A good boy he, be sure, who would undertake four-mile walks and two-cent dinners to earn money for his mother!

"Her smile was like a bit of heaven," he once said to me, "and it never faded out of her face to her dying day." If a kiss from Benjamin West's mother made him a painter, the smile of John Wanamaker's mother gave the inspiration and cheer which have made him the warm-souled "Merchant Prince."

By and by the cheerful lad obtained a place in a clothing store at a dollar and a half a week. There he soon won the approval of his employer, because he determined to be "the best in whatever he had in hand." This sort of ambition has been the keystone of many a bridge over which boys have passed from penury to plenty.

Balzac, the French author, when urged by his father to enter law, because in literature one must be either king or hodman, replied, "Very well; I will be king."

The boy's first intellectual stimulus was from hearing a sermon which he did not understand. Writing down all the difficult words, he looked up the meaning of each in the dictionary, as soon as opportunity offered. Not content simply to sell goods, at eighteen, with another lad, he published a paper called *Everybody's Journal*, he soliciting the advertisements and serving the subscribers. The partnership could not be other than harmonious, as he did all the labor. Until he was nearly twenty-three years of age, he worked on in the store, every week carrying his money to his parents. Does this seem business folly and weakness to any of you? Well, I have never known son or daughter who obeyed the fifth commandment to go unrewarded.

And now the work of the Bethany Sunday-school was begun. There was but one life to live, and how could he make the most of it? Full of the reaching, leaping strength and the unlimited enthusiasms of youth, he was yet deeply meditative and reflective. Should he study for the ministry? He pondered the subject. Then, instead, he considered men like George H. Stuart and William E. Dodge, prominent business men who had done honor to Christianity in their daily deeds, preaching a noble and very convincing gospel in all their dealings, great and small. Surely there was as sore need for consecrated business men, on 'Change and in the counting-room, in these days of marvellous commerce with the ends of the earth, as in the pulpit.

On his twenty-third birthday he had decided. It was then, I think, that he wrote over his name the resolutions which have governed his life. He said, "I will embark in the clothing business, because I understand it, and I will let nobody dissuade me from my purpose." Two of his mottoes were these:

"*He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.*"

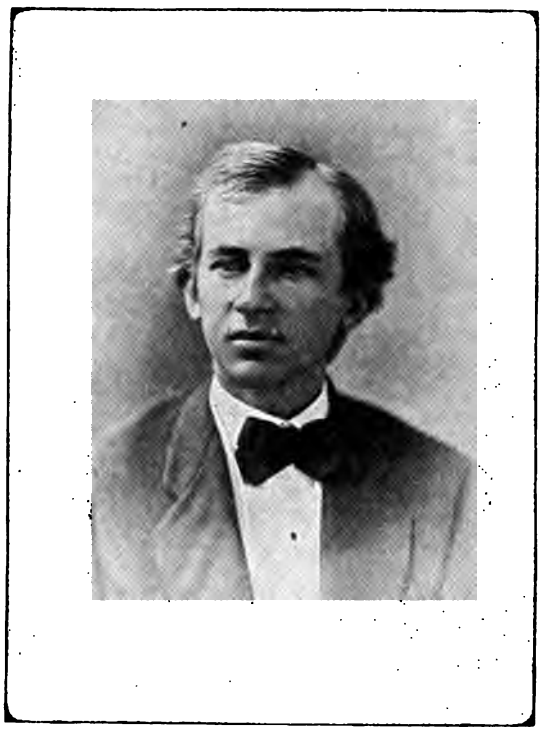
"*No man is ever lost on a straight road.*"

And now his life was well ballasted with a purpose. That grand old Scotchman, Carlyle, once said, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder — a waif, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Young Wanamaker now began to show his business sagacity. He invested the first one hundred dollars which he was able to save, in an undivided interest in an estate, bought two more shares on credit, settled the matter to the satisfaction of all parties, and cleared for himself a trifle less than

two thousand dollars. With this money he began active business. Presently, too, he married a Christian girl, who had faith in his future, and confidence in him. She might well argue in her heart that a dutiful son would make a devoted husband.

The Civil War had just begun Many discouraged his enterprise and prophesied failure, but the self-reliant, straightforward young man had no expectation of defeat. He possessed will-power to the degree which Victor Hugo calls genius. He had also *the habit of hard work.* He swept his store, and kept his account books. When a bill of goods was to be delivered, and no one was at hand to do it, he was not too proud to trundle the wheelbarrow along the street. Did he



JOHN WANAMAKER.

dream, then, that some day Philadelphia would ask him to represent her in Congress? Emerson truly said, "The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also." Canon Farrar well calls labor the girdle of manliness.

Fifteen years passed on. The young merchant had attended closely to business, advertised largely and judiciously, held strictly to one price, given customers the best for their money, chosen men enterprising and sagacious for the heads of his departments, and now, at the end of these years, found himself the owner of three stores, covering *nearly seven acres,* one of them, the largest retail dry goods store in America, with three thousand employees!

Was this chance? Was this luck? It was consummate ability. It was the work of a mind that thought out large plans and original methods. It was the logical fortune of a man that with quickness of perception knew how to seize opportunities, that could inspire prompt, strong men with his own enthusiasm, that could systematize, and with swift conclusions, few words and bold action, could crowd much into little time; that with genial and polished manners knew how to win friends in the business world, in circles high or low, and also how to hold them — ah! it is his sincerity that has held them.

He might count his honors, his public recognitions, if he would. When the Centennial Exposition was talked of, and Philadelphia looked about for men to aid in the vast enterprise, John Wanamaker was one of the first called to the national work. He was made chairman of the Bureau of Revenue, and with the aid of the Board of Finance, he raised the first million dollars; he was chairman of the Press Committee that brought the subject before the whole country; and with much labor and judicious management, he stood by and helped carry the enterprise through to its success.

Meantime he had been a leader in every good work. He was one of the founders of the Christian Commission. In the Moody meetings, his eloquence and leadership were invaluable; his sympathy and tenderness touched thousands of hearts. Daily and systematic reading had enriched his thought, trained his mind, enlarged his sympathies, broadened his outlook, widened the horizon of all his heights. Said a prominent man to us recently, "I have not read a book for five years, business is so absorbing." But the man who does not daily broaden his mind and heart, goes poor into eternity.

In the later years, Mr. Wanamaker has given one hundred thousand dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he has been president for thirteen years, has built a church near his country home, has aided hospitals and orphanages, and, says a friend, "He gives a fortune every year in private charities." Three years ago he established an Industrial College at Bethany, where five hundred boys and girls, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, study bookkeeping, telegraphy, cooking, embroidery, printing, painting, etc. A mission akin to that of Cooper Institute. Thousands of our future citizens will probably bless him all their lives for having been thus enabled by him to earn their living, and to establish themselves profitably and pleasantly in business.

How does he find time to accomplish these charities, and yet manage his great business interests? He saves the moments, often studying the next Sunday-school lesson as he goes from his business to his home. On his desk I read the

words, framed: "*Nulla dies sine linea.*" "*No day without a line,*" the motto of the painter, Apelles.

Mr. Wanamaker is still in his early prime. He has light hair, blue eyes, with the light of youth in them, and a frank, manly face, whose sunny smile, like his mother's, one never forgets. Said one of his employees to me: "I can work better for a week after a pleasant 'good-morning' from him." With a persuasive voice, a magnetic manner, a noble presence, he wins every person with whom he comes in contact, as I have said before.

Unostentatious, he is yet a born leader of men. With the skill of a general, he deploys the seven thousand persons who work for him. Years ago he said to his associates, "I will not lie to sell goods," and he requires no deception, no subterfuge, from his clerks in their dealings with buyers. He says, "When a country boy, I was shy about going into fine stores; and I resolved if I ever owned one, that everybody should feel at home in it, and not be urged to buy goods." It is a pleasure to walk through his immense houses, look at beautiful things, or linger in the reading-rooms for rest. Always progressive, he was the first in this country to use pneumatic tubes for carrying money in place of cash boys, and to utilize the electric light.

But this busy, alert, occupied man takes time to carry flowers to the sick-bed of a Sunday-school scholar, and to talk with any person who needs his help. A man came to the office one morning and asked for Mr. Wanamaker. A score were waiting to transact business with him, involving thousands of dollars. What was his errand? To talk about being a Christian! The great merchant eagerly responded. That hour together they knelt and prayed over this, the most important decision of life.

In his home, with his four children, he is a boy again. He enters heartily into their amusements. He plays croquet as though croquet were the one important thing in a man's life. He starts off arm in arm with a friend to see who can come out ahead in a brisk mile walk. It is this warm winsomeness of temperament that will keep him always young. He is interested in boys and young men. He says often after the day's whirl of business, "The best thing I have had to-day was a talk with a poor boy."

Does it seem strange now with his upright life, his energy and his attention to his business and good judgment, that he should have won success? Does it seem strange, with his sympathy, his consideration for others, and his cheeriness, that people love and trust him? You must see, I think, that it has not been chance or luck. And is it not inspiring to see a man, still young, so grandly successful in business, so eminent in Christian work, and so joyous and brotherly as to make life for himself, and for those having to do with him, like one of those bright days in spring, when hope, courage, a sense of youth and strength and some gladness to come is in the very air?

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By the Next Neighbor.

XVI.

WHEN COMPANY COMES.

"WELL," says Judith Purvear, opening her handsome fur-lined circular, and throwing back her thick satin bonnet-strings, as she settled herself for a neighborly call, "I've just been to Mrs. Hillyer's over on Spring street, and such a state as that woman was in! I don't doubt she's out of her mind by this time! Expecting company, you know — her brother's wife she never has seen and her mother coming on to stay a fortnight on their way to the other brother's, in Maine. You know Penelope Hillyer is a great hand to put on all the style she can carry, and her mother learned it to her. And that little Jennie Hillyer is so anxious and so afraid everything won't be just right, it's funny. She's had all the carpets up, and the paint scrubbed, and cut up her organdy dress to flounce the toilet table, and sent to town for English preserves and pickles for fear Penelope won't think hers good enough; and she wanted to know if I thought it would do to put the big easy-chair in the parlor for old Mrs. Spinner, because the sun has faded the reps; and would I hang the lace curtains all round the bay window, or just across the arch; and when I dined at the Wards' were the spoons crossed at the corners of the table, or laid beside the dishes, and was the bread on table or on the sideboard; and did I think it would do to have colored napkins for breakfast, as they did on account of the children — she had a set of such pretty colored ones — and would I set the cups and

saucers ready for pouring coffee, or pile them together — she heard both ways were used; and would I have boiled ham for breakfast, or wouldn't folks expect it? Boiled ham for breakfast! Where did you ever hear of that! *Where* do you suppose she was raised?"

It wasn't worth taking up seriously. Such a woman never knows when she has the worst of it; but my sympathies went with little Mrs. Hillyer, anxious to please her grand sister-in-law, and worrying about small proprieties, yet ready to make the queerest blunders. She went from school-life to housekeeping with very little practice of the latter — it would come of itself when it was needed, her mother said. But poor health came first, and with slender strength, the care of children, and a small income, she had fallen out of all ways of living save the easiest, and she never knew the art to make the easy-going life graceful. The family lived on picked-up dinners and scrappy breakfasts. Tidying was going on at all hours of the day, and was never done, after all; and the poor little woman never was through with her work, or knew any satisfaction in doing it. She couldn't put more strength into her overwrought brain and muscles, so as to grasp her difficulties, and sweep them out of the way any more than you could roll the ton of rock that lies by the road. But, worse than her inefficiency, was the coarseness of the comfortable, well-to-do woman who could only see something to laugh and scream over in the troubles and mistakes of her weaker neighbor. I wish I could make you see the horror and vulgarity of this spirit which seems spreading among the women and girls of to-day. "I could forgive a woman any fault," said one who knew the world, "sooner than contempt of a less fortunate neighbor."

If you don't want company to be a burden and a bore, and meet it with more blunders than poor Mrs. Hillyer, learn how to keep house for yourself first. And more than this, set yourself to learn the standards of good taste in matters great and small, even of such things as napkins and teacups, as well as more serious matters. In every two ways of doing things one of them is sure to be better than the other; and you may as well find out which it is, for these little things give the grace to housekeeping which no money can procure. Housekeeping! I write the word with a sort of love, for to me it means home-having! Just take down Mrs. Stowe's *House and Home Papers* to-night, and read the chapter which has these pictures of the noble housekeepers of New England.

In earlier ages the highest born, wealthiest and proudest ladies were skilled in the simple labors of the household. . . . By a lady we mean a woman of education, of liberal tastes and ideas, who without any very material additions or changes would be recognized as a lady in any circle of the Old World or the New. The existence of a class of ladies who do their own work is a fact peculiar to American society. In early times were to be seen families of daughters, handsome strong women, rising each day to their indoor work with cheerful alertness, one to sweep the room, another to make the fire, while a third prepared the breakfast for the father and brothers, and they chatted meanwhile of books, studies and embroidery, discussed the last new poem, or some historical topic started by grave reading; or perhaps a rural ball. They spun with the book tied to the distaff; they wove; they did all manner of fine needlework; they made lace, painted flowers — in short, in the boundless consciousness of activity, invention, and perfect health, set themselves to any work of which they had ever read or thought. The amount of fancy work done in our day by girls who have nothing else to do will not equal what was done by those who performed, in addition, the whole work of the family. Those remarkable women of old were in a measure made by circumstances. There were no servants to be had, and so children were trained to habits of industry and mechanical adroitness from the cradle. Every movement was calculated, and she who took two steps when one would do lost her reputation for faculty. Now if every young woman learned to do housework and cultivated her practical faculties in early life she would in the first place be more likely to keep her servants, or would avoid that wear and tear of ill success in those matters on which family health and temper mainly depend.

The spirit of the chapter is condensed into the paragraph. Such young housekeepers as Mrs. Stowe describes are yet to be found in our American society, where they are its flower, of a kind which will come into cultivation again with the true damask rose and clove gilly-flower for which florists are beginning to look in old-fashioned gardens. It is a becoming ambition for any girl to aim at being one of them. And the final pride of housekeeping is to receive company well, so that you will not find it a burden, nor those who come to your house find themselves less comfortable than in their own.

Of course to do this, you will have to learn to treat yourself well; not like the genteel ladies we read of, who have hash and gingerbread lunch served with the same ceremony as a state dinner, to keep the children and servant-maid in training, but in that easy, well-mannered way which is neither slovenly when alone or stiff in company.

Two safe rules for entertaining are: Seldom apologize; never pretend. If you don't have dinner in three courses beside dessert every day, and you *know* Henrietta or Penelope doesn't either, why trouble yourself and the maid with changes of plates, and bringing in coffee in the small cups, and having out the finger-bowls that you use precisely a dozen times a year? The girl is nervous for fear she will not hand the cups, or use the berry service right, and you are secretly nervous for fear she may drop the precious ware, and forget to talk amusingly, and Penelope sees through it all. That's all you get by this bit of pretence. But you can every day train the girl or train yourself to wait on the table dexterously and quickly, which is the greatest comfort at any dinner, whether of

herbs or roast fillet, with game removes, and the cloth and napkins may be always fresh and well-ironed, not starched so that they slip from handling, or ironed askew with machine hems drawn and shrunk in washing.

The dishes may be ranged orderly on the table, and unsightly things removed at once, like the shells of baked potatoes and the oatmeal saucers, when used. To do this without disturbance, you want the little side-table, with two or three shelves to stand at your elbow while presiding at meals, with relays of dessert plates or dessert itself, extra spoons, knives and napkins, a bowl of hot water, and nice towel if spoons and things need washing to go around for different courses, while the lower shelf may receive the soiled plates, and keep them out of sight. One housekeeper I know has her bright little single oil stove with its bright brass and nickel-trimmings on such a table, and bakes her delicate griddle-cakes, boils eggs, or broils cutlets on a covered broiler while at the table. Why not? She does not wish to lose the cheery breakfast chat with family and guest, so she makes her work becoming enough to bring into the room with them. The batter is in a smooth, clay jar, modeled for decoration, but remarkably good she finds for kitchen use, or in one of those embossed stone-ware mugs of *Flandus jars* which you find at the German importers. The chops, or steak, neatly trimmed, are on a covered plate, to be cooked in a sheet iron broiler and served smoking hot to each person, just as the famous Beefsteak Club of London serves them in the grill-room to its titled members from its silver gridirons. It is all done like a lady, noiselessly and quickly, so that it is a treat to take a breakfast from her hands.

Breakfast over, such a woman will see that her guest is comfortably bestowed somewhere, before going to her own work. A visitor cannot expect you to devote your whole time to her, and you would both grow tired of each other probably, if she did. Of course if your cousin or old school-mate from Minnesota or Idaho or Tahiti has come to her old home for a visit which she only expects to repeat once or twice in her lifetime, or the old neighbor who rarely leaves her own doorsill comes to stay a day and night with you, you will wish to spend every moment possible with her; and this must be arranged for beforehand.

If it is an intimate friend, and you think she would like it, take her out in your kitchen with you for a cosey chat while you wash the dishes and beat up the pudding for dinner. Try to have things about your kitchen cabinet so that polite persons will not be frightened to peep into it. One of the most charming visits I ever had in my life was with a New England literary woman who did her own work, and the evenings in her pretty, up-stairs drawing-room, when she set the music-box playing softly, and showed her choice photographs and relics, and told of her Washington winter, or the long afternoon drives when we went through delicious coast scenery one day to see a quaint and celebrated collection of historical curiosities, and the next to call on Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and the poet Whittier, were hardly more delightful than the mornings she went through her dishes and dusting, and let me go with her, while we cracked jokes in abandoned ease and long aprons. By all means, give a visitor her choice, naming several occuptions available.

"Now, Emma, there's the last *Round Robin* novel, and the *Century*, if you want to curl down in the rocking-chair and read, and the bookcase never is locked, or the garden is pleasant for a stroll, and there's a nice view from the end of the street if you care to go farther; or if you want, bring your fancy work where I am, and we'll talk enough to forget we're in working quarters."

But have things prepared so that housekeeping will claim you as briefly as possible; and it is surprising how much can be done before a visit, even to having vegetables washed for three or four days, soup ready for heating up, jellies, creams, tarts, fruit picked, all dusting and cleaning done to your satisfaction, relays of clean towels and napkins all ready, plans made for entertaining your guest, the piano tuned, the carriage in order, even if it is only an old chaise to be brushed, washed, and the tires tightened. See that these things are done in time and not left to the last minute.

It's a piece of common care for your guest's comfort to see that she has as good a bed to sleep in as you can give her. Not only that the counterpane and toilet covers and mats are the freshest, but that the room, bed and pillows have been aired and sunned thoroughly the day before they are to be used. I have been put to sleep in a bed where the blankets were absolutely wet to the touch with sea air, and the mistress of the house next day was surprised, "for the things had been out in the sun all day less than a month before." The fever caught in that damp room lasted all summer. People grow so insensible to the odors and atmosphere about them that they never can be sure how these things may affect others coming freshly into them. You in health and elasticity may sleep soundly on a husk mattress on which a person with weak spine will toss all night in torture. And you may very properly think nothing better for most of the world than your nice hair mattress, when your old lady visitor may lose her rest the week she is with you for want of the feather-bed which she has used since childhood. Or a susceptible person will find a lasting headache brought on by sleeping on soft low pillows, when a tendency of blood to the head required that it should be kept up by three well-filled ones. Nothing shows a narrow, meagre mind worse than inability to comprehend or allow for other people's

habits which vary from your own. You may be as sure as you exist that hard beds and no pillows are best for health, and yet it may be just as true that some difference in the circulation or the nerves renders feather-bed and high pillows indispensable to the well-being of others. Inquire into these likings of an elderly visitor, or one who is out of health, if you don't wish their stay with you to be a penance. Consult their habits as far as you can as to the hours of rising and retiring and meals. In chilly mornings send up a pitcher of hot water, and light a fire for them to dress by, without needing to be asked for such comforts. Have the extra pillow and blankets in the room, and call attention to them when showing the guest up at night. Always take a visitor to the chamber assigned on arrival, as she may wish to put her toilet in order. Open closet and bureaus she is to have, for a guest has been known too bashful or delicate to appropriate them to her own use without permission. See that there is drinking water in reach, for one does not feel like wandering through a strange house in search of the ice pitcher, or like sending some one after it every time she is thirsty. Ink for writing, which is not conveniently carried in a trunk, matches, and a *clean*, well-trimmed lamp or candle, should be ready in the room, and some kind of foot warmer, if the weather is at all chilly and the fire cannot be lit. At night, just before retiring, have any slops in the rooms emptied, the pitcher refilled, the lamp wiped dry of oil and lighted ready, the heat turned on if there is a register, a nice book left out for a "nightcap," some trifle to eat in a plate — a little confectionery, crackers, apples, oranges — for one may lie awake hours with nervousness when a few nibbles of food would give the craving stomach something to do, draw the blood from the brain and send one to sleep comfortably. If you grudge these attentions, either you can't care much for your guest, or you need lessons in hospitality; and either way, had better dispense with invitations till you are ready to carry them out.

So in food your habits may be so different from your visitors, as to interfere with her health, and a little inquiry is the safest thing. Don't say you are not going to put yourself out for people; that what is good enough for you must do for them. In your house every one is dependent on you for comfort, and to make your tastes the limit for others is too boorish and selfish to contemplate. A rather conspicuous instance is in mind, when a well-known, cultivated Eastern lady left a comfortable home by advice of her physician, to travel in the Pacific States Those who have taken the journey will know how she missed the carefully prepared table, the ever ready bath and the warm rooms people are used to in good homes. After her return one of the families she visited made their guest the subject of a magazine caricature, the head and front of her offence being that the poor, worried invalid wanted fruit for breakfast, asked for a hot bath at night, finding herself in a house with a bath room, and complained of the poor quality of the grapes and the rawness of the climate as she had found it. Mighty crimes in a guest, who came with a letter from a mutual friend, requesting that all attention should be paid her. The family who could neither take pains to procure nice fresh fruit for a visitor when it was plenty, nor furnish a bath which would have been unspeakable relief to a nervous sufferer, and must then ridicule her publicly in an article, when her real name was given with the change only of a single letter, is a specimen of a sort of breeding not so uncommon as it should be, and will do for a pattern to avoid. I'm not talking now of the duties of guests to their entertainers; you have only to answer for your own part as hostess, which you are not to slight for any short comings of your guest. But I have seen such wretched illiberality of spirit between people of a different style of living and a thoughtless young visitor who perhaps picked the flowers and fruit more lavishly than her hosts were used to, or sat up later and burned more gas or oil than they thought proper, or kept the horse out too long for the convenience of the family, though not to any real injury, that I want to remind you that you don't receive guests to make them happy in your way, but their own, and you should either be willing to sacrifice some of your ways to them, or avoid trouble by never inviting them at all. It is a tribute to both sides when people of different families can stay a fortnight in each other's houses and part with as high regard as when they met. But whether your beds and cooking are to your friend's liking or not, whether her manners suit your notions or not, one rule is binding on both if you would consider yourselves well-bred — that the confidence between host and guest is sacred. Your guest is not to be "talked over" after she leaves; neither the holes in her stockings nor her soiled petticoats, nor the way she lay abed mornings, nor the way she liked to attract attention, nor her appetite for Baldwin apples, any more than she is to report what a shabby table you kept, or how dull the evenings were, or what a curious old lady your deaf aunt was. Silence at once and forever on all that concerns those who have slept under your roof. Do not allow yourself to be drawn into discussing their peculiarities, or betray a covert smile when they are named, or those who try to pump you will be the first to sneer at your loose tongue and bad manners when your back is turned. If your guest betrays you and circulates anything to your disadvantage, content yourself with explaining the matter when it comes up, but say nothing against her. In your silence, her ill-breeding betrays itself, and she is her own worst accuser.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

By Emma E. Sherman.

XVIII.

HOW TO BIND MAGAZINES.

It is often the case that in households where even several magazines are taken, that little money can be afforded for the purpose of binding them; and it follows that they are soon destroyed, or else stored away and never looked at. The pretty covers provided for most magazines by the publishers are of course preferable; but they also, of course, cost something. Therefore I have concluded to tell you of a durable, cheaper, and on the whole, pretty way of binding your yearly, or half-yearly volumes.

For several years we have made it a business to bind up our magazines every spring before cleaning-house time; and we proudly exhibit to our friends our collections of neat, strong books which would look well in any library. We usually turn a corner of the living-room into a bindery, as we have no work-shop.

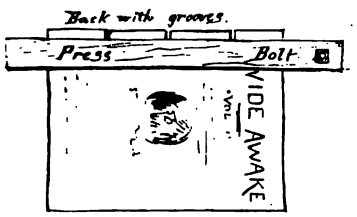


FIG. 1.

We bring in the work-bench with vise attached, pile our magazines on it, sort them into volumes, remove the covers and advertising leaves, put the engravings in their proper places if they are not there, place each volume according to date or page, lay the title page and table of contents at the top of each pile, and there are our magazines ready to bind. We have meantime a little pot of good glue in readiness on the stove, which, after it is dissolved thoroughly, is better to be kept only warm. A little good twine, a few strips of strong cloth about an inch wide, a hand-saw, a pair of shears, and some of the old covers and leaves are also at hand on the bench. Also we have two bars of wood an inch thick, two or three inches wide, and about two feet long, fastened together at one or both ends (one end only is necessary if a vise is used) by a bolt five or six inches long — this is the press.

Now we take a volume of the magazines, lay an old cover on each side. Making sure that the numbers are perfectly even at the back and upper ends, we place them in the press with the backs projecting a quarter of an inch at least, placing them in the vise with the backs in a horizontal position (*see fig.* 1) and screw up pretty tightly. Then we saw into the backs as far as they project in three places (*fig.* 1). Next we dip a piece of cord into the glue, and wind it back and forth once or twice in the grooves made by the saw. This, as you will see, binds the volume firmly together.

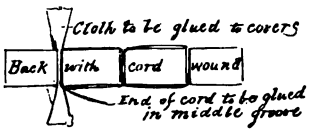


FIG. 2.

Now we take as many strips of cloth as there are grooves, each about six inches long, and gluing them in the middle, place one in each groove (*see fig.* 2). Then we cut a strip of strong paper, and glue it on the back of the volume.

The book may be taken immediately from the press, though it is better to not handle it for a little while, and another set of numbers be put in. Several volumes may be bound in a short time, and if these directions are followed the binding is altogether as durable as that done at a bindery.

The next thing in order is to smooth the edges; this we do by placing each book in the vise again — the tighter the better now — front edges up at first, and projecting far enough to allow them to be made even. Now we rasp them off even with the press, with a coarse furniture rasp, or the side of a saw. Sometimes we leave it thus, and sometimes we spatter-work it by dipping an old toothbrush in ink and drawing it across a sharp edge of wood, allowing the spatters to fall on the book before it is taken from the vise. The ends we treated in the same manner.

Now we have a pile of books, without covers, to be sure, but even at this stage they are more available than if they are not bound at all. However, we provide covers without expense. We use old paste-board boxes for this purpose, cutting them a little larger than the volume they are intended for. We lay these covers in place, cover and fasten them by gluing the edges of the strips of cloth upon the *outside* smoothly; the cover goes as far back as the cloth will permit. Then we make a cover of cloth for the back, usually using black or brown cambric, or selesia. The back cloth is always at least an inch longer than the covers, and about

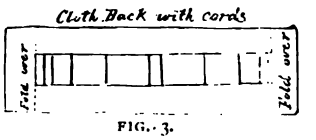


FIG. 3.

three inches wider than the back; we cut coarse twine into bits a trifle longer than the book is thick, using as many as we may choose.

We dip these twines in paste, one at a time, and lay them crosswise of the cloth, one at each end, at least, and just as far apart as the covers are long (*fig.* 3.), laying the others between. Then we cut a strip of strong paper as wide as the cords are long, and just as long as the covers, and paste it over the cords, and then we paste the cloth down on the paper at the ends, and pin the completed back tightly around a stick — a broom handle is good — and let it remain there to dry. When we take it off we slip it over the back corners of the covers and fasten it strongly down with glue.

After this the covers may be finished as elaborately as you may choose; we bind the edges of most of ours with cloth, and then trim off the edges of some of the front covers of the magazines and paste them on. We make a pretty inside finish by laying in a double leaf of manilla paper, one half pasted to the inside of the cover the other being left as fly-leaf.

The freshly bound books should be piled with plenty of paper between them to absorb the moisture, with weights atop, until they are wholly dry. Shabby books may be made almost as good as new by smoothing the leaves, rebinding and recovering; and it is surprising to see how pretty bits of wrapping paper. and bits of brown, black, or gray cloth can be made to serve in this work; bits of leather may be used on the corners of covers. Sabbath School papers, Lesson Quarterlies, etc., may thus be made into pretty volumes very easily. Five cents' worth of glue will bind a great many volumns, and the gluing is a much easier and better way than sewing.

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE TROPICS.

By Felix L. Oswald.

CHAPTER VIII. (*Continued.*)

INHABITANTS OF THE TREE-TOPS.

HEAVEN knows," laughed the captain, "perhaps they want to scare the panthers; but possibly they think it's first-rate music they are making. On a trip from Para to Rio Janeiro, we had three of them on board, and I remember that they struck up their national hymn whenever the evening was particularly fine, just like bullfrogs in summer; and if you tried to shut them up they would look quite puzzled; as if they wondered you were such a poor judge of concerts."

Our traps remained untouched that night, and we did not meet any game in the morning; it really seemed as if the musicians had cleared the woods for miles around. But after all, we did not come home empty-handed. In clambering over a fallen tree, the trapper, who led the way, broke through the rotten shell, and pulled his foot back as if he had stepped into a rattlesnake's nest. "Look out there!" he yelled, "don't let them get away — there are young cats in that tree — jaguar-cubs, maybe; one of them tore my gaiters all to pieces. There they go — panther-cubs, by the looks of their fur."

Three yellowish-gray kittens, about the size of a pug dog, had darted out of the hollow log and made for the jungle, where two of them at once took refuge in a low mango-tree, while the third and smartest crawled into a thicket of briars where we soon lost sight of him. The two in the tree saw their mistake when it was just too late; we had already surrounded them, and Benny caught the nearest with his crawfish-net, a sort of butterfly-catcher with a long handle, which he carried on all expeditions. The other tried to escape, but was collared in the act of sliding down the stem of the tree. They were too small to be very dangerous, and in spite of all their spitting and clawing, they were soon overpowered and stuck into the sack where the pigs had this time good reason to squeal, for the trapper's torn gaiters showed that the little scratch-paws knew how to use their weapons at short range.

Before we reached our camp in the ruins of Las Vegas, we met one of the Indians, who kept his promise by delivering to our guardianship a funny little youngster of the Tamarin tribe, a species of silky-haired, bushy-tailed little dwarf-monkey. The trapper had no use for him, so we put him in the cage of our old Satan-ape, and procured a special box for the panther-kittens. When the monkeys saw them, it was curious to watch their growing excitement. At first they merely made faces at them, as they did at all new-comers, but something about the eyes and claws of the little felines seemed to tell them that they belonged to the race of their enemies, and after scrutinizing

them more closely they suddenly retreated to the further end of their cage, and putting their heads together, began to chatter mysteriously, as if they were exchanging their suspicions about the moral character of the two strangers.

In the short time of our sojourn at Las Vegas, we had made many friends, to judge from the number of Indians who crowded around us when we repacked our mules; some wanted to stuff our baskets with fruit, and others with fish, but none of them objected to accept — little keepsake, as they called it — a silver coin, or a few glass pearls.

One old native, indeed, asked us bluntly to hand him two large glass buttons, as his eyes were getting weak, and he must have some good-sized object to remind him of his dear white friends.

"Could you fetch us a few good-sized bananas?" asked the captain, who made it a rule not to encourage any downright beggary. The old inhabitant scratched his ears. "I'm so old, I'm getting a little hard of hearing," he remarked.

"If his ears and eyes are weak, his voice isn't," said the trapper. "The day after the storm, I heard him sing in a way that beat all the bullfrogs in the Tocantins. Tell him to sing you a song for two buttons."

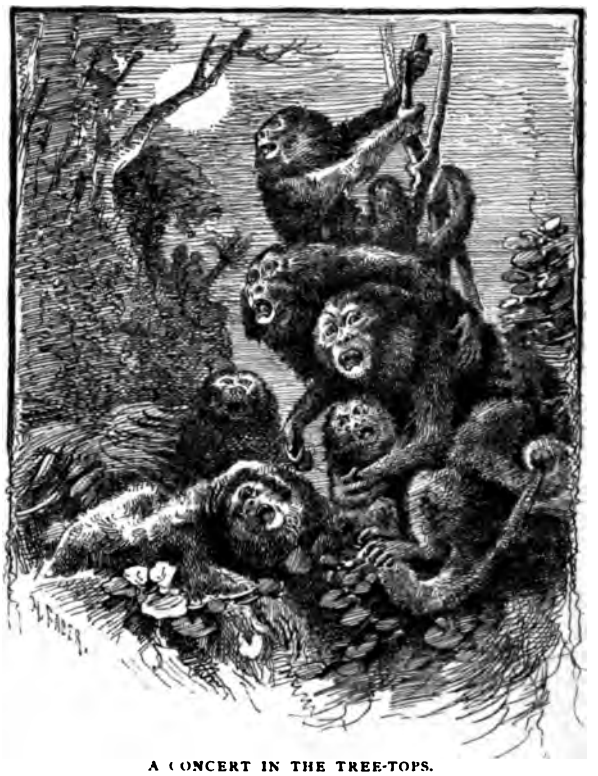
This time the veteran happened to understand us, and offered to sing the grand war chant of the Guchacurra Indians, but stipulated that half the premium should be paid in advance. For fun's sake, we let him have a button, but we got more than we had bargained for. The minstrel slapped his knee with both hands, and broke forth in such a monstrous howl, that our mules reared up with snorts of terror, and before we could calm their alarm, we had to give the performer the other button to make him finish his hymn.

CHAPTER IX.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

The chief wonders of the South American Continent are its active volcanoes. From the ridge of the Organos Mountains, forty miles west of Las Vegas, we had a full view of the Upper Andes, with their icy summits and wild precipices, but their magnificent scenery did not occupy our attention half as much as the barren basalt ridge where the peak of El Cayo lifted its smoke-crested summit. Towards sunset the smoke-cloud assumed a reddish hue, and the next morning the effects of the volcanic fire could be seen by the broad streaks of black rocks where the snow had melted during the night. From all we had heard about the frequency of earthquakes in these mountains we expected every moment to feel the ground tremble under our feet, and our little madcap Monito was almost sorry when we reached the ridge in safety; but before we came to the west side of the pass, we had another kind of adventure that rather satisfied his predilection for perilous scrapes.

We had just emerged from a winding defile when we heard a rattling noise above us, as if a



A CONCERT IN THE TREE-TOPS.

troop of deer were galloping along the craggy slope, and in the next moment an avalanche of loose rocks came tumbling down the cliffs and routed us as if we had been charged by a regiment of cavalry. Our horses galloped wildly out of the way, while we rushed left and right towards the shelter of the next cliffs, and our guide barely escaped with his life by grasping the branches of a hackberry-tree and drawing himself up, while the bounding rocks passed under his feet. A minute later all danger was over, and the whole trouble had probably been caused by a landslide from the slope of the upper tableland, where the recent rainstorm had turned every ravine into a mountain torrent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

LULU. 1. "Where can I find the best description of Westminster Abbey?" In Dean Stanley's "Memorials" of the great abbey, which he knew better than any man living.

2. "Is there a book on Noted Women of to-day?" Mrs. S. J. Hale wrote a book thirty years ago on Noted Women of the time, but there are too many noted ones now to go into the largest encyclopædia ever handled.

MAY. Agnostic, as now used, means one who believes nothing on the strength of revelation, or the authority of the Bible, but requires doctrines to be proved by scientific or historical proofs. It expresses simply the last and fullest form of unbelief.

A. L. C. The Rev. T. Harrison, otherwise known as the Boy Preacher, has had a certain celebrity for which you need have little curiosity.

MAGGIE AND OTHERS. For the last time, The Wise Blackbird answers that horsehairs will *not* become snakes under any circumstances whatever, and henceforth all questions on this topic, as well as for cures for pimples and blackheads, are ruled out of this department.

SALLIE can be rid of the large hair mole which troubles her, by the new process in which fine needles connected with a battery pierce to the root of each hair, and a weak current of electricity destroys it. But the operation can only be performed by an expert surgeon, and the price of such a cure is high. Fifty dollars is the price for removing a slight penciling of hair from a lady's upper lip.

H. P. X., who wants to grow thin without pinching herself, is advised to get Banting's Letter on Corpulence, which any bookseller can procure for twenty-five cents, and study it. Hot baths twice a week, frequent change of clothing next the skin, plenty of out-door exercise and plain food, mostly of hard bread and dry meats, without milk, sugar or potatoes, will reduce superfluous flesh in most cases.

BETH has read *Our Mutual Friend*, by Dickens, and wants to know what use the piles of ashes could be which John Harmon left to Mr. Boffin by the will Silas Wegg found. "If they were nothing but ashes," she asks, "what worth could they be to him?" Beth does not know the value of even house dust and ashes, which are in demand for garden purposes and filling up sunken ground in or near cities. The dust mounds were so much portable property, worth several hundred pounds, let alone the chance of finding a fresh will or hoard of money, which John Harmon, the miser, *chose to hide there.*

DITTY. 1. "Was the serial story of *The Dogberry Bunch*, in the WIDE AWAKE, ever published in book form?" Yes.

2. "Where can one get fans mounted on sticks, and how much will it cost?" Any dealer in fancy goods can direct you to some one who mounts fans. The price depends on the delicacy of the mount; a chintz fan can be mounted for one dollar, a lace one will cost ten dollars, where the material is sent with the order.

IDA T. wants to know what she can make in the shape of something ornamental for the room of a gentleman who is already furnished with a whisk broom holder, slipper case and shaving paper case, lambrequin, pin cushion and mats for his bureau. Embroider a large square of dark bronze or terra cotta felt, for a writing mat to lay on the table; work the stripe for back of a Turkish chair, or decorate a match set, with sandpaper and refuse box; work or paint a box for postage stamps; braid a mat for the bedside; embroider a two inch band of satin for the heading of a photograph frame. Embroidered blotting cases, collar boxes, cravat boxes, calendar frames, pen racks and handkerchief sachets remain to be furnished this destitute friend. A splasher for the wall above the washstand, would be most acceptable, made of white enameled cloth or rubber cloth, bound and decorated in color to suit the rest of the room. I have one parting hint for Ida and others, never to use that crowning vulgarity of expression "lady friend" or "gentleman friend," which is heard only from the lowest or most careless speakers. Say a friend of mine, and let the pronoun following decide the sex, or simply say, a gentleman, or a lady, and do not parade the fact of friendship. As a knowing collegian of the sort whose opinion would have weight with schoolgirls remarks: "If there is anything sappy and girly-girly, it is to hear a 'teener' talk about her 'gen'l'm friend,' and I always expect to find her chewing gum into the bargain." With its burden of truth and horrible slang I leave to make its deep impression where needed.

DOROTHY W. 1. See answer to Maggie. 2. *Dood* is the accepted pronunciation of the word you want.

JOY L. C. and others whose hair falls out, and collects dandruff are advised to wash the head with carbolic soap or borax and *hot* water, weekly, rinsing and drying the hair well before putting it up. Brush it daily for ten minutes.

B. O. B. Chloride of cobalt is formed by dissolving cobalt in hydrochloric acid, with liberation of hydrogen. THE WISE BLACKBIRD.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

By Arthur Gilman.

V.

STAMPING A FRENCH NAME ON THE MAP OF AMERICA.

WHO puts names on our maps? Did you ever think? If you could have looked into a certain house in the wastes of Nova Scotia one winter day two hundred and seventy-seven years ago, you would have seen such a man. Let us take a glimpse of him through the spectacles of the fascinating historian of "The Pioneers of France in the New World." We must, however, look on the map of Nova Scotia first, to see just where the place is of which we are speaking. There is a great arm of the sea called the Bay of Fundy. It has rather a droll or "funny" name, some of us think. It is a corruption of the one the French stamped upon it years ago. When a name is stamped on a coin it does not always remain clear and readable, and thus it is with the names given to bays and towns and lands. The first settlers of Canada called the region New France, but few think of that name now. They sailed up to the end of the Bay of Fundy and named the waters there *la Fond de la Baie*, which is the French for the bottom or end of the bay. After a while people began to call it "Fond d'la Baie," then "Fondy Bay," and at last, "Bay of Fundy," which means nothing at all. In the course of time the name was given to the whole body of water.

On the western shore of this great bay you will notice a narrow inlet admitting ships to a great sound called Annapolis basin. On the shore of this basin, at about the present site of the town of Annapolis, there was, at the time of which I am writing, a fort called after the body of water on which it lay, Port Royal. There was a quadrangle of wooden buildings enclosing a large court, protected by palisades and by cannon mounted on a bastion. There were such storehouses and quarters for soldiers as one often sees connected with fortifications, though they were rude and new. There were garden patches, and that sad necessity, a cemetery, and beyond that the ground was marked by the decaying stumps of the trees that had been cut for the purposes of the fort and the buildings connected with it. It was not an attractive place on the outside.

Let us open the door of one of the buildings. It is a dining-hall, and there are tokens that a feast is soon to begin. It is noon. A procession appears at the hall door. A French "Grand Master" leads. A napkin is thrown over his shoulder, the staff indicative of his office is in his hand, and about his neck is displayed a costly collar — the collar of his "order" — for he belongs to a brotherhood established here in the wilderness. Each member of the order follows, bearing a dish which he places smoking on the table. When all are in the room, we find that there are fifteen Frenchmen, a few Indian chiefs, invited by them, and, about the room, crouching perhaps in the corners, are Indian braves, squaws, and even children, looking with pleased expressions of anxious hope for the coveted luxuries that they expect to drop from the well-furnished table into their hands; for they know that the gay feasters have a kind heart for them on account of the help they give in hunting and trapping expeditions.

On this table might be seen from time to time all the juicy game of the northern forests, all the luscious fish of the clear waters of the rivers and bay, and the few vegetables that the new gardens, rescued from the forest, could afford. The fifteen men form the Order of Luxurious Leisure, or, as they expressed it in French, *L' Ordre de Bon-Temps*. They were Pathfinders in the woods of New France, but they did not think it necessary to give up all of the comforts of life because they were engaged in a serious work. It was the man who

stamped his name on our map who originated the new order. He knew how to manage men, and he made it one of the rules that each member should be Grand Master in turn, holding office but for a day. He ordained that this official should be autocrat in the kitchen and responsible for the dinners and suppers of the others, and thus he insured good meals every day; for of course each member wished to keep up his credit with the others and to make sure that *his* dinners should not be inferior to any that should be provided by his fellows. Was it not an ingenious device?

Breakfast and supper were not so formal as dinner, of course, but at night all gathered about the great fire on the hearth and talked as the flames crackled and the sparks thronged up the wide-mouthed chimney, seemingly hurrying to get out into the frosty air. The brown wild men of the forest wrapped in their robes joined as well as they could in the good fellowship, until at the evening's close, the Grand Master passed to his successor the collar and the staff of office, and pledged him in a glass of wine, for French wine was so plenty in the woods that there was always enough and to spare.

Spring came after that winter of festivity, and all were on the alert. They built mills, laid out gardens, enclosed larger fields, gathered turpentine, and engaged in all the processes of primitive agriculture, and in the works that were appropriate to build up a colony. It was not to be fair weather, however, all the time. Changes in France at last stopped all progress, and Port Royal was abandoned. I cannot tell its history, but in time it fell into the hands of the English, who called it Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne, who then sat on their throne. It is a town of but a few hundred inhabitants now.

The Father of New France, as the founder of *L'Ordre de Bon-temps* has been called, was disappointed, but not disheartened. He returned home, and passed a year in the enjoyment of the social pleasures of which for three years he had been deprived. He was a romantic hero, reminding us sometimes of those we read of in the romances of the middle age, but he had hard common-sense and was earnest and persistent. He had come into existence so unobtrusively that no one knows now even the year in which he was born, nor what his ancestry was. He did not get a very good education, and seems to have spent his early years in the employment of a seaman.

After a while he entered the navy. He was some twenty-three years old, according to the pretty careful guesses of historians, when the celebrated battle of Ivry was fought — that battle which gave Macaulay the text for his stirring ballad. I have had to stop to read it myself as I have been writing this, it stirs me so with its fire.

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

War continued a long time after the battle of Ivry before there was peace in the "pleasant land of France." It was nearly eight years before Henry the Fourth could look with satisfaction upon his goodly land, before the people could feel the pleasure that came to them at the close of the war in 1598. The Father of New France had done good service for the king, and at the close of war found himself out of business. He had been quarter-master; but quarter-masters have nothing to do in times of peace. He looked over the maps of the world, to see whither he might go for the work he delighted in. He reminds me again of those knights of the middle age, who were ever on some "quest," as they called it, and never satisfied to be at rest and in peace.

The West Indies proved to be the region that seemed desirable above others for his purpose, and he thought over plans whereby he might get there and make an exploration that would do service to France. It seemed no easy task, for Spain was rich and strong and held the West Indies firmly in her grasp. However, our hero found a way, and sailed thither on a January day in the year 1599. I cannot tell you all that he did on this remarkable journey, but I must say that he went further than the West Indies. He crossed to the mainland, visited the city of Mexico, and made many interesting observations on what he saw. After two years' absence, he returned to France, and made a report, probably to King Henry of Navarre, in which he advocated the building of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and objected to the Spanish mode of trying to convert the Indians at the risk of killing them in the attempt. Nothing came directly of his report, but his journey gave him a reputation as an explorer, and he was soon asked to accompany an expedition to that portion of the New World that had been visited in 1534, by another Frenchman, Jacques Cartier. Six months only were occupied in this expedition, and when it reached France on its return, with a careful account of the region of the river St. Lawrence, and with specimens of the Indian inhabitants, a great interest was excited in the New World.

With added experience came a new demand for his services, and in six months more he was on his way back again. This was in the spring of 1604. In September, he discovered an island which he named, from its barren mountains, *Monts Déserts*, or, in English, Waste Mountains, which has become one of the most popular of the summer resorts of the North. There is little in its aspect now as the sailor approaches it, with its great hotels, cosey cottages and pretentious mansions to make one think of it as a desert, and yet if I were there, I am sure I would like to remember

how the ships of the founder of New France sailed by the spot two hundred and eighty years ago, and stamped upon it the name that remains still. Notice that he did not give it his own name, and I have not yet told you what his name was. He put his own name in but one place, and it was not a waste, but a place of loveliness. Let us see what he did after he had discovered the *Monts Déserts*.

The next year he started out on an expedition to find a pleasanter place for a home than those Northern shores promised, passing down the coast of New England. He sailed along slowly, stopping from time to time to get information of the natives, or to draw maps, or make observations of the country. He visited the Kennebec, sailed over Casco Bay, by Old Orchard Beach, and by Prout's Neck, where the Indians came down in numbers to see him and his men. He passed Cape Anne, and entered Boston harbor, where he landed on Noddle's Island. He went to Plymouth, and explored Cape Cod, which he called *Cape Blanc*, from the whiteness of its sands. Then he returned to the north without finding the place he had come to seek. He learned many things, however, and among them were the Indian method of cultivating corn, which is the same that our farmers now practice; the mode of making canoes of logs; and the way that codfishes were caught in Boston harbor. The founder of New France made careful notes of all that he saw and heard.

The effort was renewed the following year, when the explorers sailed as far as Martha's Vineyard and Wood's Holl, but they went back this time also without accomplishing anything permanent in the way of establishing a home. In 1607, the year that Jamestown was settled, our hero went to France, but he returned in a twelvemonth, and went up the St. Lawrence to find a place to found a city. It was the last of June when, with a little band, he sailed up the broad river on his quest. It was a gay and happy excursion. At first the river was so broad that it seemed more like a bay. Its waters spread out from eight to thirteen miles, but at last they narrowed, and there, where a great rock frowned upon the sailing party, it was determined to begin the town. The now ancient city of Quebec was then founded. It was the third of July. The place was called by the Indians "Quebio," or "Quebec," which in their speech meant "narrowing," because the river so emphatically narrowed there.

Just as the beginning had been made, a wretched member of the colony, who had by some means influenced a few of the others, laid a plan to kill their leader, and enrich themselves with the property of the expedition. They were to make a confusion in the night, which they would take advantage of to give them an opportunity to strangle or shoot their leader. The secret came to our hero's ears. He bravely invited the leaders in the conspiracy to come to a "party" on his barque, when he was to open some bottles of wine that he said had been sent to him. The heads of the conspiracy were suddenly seized and carefully placed in irons, at which, says our hero in his narrative, they were much astonished. The accomplices were awakened from their sleep on the shore, and promised pardon if they would confess. The chief conspirator was duly hung and his head placed on a pole, as a warning to all seditiously inclined. We know little of how the winter was passed in the new town, but there was no more trouble from conspirators.

When the welcome spring came, and the frozen

"THE POWER OF CIVILIZATION WAS ASSERTED."

river was freed from its bonds, the leader determined to start out again on his explorations, this time keeping his eyes open for a way through to China. The Indians about him agreed to be his guides, provided he would take their part against a powerful tribe known as the Iroquois, or Mohawks, which lived in Central New York. Little did he think of the consequences that were to follow his alliance in war with the Indians. Would he have entered into the agreement if he had been

able to look down the pages of history and see the pictures of massacres and bloody fights that were to follow in time in the struggles between the French and Indians on one side, and the English pioneers on the other? Let us hope that he would not.

Imagine the company that started on the new expedition. Bands of reckless Indians, armed with war-clubs of stone, with hatchets and stone-pointed lances, their faces hideous with war-paint, rending the air with the yell and the war-whoop, and waking the echoes with the roll of their primitive drums. In addition, there are eleven Frenchmen (armed with short matchlocks, which their companions expect will spread dismay among the enemies), who trust themselves among the blood-thirsty and unknown warriors of the woods. It is a curious party. Slowly they advance in their boats up the St. Lawrence, until they arrive at the mouth of the Richelieu River. They follow that stream until they hear the hoarse roar of a waterfall, though their guides, to lead them onward, had assured them of an uninterrupted passage with their boats. Most of the Indians had already turned their backs on the expedition, and now eight of the Frenchmen return to Quebec, leaving our hero with but two of his countrymen, to go on with the wild men of the forest!

The advance was tedious. At one time there was a halt to hunt and fish and rest in ease. At another, it was necessary to consult the "medicine man," who pitching his repulsive lodge in the woods, mumbled an invocation to the spirits, allowed himself to be seized with convulsions as he exercised his savage divination, and, as our hero thought, received the messages of the Devil.

Falls and rapids and every other obstacle to progress were at last passed in safety, and one July day the party passed into a broad expanse of water. It was a lake, but it spread out before them like a sea. Forests of great trees fringed the shores. Islands of loveliness dotted the wide expanse of waters, and our hero felt that his toils had won their recompense. He said: "Here is the spot on which I will stamp my name!" And from that day to this the beautiful and placid lake has been called after him — Lake Champlain — for the discoverer whose name I have not mentioned until now, was none other than Samuel de Champlain. Ardent adventurer in distant portions of our continent, discoverer and founder, he had given his name to no portion of the territory that he had explored until now; and now he stamps it so firmly upon the water that time and changes have not been sufficient to wipe it out. France and England have fought on the bosom of that lake, and struggled for its possession, but never has any one thought of taking from its discoverer the name he gave it. Bloody battles have marked its shores, ships have hurtled at each other there, and cannon have roared on its placid surface. Men have sought its woods and islands for pleasure and for fame, but the name first stamped on it has endured!

The battle that was expected by the Indians came at last, but the two Frenchmen, by firing their rude guns, sent such alarm into the breasts of the enemy that they incontinently fled, and the power of civilization was asserted in the woods, though, alas! it was shown by the butchery of war.

Our story ends with the naming of the lake, but the hero of the first battle there lived long afterwards. He returned to France, married a young wife, came back to his wild domain, ruled, explored, fought, and finally died on Christmas Day in the year 1635. Mr. Parkman tells us that "His books mark the man, . . . all for his purpose, nothing for himself." He sought truth, fact, and he won fame.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

By Dr. D. A. Sargent.

V.

INJURIES TO BLOOD VESSELS (*Continued*).

MANY accidents occur to the skin and soft parts underlying, where there is not so much danger of hemorrhage from the injured blood vessels as that the wound may not readily heal.

In this case the blood is sometimes poisoned, and the system is greatly reduced by its fruitless effort to repair the parts injured. As the manner in which wounds heal is often a matter of grave importance, perhaps a few words in explanation of nature's powers will be of interest.

HOW WOUNDS HEAL.

Nature attempts to heal a wound in two ways:

First, by primary union, or first intention.

Second, by secondary union, or second intention.

By the first method the wound heals quickly, without suppuration (the formation of pus or matter), and generally leaves but a small scar. This method of healing usually takes place where the wound has been made by a sharp instrument, and is in the shape of a fine cut or incision, where the edges of the wound can be brought together and kept quiet and free from injury and impurity.

The second method of healing usually follows wounds where the tissues are bruised and torn, the result of accidents from jagged instruments, splintered wood, explosives and machinery. Here suppuration takes place, pus and granules of new flesh are formed, and the work of healing goes on more slowly. This mode of healing may also follow a smooth cut, or any ordinary wound where are not the favorable conditions required for healing by the first intention. That is, when the edges of the wound cannot be brought together, and the injured tissues have been irritated by motion, jolting, etc., or the wound been exposed to dirt, and other impurities.

The physician always trys to bring about healing by primary union. Thus you see the necessity for using plasters, taking stitches, bandaging, etc., in order to keep the edges of the wound together, and how important it is to support the injured parts, and to keep them thoroughly cleansed. This last precaution cannot be dwelt upon with too much emphasis. How frequently it happens that a person who cuts his finger with a penknife, pricks it with a pin, or scratches it with a nail, is afterwards prostrated by blood-poisoning, and is obliged to submit to an amputation of the hand or arm, or lose his life. Sometimes the scratch from a finger-nail merely, may result in consequences which are equally serious. This is because some small particles of dirt, or minute organisms, such as are usually floating in the atmosphere, get into the wound, then into the blood, and so start putrefaction with its train of evil consequences.

Blood-poisoning is the bane and pest of the physician, and he takes every precaution to guard against it. The best way to fight this enemy is with carbolic acid, boracic acid, chloride of zinc, and other substances termed antiseptics. A *weak* solution (remember that they are poisons) of one of these important agents should be in every household. To cover the wound with a cloth saturated with one of these solutions will preserve the parts from infection, and after stopping the hemorrhage and bandaging, will be the best treatment you can render until the doctor comes.

CONTUSED AND LACERATED WOUNDS

are those in which a large portion of skin has been destroyed, and it is impossible to get the edges of the wound together. Dirt, shreds of clothing, splinters, or other substances, are apt to be found in these wounds, and they should speedily be removed. They should not be handled roughly, however, but should be washed out with clean tepid water. A pad of lint folded in three or four thicknesses should then be placed over the wound, and a bandage applied gently, as in case of incised wounds.

BRUISES.

Bruises frequently follow falls, and blows with stones or missiles, and may be quite serious in their nature, even though the outer skin may not be broken. The swelling which usually follows a bruise sometimes conceals a fracture, or a severe injury to the soft tissues. The immediate application of cold water, ice, or some evaporating lotion, such as water of ammonia, camphor, weak tincture of arnica, etc., is the best treatment for alleviating pain and hastening the absorption of the effused blood.

ACCIDENTS FROM MACHINERY.

In an age when nearly everything is done by machinery, accidents from this source are of frequent occurrence. Fingers may be cut off, limbs crushed, skin and muscles torn, etc., rendering immediate aid necessary to prevent the person from bleeding to death. In case of hemorrhage from any limb or part, follow the instructions given in the preceding paper. After the bleeding has been arrested, apply clean linen or cotton pads wet with cold water, and bandage lightly, to support the wounded limb or muscle.

ACCIDENTS FROM GUNPOWDER.

The flashing of loose powder, the explosion of fireworks, the bursting of powder flasks, guns, and small cannon, give rise to accidents more or less serious. In many cases the treatment of such injuries differs little from that of ordinary burns, except where powder has been blown into the face, when an effort should be made to remove it. In case of hemorrhage, stop it as soon as possible by means of cold applications, ligatures, bandages, etc., as previously directed. If fingers or limbs have been blown off, draw the surrounding tissues together, and cover the wound with linen or cotton cloth saturated with clean water.

In case of gunshot wounds, the treatment depends upon the extent of the injury. A rifle bullet, a charge of shot, or a blank cartridge will produce

different effects, depending upon the distance from which they were fired. At short range, the bullet and shot make a similar wound; at a longer distance the shot scatter and make several small wounds. When fired at short range, a blank cartridge makes the ugliest kind of wound, because both the wadding and powder enter the flesh and tear up larger surfaces.

Where a bullet, shot, or some wadding has entered the body it is necessary that it should be extracted. But this is a task that had better be left to the physician. The immediate treatment of gunshot wounds, however, should be similar to that of the wounds described. Stop the hemorrhage, if any, and cover the wound with cloth wet with clean water.

BITES OF ANIMALS, AND STINGS AND BITES OF INSECTS.

Bites from animals are supposed to be poisonous. Independent of this belief they may be treated as contused and lacerated wounds.

The bite of the dog is most common, and from the fear of hydrophobia, which usually follows it, is apt to be the most serious in its nature.

The bite of the cat, rat and horse are frequently as severe so far as physical injury goes.

Whether hydrophobia is caused directly by the bite of a mad dog or any other rabid animal, is still a disputed question. But as the consequences are so terrible, it is well to take every precaution.

If a person has been bitten by a dog suspected of being mad, lose no time in getting access to the wound. If in the arm or leg apply a ligature above the bite to retard the circulation, then attempt to suck the poison from the wound with the mouth, care being taken that the lips are not chapped or cut, and that the substances extracted be at once ejected. If a physician is at hand he can cut around the edges of the wound and thus get rid of the poison. If no physician is near, the jagged edges, which are most likely to contain the saliva, should be burnt off with a red-hot, or better still, a white hot iron or poker.

The same effect may be produced by touching the wound with a stick of nitrate of silver.

The application of the heat or caustic should be followed by warm fomentations and poultices. Do not have the dog killed until it is proved beyond a doubt whether he be mad. The suspicion that would accompany his death would never be relieved, and would add greatly to the distress of the person bitten.

The stings of bees and hornets are quite common in this country, and are frequently followed by great pain and swelling. One of the best and most accessible remedies for insect stings is common salt and water applied freely.

The sting of the adder should be treated in some respects as the bite of a dog. Tie a ligature around the finger or limb, and apply suction to the wound. Follow this treatment with a poultice, and in case of vital depression support the system by the use of stimulants.

THE AFTER TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

The after treatment of wounds frequently deserves more attention than the first treatment.

Poulticing, bandaging, dressing and cleaning the wound, etc., is almost an art in itself, and is of the greatest importance.

As this would naturally come under the attention of a physician, we will not consider it here.

Let it suffice to say that rest, cleanliness, a good diet, a pleasant room, and a cheerful disposition will add to the chances of a speedy recovery.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

By R. E. Miller.

XIX.

A BOY'S RAILWAY AND TRAIN.

In a certain old-fashioned house that I visit, a large attic is set apart as a playroom for the boys, in which to keep their tools, their jig-saw, and their treasures of all sorts, dear to the hearts of young people. All around the edge of this room runs a small railway with curves and switches complete, with bridges and tunnels, and an elegant station, made of a deserted dog house, and painted in the newest style.

Over this track, propelled by boy-power, runs many times a day, a train of cigar-box cars, engine and tender, baggage and passenger cars, all in order. And everything about it, from the ties to the latest parlor car, was made by two boys under fourteen years of age, at a very small cost.

Now these boys are no wiser or more skilful

than other boys, and there is nothing about it hard to make. I thought many of you young readers of the WIDE AWAKE would like to copy it, so I have studied the thing, taken my instructions from the builder himself, and here it is, so plainly told that no ordinary boy of twelve need make a mistake if he follows directions exactly, although to make it perfectly clear, I have to use a good many words which make it *look* hard. To begin with the track: first, come

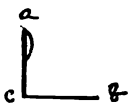


FIG. 1.

THE TIES.

To make ties for a single track, take a board one inch thick. Saw from the end a piece five inches long, and split it with a chisel into ties an inch square. The number you will need depends, of course, upon the length of your road. Having these ready, the next thing is the

RAILS.

Buy at a tinner's sheets of tin which come fourteen by twenty inches in size, though any other size may be used. If convenient, have the tinner cut each sheet into eleven strips twenty feet long and about one and a quarter wide. You can, however, cut them yourself, with a pair of old shears, first measuring carefully, and ruling the sheet off.

Along one side of each strip of tin, near the edge, punch nail holes; one close to each end, and four between, making thus six holes about four inches apart.

To bend the rail to shape, take a ruler and scratch a line the whole length one quarter of an inch from the edge which has no holes. Lay this edge on a straight board, with the mark exactly on the edge of the board, so that the quarter of an inch sticks out beyond the board. Then tack the tin with two or three tacks, to keep it from slipping, while you take a hammer and pound the tin down over the edge till it is bent at a right angle to the rest. Then take out your tacks, and laying the tin on the board, pound this turned-up edge over till nearly flat. This makes the top of your rail, as you see in *fig.* 1 (which shows the end of a rail) at *a*.

To make the bend *c* (*fig.* 1) draw a line the whole length half an inch from the edge where the holes are. Again tack the tin to the board, with the half-inch sticking out beyond, and pound this edge over into a right angle. This completes your rail, the holes being along the edge marked *b* in the figure.

TO LAY THE TRACK.

Place a number of ties side by side, and with a ruler and pencil draw two lines across them, three and a half inches apart, having about three quarters of an inch beyond the lines at each end. These marks are to guide you in laying the track straight. When you have thus prepared a number of ties and rails, fasten them together by nailing, with small-sized carpet tacks, through each punched hole, on to a tie, being careful that the *end* of each rail reaches no more than half over its tie, so that the next rail may join on right. (*fig.* 2). The tacked edges of the two rails turn towards each other on the inside of the track, and thus do not show when a train is on, and the angle *c* rests exactly on the line drawn on the tie. Go on in this way till your rails are all used, or you come to a curve.

TO MAKE A CURVE.

Take a cold chisel, or an old common chisel, and one of your finished rails. On the flat side (from *b* to *c*, in *fig.* 1) cut slits reaching from *b* to *c*, and half an inch apart. Lay a row of ties in the curve you wish to make, and bend the rail to fit them. The slits will enable you to bend them nicely, on one side by gaping apart, and on the other by slipping over.

If you want a guard rail to keep your train from running off at this point, lay an extra rail fastened in the same way inside of each rail on the curve.

TO MAKE A SWITCH.

Select a point where two rails join, for a switch, and take one length of rail for the purpose. This length, which includes both rails, of course, is to be movable, and so must slide over the common ties, and not be fastened to them. To keep them in place they must be tacked to special ties, much thinner, and coming between the regular ties that they slide over. Having prepared this length, put a tack, smaller than the hole you have punched, through the end hole at *a* (*fig.* 4), so that the switch will move easily on it.

At *b.* (*fig.* 3.), where your two tracks come together, you must put pegs (*b. b.*) to keep the switch from moving too far either way, and throwing your train off. Also, from this point, the ties must be long enough to hold the side track till it is clear of the regular track (*fig.* 3). The curve of this side track is made, of course, by the directions for making a curve. The last special tie at *c* (*fig.* 3) must run out far enough to take a hold of, to move the switch.

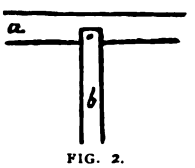


FIG. 2.

TO MAKE A FROG.

At the point where the rails cross (*d*, fig. 3.) you

will need a frog, to allow your train to go smoothly over. To make this, you cut your side rails square off at *d*, and begin it again on the inside of the rail, leaving a space of a quarter of an inch open, to let the flange of your car wheels pass through. Also, you must cut a notch in your regular track at the same point, so that the wheels on trains switching off may go through (*fig.* 4).

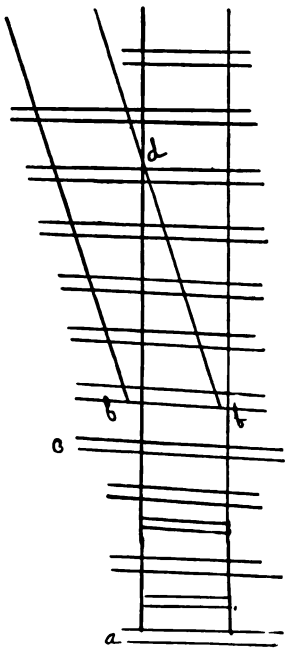


FIG. 3.

Now your track is ready, you may begin on the train; and first, the trucks.

TO MAKE THE TRUCKS.

For wheels you need a lot of rather large spools with quite thick shanks, unless you can afford to have brass or wooden ones turned for you. The best spools come in the shops of New York, with French sewing cotton, and next best are those which hold the knitting silk, so much used nowadays by ladies. Ask your mother and sisters, and all your fancy-work loving friends, to save their spools for you, and it will not be long before you have enough.

Saw each spool into three pieces, as at *a*, *a* (*fig.* 5). The outsides form the wheels with their flanges *c*, *c*, and the middle piece *b*, you will need later. For axles, the best are cheap lead pencils (cost one cent each), but you can use common skewers such as butchers use, whittled down to fit. The axles are to fit tightly into the wheels, and turn with them.

Now take a block an inch thick, four inches long, and two and a half wide, to hold the wheels. In each corner of the underside of the block, three quarters of an inch from the end, screw a very light wire screw ring (or screw eye) with a ring a half-inch in diameter. The axles run through these rings with the flanges of the wheels next to the block, to run inside the track.

Next comes the car itself.

TO MAKE THE CARS.

Cigar boxes are nice for cars, being already very neatly made. You can get at the cigar stores, at small cost, if not as a gift, any number of boxes with square ends, that is, with the ends of the box as high as they are wide. After you have washed off the paper, get two boards, one a quarter or three eighths of an inch thick, and the other somewhat thinner, both being the width of the box. Saw off pieces three inches longer than the boxes, for platform and roof.

First fasten your trucks under the thicker board, which is the bottom. To do this, bore a gimlet hole exactly through the middle of each truck block; put a sixpenny nail from the bottom, first through the hole in the truck block, then through the cast-off part of a spool (*b*, *fig.* 5), or half of it if too thick, or a small twist spool a half-inch high. Nail one to each end of the board loosely, so it will turn.

Now, carefully take apart your cigar box, and mark on each long side a row of windows, like a passenger car, and in each end piece mark a door. Saw them out on a jig saw. (If you have no saw you can paint windows on the outside.)

After cutting the windows and doors, put the box together again, with the brads which held it before, and laying it on to the platform board, so that each end of the board projects for a platform, nail them together. Then open the cover (which must never be broken off) and nail the roof board on to it in the same way; that is, so it will project at each end. Use brads for this nailing. The object of fastening the roof to the cover is that you may open your car and fill it with passengers if you choose.

TO MAKE THE COUPLINGS.

Take pieces of stiff copper wire three inches long, and with pliers bend over one end of each to form a hook, and the other ends into a small ring. Turning your car upside down, lay one of these wires in the middle of the end, with only the hook sticking out, and fasten it by a small screw through the ring (*fig.* 6); do the same at the other end, and then with some small brass curtain rings, which cost two or three cents a dozen, you can couple your cars nicely.

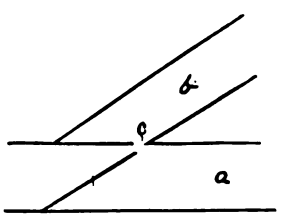


FIG. 4.

Baggage and freight cars you can make in the same way, only cutting one large door in the side. You can make the cars as showy as you please, with paint of different colors, and finish them with a piece of muslin glued part way over the windows inside for shades. And now last comes the engine.

TO MAKE THE ENGINE.

For the foundation take a board one foot long, and three inches wide, which I will call the plat-

form. To make the boiler, have a cylinder turned of wood, two and a half inches in diameter, and eight inches long; or take a square piece of that size and shave it down yourself to a cylinder; or — what is less trouble, and costs little — have a tinner make one for you, open at both ends, of course.

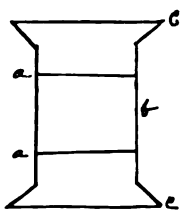


FIG. 5.

The one I will describe, since it is the most simple to make, is the wooden one. Nail it to the platform board in such a way that the board will project in front one inch. You will have to nail it from the bottom of the board. Now take a three-quarter-inch auger and bore a hole one inch deep, in the top of the boiler, one half inch from the front end. This is to receive the smoke stack.

To make the smoke stack, get a piece of dowelling three quarters of an inch thick, and four inches long, or use a bit of broom handle of that length. Shave the end down till it fits nicely into the hole on top of the boiler. Have it reach to the bottom of the hole, so as to be firm, and leave three inches standing up.

To finish the smoke stack, and make it look like the newest fashion in American engines, you must nail on to the top, with brads, a round piece of wood, a quarter of an inch thick, and a quarter of an inch larger all around than the broomstick itself. Behind the boiler

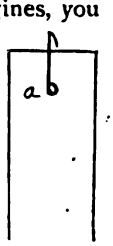


FIG. 6.

MAKE THE CAB.

This is a peculiar thing, and the boy builder of the cigar-box train insists that it must be done exactly as he directs, in order to make a really *proper* cab. To proceed, then:

For the front piece take a board a half-inch thick, three and three quarters inches high, and two and a half wide. Cut with a jig saw, near the top, two windows, one on each side, to overlook the engine. Nail this to the back end of the boiler, and to the floor. Make the two side pieces of the cab of cigar-box wood three inches wide and four inches high. In these cut two windows, also near the top. Before you nail these side pieces on, make a third piece out of half-inch wood, two and a quarter inches long, by two and a half wide, and nail it with brads to the front piece of the cab, one inch from the floor, like a shelf. This is the real floor, and without it your cab will be a mere toy, and not at all the correct thing. Having this shelf in place, nail on your side pieces, both to the front piece, and to the shelf.

The roof requires a piece of thin board, two and a half inches wide, and four inches long, so that it will project one inch beyond the sides. Remember it must be put *between* the side pieces, and on *top* of the front piece, and nailed with brads.

TO MAKE THE DRIVING WHEELS.

The engine wheels are four in number, made by sawing from half-inch board four circles four inches in diameter, and from cigar-box wood an equal number four and a half inches in diameter. Each wheel is double, you see, to form the flange which keeps it on the track. Nail with little brads, each larger circle on to a smaller one, so that the former will project equally all around. Then bore a hole exactly in the middle of each, and your wheels are ready. With lath nails fasten one pair of wheels to the platform board at the side of the cab (flanges inside, of course), and the other pair to the same board in front, and so far that the rims of the two wheels on one side will be about two inches apart.

TO MAKE THE COW-CATCHER.

For this very important addition to the engine take a piece of wood three inches wide and two inches thick. Saw it on *both* sides to a point (*fig.* 7). First shave it down on top so that it forms a sharp point at *b*, *fig.* 7. Then draw a line through the middle of the top (*a* to *b*, *fig.* 7), and shave down each side so that it shall present a sharp edge all around from *c* to *b*, and from *b* to *d* (*fig.* 7). Nail this to the front end of the platform board with inch-long brads.

TO MAKE THE TENDER.

This is very easily made of a cigar box, one of the low sort, the same width as your cars, but only half the height. Remove the cover and take out one end board. Put the box on a board a half-inch longer than itself, and finish with trucks as you did your cars.

At the back end of this tender — the closed end — fasten couplings like these on the cars, but to the engine it may be fastened by a common wire hook and eye. The hook being on the engine.

This completes your train, and if you wish to make a double track, you need only make your ties long enough to allow trains to pass, and then lay your tracks side by side.

With a little ingenuity, you can make bridges and tunnels, freight trains, and gravel trains, and can, in fact, increase your "rolling stock" to any extent.

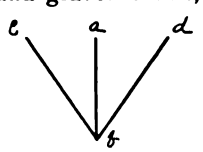


FIG. 7.

I hope you will enjoy building this railway and train half as much as did the boys in the attic in New York City. With them the building and improving, the running of trains and the adding of new facilities, make a never-ending entertainment.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

V.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

ONCE on a time, had the wise men of the world been asked who were to be the great explorers of modern times, they probably would not have pointed to a factory boy in Scotland, ten years old, working fourteen hours a day, neither to a homeless lad in a Welsh poor-house — David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley. But we may well say with President Garfield, " I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat." We all of us naturally enjoy adventure, and admire heroic adventurers. An unexplored region exerts a strange and drawing fascination upon the most sober-minded of us. The world's civilization hinges often upon this element in our natures.

There is a long, royal line of brave and hardy men who have given money and thought and life to open up new lands and enlighten new races; but through all the centuries of exploration there has remained, until our own years, a vast, unknown country, covering over eight million square miles — Africa, the Dark Continent. To be sure its Egypt had at one time been the centre of the world's learning; its Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile, was as beautiful as Imperial Rome until Julius Cæsar conquered it, 48 B. C.; but under the rule of the Turks it had gone back into barbarism. To be sure along the east and west coasts the English and the Dutch had opened trading stations, but into the great pagan interior, believed to be inhabited by cannibals, and teeming with natural riches, no traveller had dared venture.

It was about one hundred years ago that England endeavored to send missionaries to the African tribes, but the malarial fevers were invariably fatal to life. This was well known to young David Livingstone, when, in the Scottish cotton factory, he resolved to go into the dark and terrible country as a missionary. He was twenty-five. He had for years worked from six in the morning until eight at night, his books before him on the loom, that he might study Latin and science while he worked, learning Greek, theology and medicine in his evenings.

For the next sixteen years he gave himself to mission work in behalf of the Afric heathen, and to exploration in behalf of the whole world. Beset by strange hardships through tedious and difficult journeys, he penetrated the country, exploring the Zambesi and the lakes. He never felt fear. His manliness and kindliness won him the friendliness of the terrible and pagan peoples.

He took constant and sensible care of his health. In the greatest hardship he never re-enforced his strength and spirits with stimulants; water was his only beverage.

When he visited home again, England and Scotland awarded the poor factory boy their greatest honors — medals, gold, and the applause of their Scientific Societies. He soon returned to Africa, however, this time sent by the Government and empowered to suppress the barbarous, the brutal slave-trade in Africa, carried on by Egypt, the Portuguese, and the tribes among themselves. Captured in the interior, these herds of human beings were bound together in gangs, the chains eating into their wrists, and were driven thus to the seacoast to be sold. In two centuries, it is estimated that forty million Africans had been sold into slavery.

On the death of his wife, the daughter of the Missionary Moffat, Livingstone once more returned to England, where he staid to write his second book, and then started for his last journey in Africa in 1866. He was determined to give the remainder of his life to this mission of Christianity and exploration. He was equipped better than a new man, by every year's experience. His constancy to his youthful purpose never wavered. It was not love of adventure, it was the noble zeal of exploration which had sent him forth in the beginning, the only sort of travel that really benefits the world, and is chronicled by history.

This time, for three years, nothing was heard from him. The whole world grew anxious. At last, while Royal Societies and Scientific Associations were debating, and Governments were delaying, a generous, energetic American, James Gordon Bennett, the owner of the *New York Herald*, resolved to find Livingstone, be he dead or be he alive. He quietly undertook this at his own expense. The chief question would seem to be, Whom could he send? There was, however, one young man whose dauntless courage and determination he could depend upon: Henry M. Stanley.

And who was Henry M. Stanley?

Born in 1840, in Wales, at three years of age, this Henry M. Stanley was sent to the poor-house.

There he remained for ten years. About that time in his life he shipped as a cabin boy, and came to America—to New Orleans. There he sought employment, and he must have shown some very good qualities, energy and ambition, probably, for he was adopted by a merchant named Stanley. However, a restless nature asserted itself, and presently he was off to see the world. He stopped for a time in Arkansas, living in a log cabin, and supporting himself in Thoreau-like simplicity, no doubt, as he had no settled occupation. His friends supposed him dead, when suddenly he appeared among them, having come down the Mississippi on a flat-boat. His adopted father died soon after, without having made a will, and the adopted son was again penniless. He now sought his fortune in California, among the miners and the Indians, and at twenty, having lived at the South, he naturally entered the Confederate Army. Soon, taken prisoner, and enjoying the stir of battle, he joined the Union Army, and was put on board a man-of-war, where he rose to the position of acting ensign.

The war over, and feeling no disposition for a civilian's life, he resolved to join the Cretans, who were trying to throw off the Turkish yoke. It was at this point in his career that he had the good fortune and the good sense to engage himself to the *New York Herald* as its correspondent. He now travelled widely in the East, showing both daring and good judgment in all his moves and adventures. Returning, he took in the poor-house in Wales on his way, and gave the inmates a good dinner and a friendly talk.

The next year, still turning his love of travel and adventure into business, he accompanied the English army against Theodore, king of Abyssinia, writing graphic letters to the *Herald*, and making a reputation for himself by sending news of victory to the English press before it was conveyed officially. The following year he was sent to report the civil war in Spain, where he showed the same triumphing will, the same quickness of decision, the same despatch, the same pluck and fearlessness, and always the same masterly common sense; whatever he attempted he was *sure* to accomplish.

One day as Stanley was sitting in his hotel in Madrid, he received a telegram: "*Come to Paris on important business.*" In two hours he was on the cars. There he met Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett said, "Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and so on, but FIND LIVINGSTONE."

What a tribute it was, that command! A laurel branch, a ribbon of honor. Mr. Bennett knew all the promising young men of the day, and he had chosen him!

On the sixth of January, 1871, Stanley reached Zanzibar, an island off the east coast of Africa. From this point, he started off into the unknown country. He knew that money would be useless in the heart of Africa, as the natives do all their trading by exchange. He had, therefore, purchased three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, twenty sacks of various colored beads, and nearly four thousand yards of three different kinds of cloth, to barter for food and service. These goods, with his boat, etc., weighed six tons. With this baggage, his train comprised twenty donkeys, and one hundred and ninety men. He found his progress a proceeding of quite as much peril as he had counted upon. The roads were mere footpaths. Trees were felled to make bridges across the streams. Now they waded to their necks in swamps filled with alligators, and now, often on their hands and feet, crept through miles of

HENRY M. STANLEY.

matted jungles, noisome with decaying vegetation. Whenever they halted for rest, loathsome flies, white ants and reptiles, crawled over them; while on the march, elephants, lions and hyenas were too plenty and too near for comfort. The water was so impure, also, that the donkeys died from drinking it.

What strange, ignorant, warlike peoples they found! Most of them lived in huts of mud and grass, crawling in through a single opening. They were naked. The women wore great coils of

brass wire about their necks, wrists and ankles, while their bodies were smeared with red paint and grease. Some of the men inserted the neck of a gourd in each ear; in these receptacles they carried tobacco and lime, obtained by burning shells, while the women pierced their upper lips, gradually enlarging the opening till they could insert a shell. Each tribe spoke a different language, and most were at war with one another. When they agreed to become friends they made a slight gash in the hands, or right cheek and forehead, and tasting each the blood of the other, become "blood relations!"

Sometimes these tribes fled at the approach of Stanley and his men; sometimes they gathered in great crowds to gaze upon them; and again, in war paint and feathers, with bells on their ankles and knees, flourishing battle-axes and assegais, they attacked the travellers like packs of wolves.

For eleven months the determined Stanley had led his men, sometimes coaxing the weary, half-starved ones, and sometimes whipping the insubordinate. The feet of some were bleeding from thorns, and others had fallen by disease. Not one word had yet been heard of Livingstone. Once the young explorer, alone with savages, was well-nigh discouraged, but he wrote in his journal: "No living man shall stop me — only death can prevent me. But death — not even this; I shall not die — I will not die — I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him and — write it larger — FIND HIM, FIND HIM. Even the words are inspiring."

One day a caravan passed, and they asked the news. The reply was that there was a white man at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyka — he had just reached there.

Stanley's heart beat at the announcement.

"Is he young or old?" he asked.

"He is old. He has white hair on his face, and he is sick."

With enthusiasm, yet hardly daring to hope, Stanley pushed on, travelling night and day until they came in sight of Ujiji.

"Unfurl the flags and load the guns!" shouted Stanley, his nerves for the first time quivering with excitement. The Stars and Stripes floated out with the Zanzibar flag, and fifty guns thundered over the plain. They were immediately surrounded by hundreds of Africans, who shouted "*Yambo, yambo, bana!*" These were words of welcome.

Suddenly from the crowd a voice called out, "Good morning, sir!"

Startled by English words, Stanley replied, "Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Doctor Livingstone!"

Then a thrill went through Stanley's soul. The fatigues and the perils of the long, weird year were as though they had not been.

Susi ran back to his master, and soon the worn, gray-bearded Livingstone and the young American stood before each other. They clasped hands warmly, a strange tie uniting them at once.

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you," Stanley uttered from his heart.

"I feel grateful that I am here to welcome you," was the response of the white-haired man, who, without wife or children, receiving no letters for years, with food only for a month, was hoping against hope for aid.

For four months these two fearless men talked and planned and explored together, the one recounting his privations and disappointments, the other feeling that he must take up the work which the noble Livingstone would soon lay down forever. At length the day of parting came, for the great traveller could not be prevailed upon to go home, feeble though he was. His journals, in waterproof canvas cover, were sealed and given to Stanley, his letters written, supplies left him for four years, and then the two men wrung each other's hands in silence, and Stanley, with choking voice, gave the word to his men: "Right about face! March!"

Livingstone never looked upon a white face again. For a year he struggled on, fording the rivers on the shoulders of his men, till, too weak to walk, he was carried on a litter to the village of Illala. At four o'clock in the morning, May 1, 1872, Susi entered the doctor's tent to see if he might need something. The latter was kneeling by the bedside, as if in prayer, his head buried in his hands on the pillow, but quite cold and dead. For two weeks his faithful servants dried the precious body in the sun, and then, enclosing it in a bark case, daubed with tar (pretending to bury it, as the superstitious people would not let a dead body pass through the land), they carried it on their shoulders for nine long months, one thousand five hundred miles, over rivers and through swamps to the seacoast, where it was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. The great of the earth gathered at that funeral. Among the pall bearers was the negro lad who had borne the body over the sea, Jacob Wainwright, and the young American, Stanley, but for whom Livingstone would probably have been buried on African soil.

Meantime Stanley had reached England, to find that after all his hardships, his statements about Livingstone were disbelieved. The delivery of the journals and the letters, however, proved the truth. The Royal Geographical Society then presented him with a gold medal, and the Queen sent him a gold snuff box, with "V. R." set in brilliants on the top.

But Stanley's work was far from completed. To his joy, the *London Daily Telegraph* now united with the *New York Herald* to send him again to Africa to continue Livingstone's work. He at once

bought one hundred and thirty books relating to that country, determining to know all that had been written concerning it. November 17, 1874, with eight tons of baggage, horses, dogs, and three hundred and fifty-six men, Stanley started, with his mind made up to cross the Dark Continent from shore to shore, and to solve that question of the centuries, What is the source of the Nile? A beautiful boat, the *Lady Alice*, was carried in eight sections on the shoulders of the men, and in the train was borne every appliance that could lessen or shorten the labors of their long progress.

And now began one of the most heroic, yet most painful marches in history. Losing their way, wandering in jungles and swamps, stealing aside to die in the brush, the company was reduced soon to less than two hundred. Once, when near starvation, two cubs were killed in a lion's den, and Stanley made a soup in a sheet iron trunk which he used to carry baggage, giving each of his men a good bowlful of lion broth apiece.

About four hundred miles inland, they were attacked by the natives, and twenty-five of the men killed. At Uganda, on the contrary, they were received with great state, and a present was made them by King Mtesa of fourteen oxen, sixteen goats, thirty-six fowls, and one hundred bunches of bananas. This man was a powerful, half-civilized emperor, governing two million people, with tens of thousands of soldiers. Four thousand five hundred women were attached to his household as servants. His palace was an immense, barn-like structure on the top of a mountain. Stanley translated the ten commandments for him, and through these he professed to accept the Christian religion instead of Mohammedanism.

In exploring Lake Victoria Nyanza, the treacherous natives persuaded the travellers to land, by holding up sweet potatoes as a sign that they were friendly. The moment the boats touched the beach they wrested the oars, and pointed their spears at Stanley's head. They then retired, saying they would speedily return and put him to death. Pulling some boards from the bottom of the boat, his men used these as oars, and rowed away just as the furious savages came yelling back to the shore. On a second exploring tour, to punish them, Stanley put their king in irons, killed forty natives, and wounded scores of others.

For over a year, sometimes in peace, sometimes in war, Stanley explored the inland lakes, learning, meantime, all the horrors of the slave trade—naked creatures driven into pens like cattle, and half-starved; their villages burned that they might be the more easily captured. Next he explored the Lualaba River, which Livingstone believed to empty into the Nile. Stanley found it to be none other than the Congo, ten miles broad at its mouth.

Stanley knew he had now reached the region inhabited by cannibals. But he did not quail among the monsters. Hiring four hundred more men, he commenced his journey. At first they could scarcely pierce the jungles; now they felled huge trees, and dug them out for canoes; now, unable to pass the falls, they cut their way four miles through dense forests, sometimes over mountains one thousand feet high; now exhausted, they sank down in the wilderness to die, watched by huge serpents. For four months they gained only about a mile a day, yet the intrepid leader toiled on, inspiring his heart-sick followers.

So superstitious were the natives, that, seeing him writing in his notebook, they said such black marks will bring disease and death upon the people, and the book must be burned. Stanley was now really aghast. Destroy the records of nearly three long years, and his maps! He could not fight now, for the great company had become reduced by death to only one hundred and fifteen, and nearly half of these were ill. He bethought himself of a similar book he had with him, and hastening into his tent, brought out a volume of Shakespeare, which he burned before their eyes, to their intense gratification.

And now the long journey across the continent was nearly over. When Stanley announced to the half-starved company that they were nearing the ocean, one poor fellow went crazy with joy, and shouting, "We have reached the sea; we are at home!" plunged into the forest, and was never seen again. As soon as tidings of their distressing condition could be sent, food was brought them from the coast. On landing, every kindness was shown them, and Stanley, true to his promise, took his natives back to Zanzibar, around Cape Town. When they reached home, they knelt on the beach, and cried "Allah! Allah!" as they bent their faces to the sand. When Stanley returned to England, the devoted fellows shoved his boat into the sea and then bore him on their shoulders out into the surf to reach it.

Well, the boy of the Welsh poor-house had come to world-wide fame! He had made that journey of over seven thousand miles in the heart of Africa, which he had planned; he had discovered that the Shimeeyu River, four hundred miles long, is the true source of the Nile, making it the longest river in the world; and he was prepared to show that this great land with its teeming millions was to be invaluable to the world's commerce.

Europe hailed him now. Humboldt, King of Italy, sent him his portrait; Victor Emanuel, his father, bestowed a gold medal; the Khedive of Egypt decorated him with the grand commandership of the Order of the Medjidie; the Prince of Wales sent his personal congratulations; London, Paris, Italy and Marseilles sent gold medals from their Geographical Societies; a dozen other cities,

like Berlin and Vienna, made him an Honorary Member of their largest associations; and best of all, he says: "The government of the United States has crowned my success with its official approval, and the unanimous vote of thanks passed in both Houses of the Legislature has made me proud for life of the expedition and its achievements."

Mr. Stanley is now back in Africa again; and under the International African Association, with Leopold the Second, king of the Belgians at its head, he is building a good road from the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone River, inland, in order to open the country to trade and civilization. He has established five trading stations already, the last about five hundred miles from the coast. De Brazza, in the interest of France, has attempted to forestall Stanley by gaining possession of the territory, but the latter has won the natives to his side, and has virtual control of the whole Congo route. Africa will have a great future, doubtless, and the boy of the Welsh poor-house, by his indomitable will and courage, has hastened the day by many and many a year.

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By the Next Neighbor.

XVII.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

YOUR little note slipped under the door last evening, on your way home from the druggist's, for Tom's toothache drops, came straight to heart and hand. You find home dull with the best care you can give it; and as you look round the shabby, commonplace rooms, you wish for some way of brightening them and brightening life together. Life seems rather "grubby" and tame to you, does it?—a common complaint at sixteen. In stories, you know, the young lady's arduous duty is to fill the vases and dust the ornaments, and I have seen young women who really thought they had made the best of their time when they had dawdled over cut flowers and china an hour of a morning.

In a world so full of novelties and delights as this, where there is so much to be done for one's self and for others, can one be satisfied with mere touches and glances like this? Well might a keen novelist of the day say concerning one of his heroines: "She was a lady, and nothing else—the most charming and useless of creatures." She was not a lady, *pur sang*, or she would have been good for something; at least as much as the French duchesses who fled to England in the Revolution, who made caps and mantles for a living, or gave lessons in drawing, and did these things very well too. They were taught to do everything better than common people, as became their rank. The Princess Louise of England is a lady, if you please, but not a useless one. In their toyhouse at Osborn she and her royal sisters were taught every detail of housekeeping from washing and ironing shirts to cooking dinners and butter-making, under far more rigid inspection than you ever face, and she can decorate a room, or serve a supper skilfully, not disdaining any use of her hands to which hands can be put. The Prince of Wales very wisely insists that his lovely young daughters shall be taught different occupations as carefully as if they expected to earn their bread by them. They are to take their studies, he directs, as thoroughly as if they were qualifying for governesses, and their mother, the Princess Alexandra, who, if stories are true, used to sew on her own gowns, sees to it that they neglect nothing either pleasant or convenient for a woman to know.

Girls and women of a certain inferior turn of mind are fond of thinking of their place in life as the woman's kingdom, and of themselves as queens and sovereigns of home, which is about as far as these high-flyers can reach. These queens of the baking-pans and empresses of the pot-lids find it consoling to move about their little houses in a halo of imagination, much like the hired girl I knew, who confessed to wearing white satin and diamond earrings in fancy all the while her hands were in the dishwater, scraping the frying-pan with her finger-nails. I beg you to disdain such shams and affectations, and be proud enough to content yourself with the plain fact of being an American girl in modest circumstances, who is bound to make the best of everything with her own hands, and very thankful for the chance. You certainly can make your house interesting, and your busy life will keep you out of a hundred absurdities and affectations. The funniest of common things is the way a girl takes to copying a favorite heroine by little pruderies and primnesses, as if she were educating herself into finer ladyhood, and by

catching tricks of manner, she could imbibe a whole character.

If you ever resent the not over-pleasant duties which crowd out so many pleasant things, you may draw consolation from the letters of Mrs. Carlyle, who knew both sides of life. Brought up to elegant leisure, the only child of doting, well-to-do parents, and full of all the tastes which belong to a bright, accomplished, sensitive woman, she led the life of a poor man's wife for a score of years, bound to extract the utmost comfort and gentility out of a narrow income by the strictest economy and clever handiwork. Her letters to her old home friends are full of domestic affairs, notable cleanings and tearings-up when Mr. Carlyle was away, picking apart of mattresses, taking down bedsteads and soaking them to get rid of "beings," the bare idea of which sent her wild and Carlyle frantic, making of bed hangings, which with their linings and trimming were a heavy work in those days of hand needlework, with help of her hired girls who smashed whole tables of china and got too drunk to stand; how she swept and "black-leaded" grates, made the cold meat do for days to save cooking, and boiled the porridge for supper by the parlor fire to save trouble—all told in the liveliest fashion, with fun, temper, and often tears in the words. But with all her heavy load of unshared care, the genuine sense of the woman speaks out in words like these, written from the home of her wealthy relatives on a visit:

> I declare, I am heartily sorry for these girls in this absurd, indolent way, sailing down the stream of time. How grateful I ought to be to you, dear, for having rescued me out of the young-lady sphere! It is a thing that I cannot contemplate with the proper toleration.

Brave little woman! She could paper, paint, scrub, and black grates, upholster and mend, even to cobbling Mr. Carlyle's cloth shoes all one New Year's Day, without over-much murmuring, but the aimless, endless young-lady life of dressing, sipping tea, reading a little, riding a little, and doing fancy work a little, filled her with disgust, as it must every capable woman or girl who feels in herself the ability for more than mere slipping through life the easiest way.

If you look at your housework as the means to a delightful home, it will not seem hard or hateful; even the dreaded sweeping day, which I own to liking worse than wash-day, leads to the repose of fresh, fragrant rooms, and sanctity from dust and defacement. It need not be quite so much a penance if you have proper aids. For a sweeping outfit you want several large covers of glazed cambric or chintz to throw over piano, sofa, and all the large pieces of furniture you cannot wheel out of the room. A bed cover is indispensable in sweeping chambers. The good old-fashioned ones used to be of nankeen, bordered with chintz stripes and the size three by four yards, to envelop everything about the bed. At least you can use old sheets and newspapers to cover things, if nothing else is at hand. A carpet-sweeper you must have, not because it does the work easier, so much as that it prevents breathing dust, which is dangerous for the lungs. The common brush sweepers are better than brooms, but I prefer the Atmospheric carpet-sweeper, which has a fan in the box, that draws all the dust and lint into it without any brush to clog or wear out the carpet. It is pretty to see how it licks lint and threads from the floor, leaving Brussels or ingrain as absolutely clean as if it came from a steam cleaner.

A long-handled sweeping-brush for wood floors and mattings, and a long dust brush for cornices and lintels, make work easy, but you can do it just as nicely with a clean broom kept soft by dipping in boiling suds every week, and wrapping a clean cloth round the head of it for high dusting. A large dustpan with tall, upright handle, four feet long, saves much tiresome stooping, and is more desirable than expensive brushes, if you can't have both. Stiff manilla paint brushes to dust corners and tufted furniture, soft brushes for mouldings, and feather brushes for highly polished wood complete the outfit; but in place of these one manages very well with a five-cent whisk broom and a soft old cotton duster.

In sweeping a parlor, first put all the vases and small ornaments out of the way in a basket or closet, that they need not become indistinguishable with dust. Set all the furniture possible in the hall, and cover pictures, book-cases, clock and other things so closely that dust cannot sift on them, carefully wiping off dust that has already settled on them. With a clean brush dust the upper part of the roller blinds and draw them up to their full height out of the way. Dust over doors and windows before you sweep, not to have a double cloud to brush down afterward. If you sweep with a broom, use damp tea leaves, bran, coarse meal, sawdust or dry snow to keep down the dust, remembering to have these things damp, not wet; to sprinkle only a yard or two where you mean to sweep at once, and to take it up with the sweepings before you go to the next place. Brushing a damp mass of dust and trash over a whole carpet, is not the way to improve it. Fine carpets like Wilton or Moquette should be swept with the pile, to keep them from wearing; and dealers say that Brussels should be swept only one way. It is a good rule always to begin at the corner farthest from the door, taking up the dust every yard or two. Take rugs up, bringing opposite sides together, not to spill their dust; lay them face down on green sward, or hang them so out of windows and beat the backs till all the dust is out. Beating on the face sends the dust into the firm woven ground of the rugs. Let them sun for an

hour or two on the wrong side, then air in shade with the face up, finishing with a few minutes' broad sunshine to take out the smell which clings to fluffy mats as well as other unsunned carpets.

As soon as the sweeping is done, open all the windows wide to let as much dust blow out as may be, but keep the doors closed which lead to the rest of the house. While waiting for the dust to settle, go over the furniture in the hall or on the porch, using the stiff brush or whisk on all upholstery, brushing crevices and tufts thoroughly, and beating the cushions with the flat rattan bat sold for the purpose in fancy shops. Use the soft brush or cloth only on wood, but don't go over things with a feather duster and imagine you leave them clean. The dust flies and settles elsewhere for you to breathe, and streaks are left in unlikely places. Use a slightly damp cloth to wipe off the dust, and carry it from the room. Read Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Nursing* if you want to know why a damp cloth is preferable to a flirting brush when dusting a room is in question.

The stiff brush comes in play for dusting window frames and baseboards *after* you have wiped the frames and swept the skirting with clean brush or broom into the dust-pan. Try to dust so that your cloth or brush leaves no soiled streak on paint or wall — a sort of shading not uncommon in easy-going houses. White spots on varnished furniture can be rubbed off with alcohol, kerosene, or a little wet ashes. Ink can be scoured off with sapolio, or if the wood is deeply stained, dilute vitriol and wash the spot many times, letting the liquid, which is dangerously caustic, soak in. Put a few drops of furniture polish on a woollen cloth and rub the chairs, first washing smears off with kerosene, which also improves varnished wood.

Keep glue, shellac, varnish, a little white paint and brown or oak stain ready to touch up furniture and woodwork. It looks shiftless to keep a dozen broken things about till it is worth while to send for a repairer, when every boy and girl of twelve can use glue and varnish as well, if they only learn. If the mirror frame is shabby, regild it with the materials which come ready for use, at fifty cents a box. If it is too far gone, paint the whole frame over, black, brown, deep red or white. If the grate frame and hearth are rusty, japan them with the black varnish any dealer will furnish for twenty-five cents, and give the coal-scuttle a coat while you are about it. Is there grease on the marble of bureau, table-top or mantel, try sapolio on it first, and then a paste of slacked lime and potash, which will draw the worst grease out of stone or floors. Is the wall paper torn, paste the loose end at once; if soiled or torn off, cut a square piece to match the figure exactly, and paste over the blemish. Fill holes in the plastering with plaster of paris mixed thick with water, smoothing with a knife. If the carpet shows grease spots, rub hard soap on them, and wash off with crash, rinsing with lather, and rubbing hard with dry crash. This will seldom hurt the colors, if quickly done, using but little water. Rub rust off the stove with sand paper or the kitchen burnisher, *i. e.*, the steel pot cloth, before blacking it.

You would like to know how to make your sitting-room look cosey and "livable," and want some hints for the arrangement of furniture. A family room needs certain things to be inviting, one of which is a long lounge, not the wretched little parlor lounge that is neither good to sit or lie on, but a generous home-made one, with pillows, for tired people. Doctors say one can rest more lying down ten minutes than sitting down an hour. Next you want easy-chairs, Shaker, cane seat, rattan, wood or upholstered, it matters not, so there is a comfortable seat for each of the family. A wide round table where all can find room for work or books is desirable, for it gives all an equal chance, and is more inviting than other shapes. A cloth is in the way for an evening table. A book-shelf, not a book-case which takes room, wide, plain brackets and broad window seats for flowers, a clock, and clear glasses for bouquets, will be the furnishing strictly needed.

Scrupulous neatness is to be the first charm of your rooms, which in showy upholstery or bare plainness, is distinct and attractive as the scent of lavender. Beside this, the secret of a pleasant room lies in what aunt Jane would call "having things correspond," or what an artist would call the unity of things — what old Caleb who "chores round" would say, unhesitatingly, was the keeping of things. You want a room mostly in one color or shades of a color. Perhaps you can't do much more in this way than to avoid green and red tidies, and lamp-mats, or purple mats and pale blue tidies and deep blue vases, with bouquets on the front, to go with a scarlet and wood-color carpet. You can't get over the carpet, as you can't afford a new one, unless you take the bold step introduced by modern taste, and have it dyed deep red, brown, or deep blue, when the most obnoxious colors come out in different shades, making a fair artistic carpet. If I had an ugly carpet, I would treat it to a bath of madder dye, laid on scalding hot with a brush, before giving up the question. Dreadful, many-colored mats and cushion covers can certainly be dyed, and ten dollars in paint and dyeing will go farther toward making a really agreeable room than a hundred in common furnishings. A coat of pinky white or pinky drab paint mixed with varnish, laid over doors and common furniture would harmonize with your madder red or brown or deep blue carpet, and when you "do up" shades and curtains next, try a few drops of cochineal in the starch, to give them a pleasing tinge. You don't begin to know the resources of simple things.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

By Arthur Gilman.

VI.

THE HERMIT OF SHAWMUT.

A GREAT poet has told us that to be truly alone one must roam the streets of a great city, "midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men," where there are "none to bless us, none whom we can bless," where every one is intent upon his own affairs, and not a soul can stop a moment to think of the solitary just at his side. He says also, on the other hand:

> To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
> To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
> Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
> And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
> To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
> With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
> Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
> This is not solitude.

There lies before me a great city. It clusters about the foot of certain hills, and its greatest edifice crowns the summit of the tallest of them, throwing back the warm rays of the western sun from the rounded outline of its golden dome. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of men throng the streets. Can it be that one among all these feels more lonely than the first man who built his little cabin on the spot when all was wild and nature reigned over the hill and the shores of the sea that washed them?

What an interest surrounds the first man to do anything, or to establish himself at any particular point! How we search records to find out who has been before us, and how triumphant are we when we make a discovery! Could we now give the name of the man who, first of all, lived on the site where London stands, with what sentiments of reverence would we not gaze upon the record of his life!

We are fortunate enough to know the name of the first man who lighted a fire on a hearthstone in the city I am thinking of. When the smoke rose from his chimney, it was seen by none but Indians and the wild beasts of the surrounding forest.

It is not often that a single man settles alone away from his fellow men and builds himself a home for meditation as this man did. There is generally some romantic reason for his act, if he does so; and, in our case, we shall find ourselves wondering why a man like this one should have made himself an exception to the general rules of human action. He is introduced to us as sitting alone upon the summit of Shawmut, the site upon which Boston was built. It was Beacon Hill from which his eyes gazed across the harbor to the broad Atlantic, over which he had come from his native England. Was he longing to return? I am sure that he did not entertain any feeling of that sort. He rather said to himself:

> There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea and music of its roar:
> I love not man the less, but nature more,
> From these our interviews, in which I steal
> From all I may be or have been before,
> To mingle with the universe, and feel
> What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

What caused this man, William Blaxton by name, to leave his native England, and seek a home alone on the slope of Beacon Hill? He seems to have arrived some four years after the Pilgrims had established themselves at Plymouth. He was about twenty-five years of age, a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and a clergyman of the Established Church. Had some disappointment caused him to leave his home — to exchange its comforts for the privations of the wilderness? Did he come for the purpose of quiet contemplation and study? Perhaps both reasons influenced him. He had with him a library of some value. It contained English books in folio, Latin books in folio, in large quarto and in small quarto, and

some manuscript volumes, which would be of the greatest interest to us if they had not been burned by the Indians.

How many years Blaxton lived without neighbors I cannot tell; but I know that in 1629 he had one named Walford, living in a palisadoed house on the spot where Charlestown now stands; and that a little later Samuel Maverick was to be found at Noddle's Island, now East Boston; and even earlier than that there had been an Englishman at Mount Wollaston, which he had called Merrymount.

The settler at the last-mentioned place had surrounded himself with companions. He did not come to America to get away from society, but rather to be free to behave himself as he pleased. He was a gay and, perhaps, graceless fellow, and his gayeties at last aroused the antagonism of the settlers about him, who sent the valiant Pilgrim, Miles Standish, with soldiers to force him to live more soberly. He had raised a Maypole at Merrymount, and with his companions he danced around it in a way that was not in accord with the views of the stricter settlers at Plymouth and Charlestown, who did not dance at all, and were a constant protest against the vanities and the license that they had come over seas to get away from. Those were stirring times in England at the epoch that we are considering. There was a war with France, and King Charles the First was in dispute with his Parliament. Oliver Cromwell was coming into notice — the man who was to direct the overthrow of the King, and his execution.

In the midst of the excitement, oppression and feeling of insecurity at home, there was a growing interest in new settlements in America, and at the same time that the King determined to rule without the help of Parliament, he gave to a certain body of men a charter to settle and govern a territory of Massachusetts Bay. The historian Bancroft says that the Puritans felt that they had "a summons from heaven inviting them to America," and they prepared to go there accordingly. A number had sailed in 1628, but the great movement began the next year. It was at the end of August that a dozen men of large fortunes and liberal culture met at Cambridge, England, and determined on certain conditions to go to the new country. The principal of these was John Winthrop, who afterwards became the Governor of the Colony, and directed its early history so wisely that it became strong and influential.

We have learned that on other occasions when expeditions were about to sail out into the broad sea there was much popular interest in the matter. The same was true now.

There were few persons of importance, as the world counts importance, among those who had *left home* to settle in America. The "Pilgrims," *who went to Plymouth in 1620*, made little stir by their going, for they did not sail directly from England. They had been away already some years in Holland, and besides, they had not the social importance of the persons who now proposed to go. John Winthrop himself was born of a good family, and had been carefully educated. He saw the light first just after Mary, Queen of Scots, had been executed and just before the Spanish Armada was dispersed. These two events bring to our mind something of the state of affairs in those days. When but a young man, he was a justice of the peace, and at later period he held other public offices; but he gave them up, perhaps because he did not sympathize with the ruling powers in those troublous times. After the meeting at Cambridge, he occupied himself almost exclusively with preparations for the voyage. The character of the emigrants, as well as the condition of affairs called much attention to the movement, and England was stirred from one end to the other with discussions of it.

Finally, all was ready, and eleven ships sailed, carrying some seven hundred persons. Long and dreary was the voyage, and it was sixty days before the shores of Mount Desert were seen. It took them almost as long to cross the ocean as it had taken Columbus, one hundred and forty-eight years before. Two days after they had sighted Mount Desert, they anchored off Salem, where some of the previous emigrants had established themselves, but the place did not please Winthrop, and he sailed on, entering Boston Harbor the next week. Then he decided to bring his companions to Charlestown.

It is not my intention to tell you all about Governor Winthrop, for I must return to Mr. Blaxton. He probably saw the ships sail into the harbor that he thought would not soon be invaded by Englishmen, and perhaps he was dismayed to think that his seclusion was to be broken in upon. However, he seems to have been a good Christian, and he did not bear any ill-will towards the newcomers. How could he object to their coming to the New World that he had taken the liberty of entering himself?

We are at liberty to suppose that Mr. Blaxton took an early opportunity of calling upon Governor Winthrop, and that he asked him to come over to see him in return. It was not long before his charity was shown more emphatically, for severe sickness broke out among the people of Charlestown, which was attributed to poor water. Mr. Blaxton then invited them to come over to Shawmut, where he had good springs and well-drained lands. It was not long before the company of Winthrop laid claim to the territory on which Mr. Blaxton was living, because it was included in the grant from the King. The right of the King was based on the fact that the early discoverers were Englishmen, though they had not settled the

place. Mr. Blaxton replied to these claims in the old-fashioned language of his time: "The King asserteth sovereignty over this New England, because John and Sebastian Cabot sailed along the coast, without even landing at any place; and if the quality of sovereignty can subsist upon the substratum of mere inspection, surely the quality of property can subsist upon that of actual occupancy, which is the foundation of my claim."

The justice of Mr. Blaxton's claim was so far acknowledged that he was confirmed in his title to fifty acres about his house, which stood not far from the east side of the Common and Public Garden. The feeling of good-fellowship did not grow, however, between the newcomers and the original settler at Shawmut, and the next year, 1634, he was bought off, each householder paying him the sum of six shillings. For this he gave up about one fourteenth part of the peninsula, and saying, "I came from England because I did not like the Lord-Bishops, but I cannot join with you, because I will not be under the Lord-Brethren," he a second time turned his face away from the habitations of men.

When Mr. Blaxton determined to leave Shawmut, it must have been a grave question whither he should go. On what principle he decided it, I cannot say, but this I know, that he went towards Rhode Island, which was soon to become the home of Roger Williams, the refugee from the power of laws that interfered with his freedom of religious practice. "It was the spring-time of the year," when, investing twelve pounds of the money given him for his farm, in cattle, and gathering together those treasured books which had given him so much comfort in the wilderness, he started through the fragrant woods, meditating, probably, like another Valentine:

> How use doth breed a habit in a man.
> This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
> I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
> Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
> And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> Tune my distresses and record my woes.

Following the Indian paths to the southwest, he found himself on the banks of a river which presented a pleasant site for his future home, and there he built a cottage, calling it "Study Hall." It stood at the foot of a hill, which rose behind the house by three natural terraces. On the second of these he dug a well, and the third formed a place for retirement and study. At the north of the house he planted a garden and at the south he began an orchard; for he raised the first apples in Rhode Island, as, indeed, he was the first settler of the State. The river that flowed before his door has ever since borne his name, though it is spelled Blackstone.

Even a recluse can grow lonely, it seems, for we find that in 1659, Mr. Blaxton went to Boston and was married by Governor Endicott to a lady in whose eyes he had found favor. They lived together for fourteen years, when the lady died. Mr. Blaxton followed her two years later. During his life in Rhode Island, he had been accustomed to preach as occasion offered, and it is said that in the absence of a horse, he had trained one of his bulls — a white one, some tell us — so that it would serve instead, and that in this guise the strange recluse was wont to make his appearance in the new town of Providence, carrying a home-

DISTRIBUTING THE "YELLOW SWEETINGS."

made bag containing apples — which he distributed among the young people whom he wished to encourage to listen to his sermon that was to follow. They were, it is said, the "yellow sweetings," considered by some the most delicious of their kind.

It would be pleasant to follow the old hermit through his day, to see him looking after his cows and cultivating his orchard and training his flowers.

We should go with him to the woods or watch the Indians come to him, as he bartered his fruits and flowers for furs and such other articles as he wanted. We should like to climb with him the

terrace that led to his place of study, and sit with him as he pored over the great folios that he so much prized.

Alas, history gives none of the details that will enable us to do this, and we must content ourselves with imagining these details of his daily life. His seems to have been in the main happy and tranquil. He was in advance of his age in his admiration of toleration, and he suffered exile for it, but his resources appear to have been sufficient to give him a recompense for his sufferings.

I can readily imagine the Hermit saying with the old Duke:

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

By Dr. D. A. Sargent.

VI.

THE DRESSING OF WOUNDS.

THE dressing of wounds should as a general thing be left to the care of a physician.

It frequently happens however that a wound does not readily heal under the first treatment, the surrounding tissues becoming dry and hard, swollen and inflamed, so that the tension and pressure produced upon the sensitive parts, often occasion much pain.

To ease this suffering something should be done to soften and relax the tissues and relieve the tension due to the inflammation. Nothing is better for this purpose than a well-made and properly applied poultice. A poultice carelessly made or incautiously applied, does more harm than good. As home nurses are often called upon to make use of these aids to nature, it is well that they should receive some hints with regard to them.

MAKING POULTICES.

The best material for poultices is in common use, such as flaxseed, bread, charcoal, yeast, etc.

A cloth that is two inches larger all around than the space to be covered, should first be laid on a heated platter or plate; this will prevent the cooling of the poultice, heat being one of the desired considerations. Upon this cloth place the material selected for the poultice, spread it on evenly, from one quarter to one inch in thickness, according to the requirements of the case.

Now fold the edges of the cloth on to the poul*tice so as to confine it.* Over the top of this it is often advisable to place a piece of thin muslin or linen, so that the poultice will not come in contact with the skin. This is deemed necessary when the material used for the poultice would be likely to irritate the wound. But as a general rule, it is better to apply the poultice to the bare surface of the wound. The intervention of the linen tends to deprive the poultice of much of its power.

Where it might do harm by adhering to the inflamed parts, a little olive oil should be spread over the surface of the poultice before it is applied.

When the wound is on the face or any other part where it is thought best to limit the special action of the poultice to a small space, cut a hole in the linen covering, merely large enough to allow the poultice to touch the affected part.

APPLYING POULTICES.

A poultice should be applied to the inflamed part as warm as it can be comfortably borne. If the surface be very tender, however, care should be taken to reduce the temperature of the poultice and to apply it gently, one part at a time. After the poultice is applied, the heat and moisture should be maintained as long as possible. To secure this desirable end, a piece of oiled silk or oiled calico should be put over the poultice and the whole held in place by a light bandage. As soon as the poultice has lost its heat, it should be carefully removed, and another one applied.

Frequent poulticing after this manner for a few hours, is much more serviceable than prolonged poulticing.

If the person can not be frequently attended to, the poultice should be made thicker than usual,

and greater precautions taken to retain the heat.

A FLAXSEED POULTICE

Is strongly recommended where a soothing influence is desired and heat and moisture are the great requirements. It is made by sprinkling flaxseed meal in small quantities into a basin or bowl of boiling water. In order that it may not be lumpy it should be constantly stirred until of the right consistency; that is, just thick enough to hold together without running. The quantity of water used should of course be regulated by the size of the poultice desired.

A bread poultice is used for very much the same purpose as the flaxseed, and is perhaps more easily made, though not quite so effective. Take a basin of boiling water, and into this sprinkle dry, coarse bread crumbs. Stir them constantly for a few moments, then cover the basin with a plate or saucer and let it stand in a warm place for five minutes or so. It will then be ready for use.

A BREAD AND MILK POULTICE

Is made in much the same way. Crumble a slice or two of stale bread into a basin of milk. Place the basin over a fire and let the milk get thoroughly heated, stirring the bread crumbs all the time until they are entirely broken up, drain off the superfluous milk or water and spread the poultice on the cloth prepared for it. To save trouble in making this poultice and the preceding one, the bread should be taken from the centre of the loaf so that it will all be of the same consistency.

Yeast poultices are often used where the parts are slow to heal, and it seems desirable to stimulate them.

To make a yeast poultice, take a pound of linseed meal, or oatmeal will do as well, and mix it thoroughly with half a pint of yeast or beer grounds. Put this mixture in a basin and place it over a gentle fire. Stir continually until it is thoroughly heated and of the right thickness, when it can be applied as before.

CHARCOAL POULTICES

Are thought by some physicians to have a disinfecting power and are sometimes used on old wounds and indolent ulcers. They are made by mixing bread, linseed and powdered charcoal in water, and heating them slowly as in the other poultices.

Or they can be made quicker and as well by breaking up the bread and mixing it with the linseed in boiling water, adding the charcoal in about half the quantity just before using it.

MEDICATED LOTIONS

Such as tincture of opium, hemlock, belladonna, etc., are often introduced in poultices when the case demands such treatment, but the home nurse should not attempt to apply these powerful agents without the advice of a physician.

WARM WATER DRESSING.

It may happen that the exact articles needed for a poultice are not at hand, or that those at hand are of too irritating or stimulating a nature.

Under these circumstances warm water dressings are often very acceptable. Fold a piece of lint four or five times. Dip it into warm water, wring it out and apply it to the wounded or inflamed part. Cover this with a layer of oiled silk in order to retain the heat. To make these dressings effective they should be renewed as often as four or five times in twenty-four hours.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

VI.

JOHNS HOPKINS.

We are living in an age of remarkable wealth, and remarkable business successes, and of equally remarkable gift-giving and benefactions. Mr. Otis of Connecticut gives a million dollars to carry the gospel to the heathen; Mr. Slater, of the same State, a million to educate the colored people at the South; Mr. Durant a million to Wellesley College for the education of young women; Leonard Case, of Cleveland, Ohio, a million and a half to a School of Science; Mr. Rich two millions to Boston University, where young women share equally with young men the benefits of higher education.

But Johns Hopkins gave more than all these princely men to found in Baltimore the University and Hospital which bears his name. When asked

for money during his life he generally refused; doubtless his reply often seemed somewhat enigmatical: "My money is not mine. I did not make it. It has merely rolled up in my hands, *and I know what for*. I must keep to my own work."

And who was this munificent giver?

He was a farmer's boy; later, a clerk in a grocery; still later, the owner of a little shop; by and by, a bank-president; at last, a money king.

Johns Hopkins, so named from the family name of his ancestor, Margaret Johns — Johns being an early form of the word Jones — was born May 19, 1795, and was the eldest of eleven children. His father, Samuel, was a Quaker farmer, kind and conscientious, but rich only in his large family. His mother was a superior woman, both in intellect and will; so notably superior, in fact, that it is said she guided not only the Yearly Meetings of the Friends, but many matters of the county as well. Such a mother would naturally impress her strength of character upon her sons. There were too, probably, fine forces latent in the father's blood; Governor Edward Hopkins of Connecticut and Bishop Ezekiel Hopkins of Londonderry, men of mark, were among his relatives.

Little Johns worked on the farm in summer and received whatever education was possible in winter. He was an active boy, both in body and mind, getting and reading every book in the county within his reach. He enjoyed Shakespeare, he enjoyed history, and especially did he enjoy biography; it probably stimulated him, even in boyhood, to find that men had begun at the foot of the ladder and climbed, rung by rung, to the top.

When he was seventeen, a wealthy uncle, Gerard Hopkins, came to pay his parents a visit. He was at once interested in the intelligent boy, and he persuaded the mother to permit Johns to go back with him to Baltimore, and there to learn the wholesale grocery business. Doubtless the boy's heart at once stirred with ambition, perhaps thrilled with pleasure at the thought of life in the fine city. This Baltimore uncle was an eminent minister among the Friends, and his company was much sought after, so that the country lad had opportunities to meet intellectual and well-bred people. The aunt was a most cheerful woman, and very kind to the young new-comer. If he were awkward, she did not appear to see it, but always contrived that he should feel at ease.

For two years Johns worked steadily; the victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work. The uncle, about this time, was appointed by the Baltimore Friends to go far out to the State of Ohio, to attend the Yearly Meeting. Who should be left in charge of the store, the business, and the family? Mr. Hopkins called his nephew Johns to him. He spoke to him gravely:

"*I am going on* this long journey, and thee is but a youth. *Now, I want thee to put an old head on young shoulders;* and as thee has been faithful to my interests since thee has been with me, I am going to leave everything in thy hands. Here are checks which I have signed my name to; there are upwards of five hundred of them. Thee will deposit the money as it is received, and as thee wants money thee will fill up the checks which I leave with thee. Buy the goods and do the best thee can. Be attentive at the house, and see after our little children, whom we leave behind in thy care and a female relative."

A company of five, including his aunt, started on this long journey. There were no railroads. There was often no pathway save the trail of the Indians. They traveled on horseback, fording deep rivers, and threading their way through dense forests. Well, the lad Johns did his part nobly during their absence. It was a time of great excitement, disturbance and anxiety, for the country was engaged in the War of 1812 with England. The British had entered Washington, burnt the Capitol, and were marching up the Chesapeake. The people of Baltimore were fleeing in every direction. Johns might well have been nearly frantic, not daring to leave the children, and yet obliged to care constantly for the store. Finally, three days before the bombardment of Fort Henry, the uncle and aunt arrived home much to his surprise and relief. It proved that he had done better than the uncle supposed he could. He had, during the absence, evidently mastered the detail of trade, had visibly increased the business, and presently it appeared that he had won many friends.

Five years after this his uncle again called him aside. This time he said, "Johns, would thee like to go into business for thyself?"

"Yes; but, uncle, I have no capital. I have saved only eight hundred dollars." (He had been willing to work hard for seven years to save this eight hundred dollars.)

"But that will make no difference. I will endorse for thee, and this will give thee credit, and in a short time thee will make a capital; thee has been faithful to my interests, and I will start thee in business."

"I will endorse for thee." That was a profound compliment, a tribute most uncommon for so young a man to win from an old, clear-headed business man. Johns's habits were well known to his uncle; it was of course taken into consideration that he never wasted his evenings, that he did not spend his money carelessly or foolishly, that he did not make unwise bargains, that, as a rule, he showed good common sense in his dealings.

Starting for himself, he rented a small store, formed a partnership with another young man, and began business unostentatiously. He soon found that better than his uncle's endorsement was the

credit in the community which he had gained through his devotion to his uncle's business.

For twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, Johns Hopkins labored untiringly, late and early. His business grew and extended into other States. He was invariably temperate, and his word was as good as his bond. While other firms failed in seasons of financial depression, his house always maintained the highest credit. While other men drove fast horses, gave entertainments, attended parties, he devoted his time to his business and to reading. There is probably a connection between these two series of facts. Bishop Jeremy Taylor said, "Men will find it impossible to do anything greatly good, unless they cut off all superfluous company and visits."

Mr. Hopkins may have been called unsocial; he never was called ungrateful. He never forgot his uncle. He said when nearly eighty years old, to his cousin, Gerard Hopkins, now living in Baltimore, "If not for him, I would in all probability have remained a boy on the farm."

And now came the time when he retired from the grocery firm, leaving it to his two brothers, who also had come to Baltimore, and two of his clerks. Did he sit down to luxuriously enjoy his wealth? Did he spend it in travel, or in fine social pleasure? Oh, no; accustomed to systematize monetary affairs, he was at once chosen and elected president of the Merchant's Bank, and he accepted the position and held it until his death. Here he had many opportunities to do favors for young business men. These he gladly aided, provided they had shown the three sterling qualities: diligence, good sense, and integrity. In times of panic, when notes were brought before the directors of the bank for consideration, Mr. Hopkins, unsolicited, would often endorse them, thus helping worthy but unfortunate business men when they most needed it. But for lazy people, or for those who seemed to have no aptitude or tact in making a place for themselves in the world, he had very little sympathy.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall tells of a Baltimore firm, that, having hung his picture in their office after his death, were thus interrogated: "What was Johns Hopkins to you?"

The reply was this: "We began with very little. We were his tenants; the rent was heavy; he exacted it to the moment, and we lost many an opportunity because we dared not risk a dollar after it became his due. One day he came in himself to look after it. 'Why don't you do a larger business?' said he. 'You are prompt; you ought to get on.' We told him candidly, and he wrote us a check for ten thousand dollars on the spot, and told us not to hurry about paying it! When we were able to repay him, he returned the interest. From that day we prospered."

They had never regretted the hard way in which they earned his respect, and they warmly cherished his name and memory.

His giving was usually along this line of industry and energy and promptness. He delighted to reward and recognize these qualities. For instance, five persons gave each a hundred dollars to buy goods for a poor widow. At the end of two years she returned the sum with interest. Mr. Hopkins refused his share. He said, "I don't want it. Keep it, and lend again in the same way."

He was interested in all commercial enterprises, especially those which concerned his native State. Once when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad came near to failure, he boldly pledged his great fortune in its behalf, and thus inspired confidence to such a degree that men of wealth immediately invested in it and saved its future. He was made a director of the road, then chairman of the finance Committee, and in 1873 furnished the company with nine hundred thousand dollars, which enabled it to pay its interest in cash. He was now the possessor of two hundred millions worth of stock, owned one hundred and fifty warehouses, was director in five banks, treasurer of a large insurance Company, and large stockholder in various coal and other companies. But it was by the same pluck and same patience which enabled him to save up eight hundred dollars dollar by dollar through seven long, slow years of drudging detail work, that he gained and managed and kept and increased his millions.

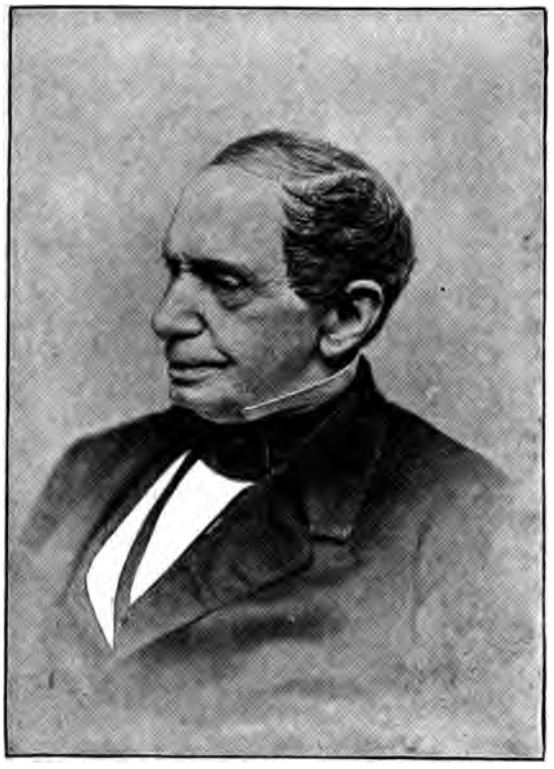
"What will this rich man do with his money, as he is unmarried?" the people of Baltimore began, by and by, to ask about the white-haired old millionnaire. He had given three thousand dollars to help build a Quaker meeting-house, but this was little to the public, thought the world, for a man worth his millions. "Make your will," said his friends.

"I am not ready," was the enigmatical reply. "I have got something to do, and I shall live till I have done it."

Absorbed in business, he still felt the early training of that mother with a gift for administration whose constant thought was how to wisely help the world. "Such a remembrance," says Lamartine, "is a North Star to any wanderer." Randolph said, "I should have been an atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father which art in Heaven.*" Certain it is that Johns Hopkins, as the years went on, felt more and more the actuating power of his mother's spirit. He pondered well the disposition of his vast property. He determined to place it where it would do constant good; where it would carry on his favorite work of aid to those who were working their way up as he had done! Not by money itself; they must earn that for

themselves — it was necessary to the development of mental and moral muscle. But he would give them knowledge, which Daniel Webster said, at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, "is the great sun in the firmament; life and power are scattered with all its beams." His old heart went out, too, toward the sick, and toward orphan children, because these could not earn for themselves.

Therefore it was, that at his death, December 24th, 1873, when his will was read, it was found that he had left *seven million dollars* to found Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. It was a grand Christmas gift to a city, to the world at large.



JOHNS HOPKINS.

Broad and wise in his giving, he made no conditions, save that the principal should not be used for buildings; these were to be erected out of the income; and there was a request that there be several free scholarships for poor students from three States — Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina; and in the Hospital, which should be built only after careful investigations of similar institutions abroad, there should be a training-school for nurses; and on another piece of land, he provided for an asylum for four hundred destitute or orphan colored children. Plans of the Hospital, which *will be one* of the working schools of the great University, are hung in the halls of Oxford and Cambridge, for the whole world is looking to see what the seven million dollars of the grocery boy will accomplish.

And what have they already accomplished? The trustees, whom Mr. Hopkins had selected and appointed, looked about the country for a president, and the choice fell upon the youthful leader of the University of California, who had married the daughter of President Woolsey of Yale College. When Doctor Gilman came to Baltimore, Johns Hopkins's sister said to him, "I had thought of an older man." He replied with a smile, "It is a fault which will mend daily. I assure you, madam, I will be as old as ever I can."

A letter recently received from one of the professors in the University says: "Johns Hopkins's knowledge of men was superb. He knew by a kind of instinct whom he could trust. But the wisest choice he ever made was the choice of his Board of Trustees, and the Board has shown its sovereign sense in the choice of President Gilman."

The best professors possible have been secured: Professor Sylvester, to whom the Royal Society of London gave its highest scientific distinction, the Copley Medal, for the chair of mathematics; Professor Martin of Cambridge University, Biology; Doctor Haupt of Göttingen, only thirty years of age, for Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Ethiopic and other languages — in short, there now are forty-one able scholars on the academic staff. Students, most of them already graduated from other colleges, soon began to gather here for higher education in special lines of work. Of five hundred who have studied at Johns Hopkins University, only forty have gone into business; a large proportion have become professors and instructors. Perhaps Johns Hopkins planned even better than he knew, when he threw his great pebble into the ocean of knowledge; the circles will go on widening.

The spirit of its founder certainly pervaded the institution. Six valuable journals are maintained by the University; in Mathematics, Chemistry, Philology, Biology, Historical and Political Science, and Logic. Much has been done in original research. Says a recent writer, "An idler is an *unknown* bird at the Johns Hopkins University. Its members are here, not for boating, base-ball playing, and hazing, but for work." The atmosphere is scholarly. For several years there has not been reason for any officer to censure a student for disorder or discourtesy.

Each year twenty Fellowships of five hundred dollars each are given to as many scholars of marked ability who are fitting themselves for a life-work of study. Among these recipients are Mitsura Kuhara and Kakichi Mitsukuri of the University of Tokio, Japan. Another is from the University

of France. Eighteen Honorary Hopkins's scholarships are distributed among those under-graduates who show great merit. The present college buildings are plain, but fine ones are to be permanently built at Clifton, a Baltimore suburb, with grounds several hundred acres in extent. This estate was Mr. Hopkins's country seat, where he walked and thought and saved and planned for his grand beneficence. He might have reared a magnificent granite shaft to himself; he might have lived in costly ease, but he has preferred a monument which will proclaim his name throughout the world. To be simply rich, is to be forgotten like thousands of other millionnaires; to give wealth like Johns Hopkins is to be remembered with honor and with gratitude forever. Generations of boys will grow to be men, and their children's children will come into this busy world and go out, but the work of this "seven millions" will never be finished.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

By Margaret Lake.

XX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S IDEA: AND SOME OTHER IDEAS.

SOME years ago, while reading Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, I came across a passage, in the autobiographical part, which struck me as so suggestive that I copied it; and here I copy it again, after which I will say my little say on the subject (it was when he was a youth, you know):

> Wherever I went, I cut a piece of a branch from a tree — these constituted what I called my log-book; and I intended to have a set of chessmen out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut — as the kings from Falkland and Holy Rood; the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston; the bishops from abbeys or Episcopal palaces; the knights from baronial residences; the rooks from royal fortresses; and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note.

Do you suppose he ever did it?

Now I had had the "collecting craze" for years, just as most boys and girls have now; and wherever I had been, had secured something, till a most miscellaneous accumulation was packed away in boxes and drawers about the house. Moreover, the rest of the children, as they grew up, had been possessed with the same idea. The boy who went South had obtained specimens of different kinds of woods; the one who was in the army had picked up relics; the girl who went to the White Mountains, and afterwards to Ticonderoga, had gathered mosses, leaves, and wild flowers.

Besides, all of us who had a duplicate or a bit to spare, had exchanged with some of our friends, just as you are all doing. The thing is in the air. Boys are boys, and girls are girls, everywhere; and fashions repeat themselves, and are passed on. You are doing what we did before you; and by and by, others will do as you are doing.

The result was that we had a little of everything, and a great deal, a very great deal all told; and when spring house-cleaning came around, and as in all proper households, every closet and drawer, bag and bundle was turned inside out, our mother would say: "Why don't you make something out of these things? Seems to me if I couldn't, I'd give them to somebody who would."

There was the trouble — we meant to; forever meaning to do something; but that class, whether old or young, does not usually accomplish much.

But let me tell you of things that *have* been done — by whom it does not matter. One boy started up on Sir Walter's plan, and set the example for his comrades (besides correspondents); so that presently hand-books on chess made their appearance in the neighborhood; and there began to be a great deal of turning on lathes, and fine sawing, and whittling, and sand-papering. Pretty soon chess was all the talk; and as that game is one which requires in Wordsworth's line (written on an altogether different subject)

> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,

(the strength being strength of purpose) also a good head for planning, and a memory, it turned out that the chessmen fancy proved a good thing. Nothing outside of good, hard, school studies can better discipline some of the faculties than that game. It is indeed no light accomplishment to play even tolerably well. Besides, when those boys were absorbed in chess, their fathers and mothers did not have to worry about them when they were away in the evening.

One set had historic associations almost the next best thing to Sir Walter's. Think of the king being made of a piece of wood from Mount Vernon; a castle (or rook) of a piece from Fort Ticonderoga (we have forts, or ruins of forts, enough); a

knight from a piece of John Brown's scaffold; and the pawns from a peach-tree that grew from a stone a soldier had thrown away on a Virginia battle-field.

Chessmen can be made from specimens of wood of our native trees; solid oak for king or castle, delicate poplar or birch for the queen, and so on; or of any curious and rare woods; and almost all have some beauty of grain or markings. They can be turned on a lathe, and then finished in grooves and otherwise, or wholly done with the knife. Many, as you know, are in two pieces; and the king and queen in some sets can be taken apart in two places, making three.

There are great opportunities in pieces of wood. The boy who went to the war brought home enough of Southern woods for several canes; and for convenience in packing, he cut it in sections about six inches long; purposing to fit them together on the same principle that a cap of rubber is fitted to the end of a pencil; by cutting away on one piece to slip into a hole made in the next, plug fashion, and there glued.

Relics in wood can be worked into a glove box or handkerchief box, skilfully joining the parts and as skilfully gluing them. Picture frames suggest another form. There is one here made by a clerk in a store while waiting for customers. It has over three hundred small strips, lapping in a fanciful way, and not a tack, or a brad is used in the work; but this is too complicated.

It is easier to turn out checker-men or napkin-rings, or make pen-holders, or paper-knives. Very elegant paper-knives can be fashioned, having one kind for the blade and two for the handle. But all this woodwork must be done with great care, accuracy and nicety, not only in the cutting and dovetailing or matching of the parts, but in the gluing and finishing off, including a delicate oiling to bring out the grain. It is nice work; to be sure it is. But if soldiers in prisons can do such things as some of our soldiers did, with not much besides a jack-knife to do with, pray cannot a smart Western or Eastern boy do as much? — between scroll saws and the variety of choice tools within his reach, he is not the boy I take him for if he cannot make himself a set of chessmen, or a work-box for his sister.

As for minerals, I lately saw at a State Fair a box on which broken-up specimens from that State were glued, crusting it all over with stone that sparkled in places like crystal. On each specimen was a mere speck of paper with a number on it, which corresponded to a number on a written list placed inside, telling what they were — beryl, tourmaline, quartz, etc., etc., and I thought it an admirable thing.

In a parlor, arranged in a border around the little iron fence in front of the coal grate I once saw a curious display of cobble-stones brought home from different beaches. The lady who put them there was artistic, and the effect was pretty. Sea-shells of delicate varieties can be used as necklaces or bracelets if pierced with a red-hot darning needle, or in some way bored to admit of being strung; some of those lovely, iridescent, foreign shells, strung in such a way, are greatly to be desired. You can think of so many ways to put them to pretty use!

Mosses and lichens you can group on card-board or glue them to a wooden cross. With leaves and pressed flowers you can do no end of things. You can mount them on card-board, or make a wreath of them around a piece of wire or rattan; or ornament a fan with them — a round, Japanese fan, re-covering it with silk or paper of a neutral color, for background. One girl made a transparency with three or four bright autumn leaves (from a wood-bine), which were gathered from among some that had fallen at Longfellow's gate — just where the poet's feet had passed in and out hundreds of times. She cut two pieces of coarse lace to fit the window-pane, glued her cluster of leaves in the centre between them, then overcast the outer edges and put on a deep binding of crimson velvet. As the light streamed through they were gorgeous as old stained glass.

If you collect relics, souvenirs, mementos, curiosities, they are worth arranging. If you get tired of them, give them to somebody else.

All these articles require much painstaking. They will be spoiled for any person of good taste if they are daubed, out of proportion, or awry. Don't let them have a home-made look either. They need not. No reason why a boy of average skill should not do as well, after some experience, as those sailors in the light-ships; or why a girl should not, with care and all her trying, make as pretty things as the gypsy women or the nuns, of whom people like so well to buy.

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By the Next Neighbor.

XVIII.

SHOPPING.

THERE is art in spending money, and you will find that knowing how to use it to advantage is the best help to a generous disposition. As Mrs. Carlyle in her shrewd Scotch way would observe, "There's a deal of spending in a dollar," if you know how to make the most out of it. "To make the crown a pound," or to make it go as far as a pound, is the lesson most of us have to learn nowadays, when the world is so full of wants that even the rich rarely have as much ready money as they need at their command. After all it is the contriving and making the most of every coin and scrap and handicraft that gives zest and flavor to our possessions, and to life.

The first thing in clever shopping is to know what you really want, and let me tell you many people never get so far in their lives as to know this. Take an evening to it — make a list of all you would like to get if you had the money. Consider what substitutes you can contrive without spending, then strike out everything you *can* do without from the rest, and see how far you can indulge in the way of pleasant things which are not strictly necessaries. Then write another list of things you need, and ought to have. It clears ones ideas and is a great help to thinking to write out these lists with the prices. Then you see just how far your money will go.

Don't rush out and buy at the first shop you come to, after the fashion of foolish damsels. A good buyer never spends money till she has been the round of the shops learning prices. You have heard deserved ridicule of idle women who spent their own time and the seller's, pulling over goods for amusement, on the plea that they were "pricing" things. But it is quite the usage and wholly allowable, to make the tour of shops to inform yourself on styles and prices. Take the early morning, or a rainy day when few customers are out, and the clerks have time to attend to you. Say politely that you do not mean to buy at once but wish to look at such and such goods, and learn the prices first, and use all the despatch you can, not to take too much of the merchant's time for nothing. Learn to be prompt and decided in your choice, not to sit looking foolish over a counter of goods unable to make up your mind what you want, or be bullied or persuaded into buying what you don't really like. Refuse to let the clerk pull down things you do not need and cannot afford, on the plea of merely looking at them, for after a certain amount of attention he has a right to expect you to buy of him, and to feel ill-used if you do not. Be careful about giving trouble in these pricing expeditions, and you leave no hard feelings behind if you do not leave a penny in trade, or even buy the traditional paper of pins. Don't ask for samples unless you really need them and intend to buy. The girls and women who tell of the pretty percale and silk pieces they get for patchwork by asking for samples, confess to a petty fraud, unbecoming a lady, for it is neither more nor less than getting goods under false pretences. Be sure that experienced clerks know very well whether you are honestly and thriftily learning prices, intending to buy, or making pastime of looking over their goods, and wasting their time and your own.

Every good shopper knows the best time for buying at low prices is when the height of the season is past, after New Year in winter, or in July and August. All classes of goods are then marked down in price to sell them off before the new goods come in for next season. Now you will find hosiery and underwear from one third to one half cheaper than the same qualities were before holidays, and now is the time to lay in a stock of woollen fabrics, flannels, blankets, towelings and housekeeping goods. Before the spring fashions are out and the rush of dressmaking begins, all hands in the making-up department of large stores are busy on chemises, nightgowns and all sorts and sizes of underwear, and the counters are piled with drifts of white garments, pretty with tucks, ruffles and embroidery at much less than you can get the material and have them made — yes — but not so cheap or neat as you can make them yourself. If the main point in your shopping is to make the most of a little money, and you have time at disposal, do not spend on ready-made clothing. The gown which looks so neat for one dollar, really takes but four yards of eight-cent cotton with five cents' worth of thread and buttons and two yards of cheap embroidery. You can make a better gown easily in half a day with the sewing machine for half the money. Ready-made things are a boon to overworked mothers and busy women who have not time to set a stitch for themselves, but they look with envy on the trim, refined garments which nice sewers make for themselves. You want to make your own ruffling and knit or embroider your own fine durable

trimming if you are bent on ladylike economies.

Buy all thick underwear in the between-season after the January stock-taking. The fine Scotch wool socks which were seventy-five cents in December are marked down to fifty cents now, and there are bargains in good strong hose for girls and boys for a third less than you can get them next fall. It is good judgment where economy is an object to buy all your flannels for next winter before April, from undervests to blankets. Save a little ready money to buy when things are cheap if you want your purse to hold out through the year.

By the way, bonbons and small wares run away with more of girls' money than they would like if they knew it. If one spends only five cents a week in candy, it is two dollars and fifty cents a year, the price of a good book, a pretty ornament, or the materials for a lasting bit of decoration, which the girl who has *only* five cents a week to spare needs much more than she does walnut taffy or lime drops. Five cents a week for candy! More girls spend a dollar a week, and I know plenty of them who never come home from down town without their pound of "French mixed." Good candy is delightful and the craving for sweets is natural in young folks, but you hardly like to think of all the other things it runs away with in five years. Just look this question squarely in the face, whether you had rather have a sugar almond to nibble any hour of the day, or ten or twelve dollars more to spend at holidays. If you choose the latter, and want to get rid of the taste for sweets, buy a pound or two of the stuff and eat all you want for once. The girls in the confectioners' shops rarely care for candy, and you can soon break yourself of the craving for it all the time. Then if you want it afterward, arrange that it shall fall in with your expenses — a "quarter" of chocolate drops is no bad substitute for a lunch in a day's shopping, or crackers and a box of bonbons for the family will give an inexpensive treat instead of a regular tea, after late dinner, Sundays or holiday evenings. I give this much space to the candy question, because it is one of the serious items in a modern girl's spending, and most families spend more for it than for their garden expenses and plumber's bills, if they only knew it. The readiest way to manage the candy bill is not to allow it as an extra, but make it fill the place of something else, as food or treat.

Then the little things, the spools of silk, the tape, hairpins and nets, the skeins of filoselle and crochet needles that are so trifling when bought, but take the change out of ten dollar bills so easily. The only way to reduce these expenses is to buy the year's needs at a time, and *make the supply last*. Count how many papers of hairpins you used last year, and how many pins and needles. Your account-book will tell if you keep one, and that's one of the benefits of keeping accounts — you know where you can save if you must. Four papers of hairpins, and three papers of pins, large, medium and small, and three papers of assorted needles are all a girl can actually use in a year though not all she can waste. I hope you are not the girl I heard of at boarding-school who used to pull the pins from a paper and shower on the carpet so that she could always have one by stooping to pick it up wherever she stood. It was convenient, I grant, but the plan has its drawbacks. Yes, I can remember when the idea of taking care of pins and needles was insupportable to me in young lady days, when the word saving was as hateful to me as it is to most girls. But when I go by the pretty things in the holidays, and sigh for a beveled mirror in a plush frame, or a guipure canopy and coverlet, or an embroidered cushion that is beautiful as a painting, and think "You goose, you might have one and all these things for the money wasted in pins and findings in the course of your life" — why, small economies don't look as despicable as they used.

For the material part of her wardrobe, the first thing a girl wants to do when she comes to use her needle cleverly, is to buy a piece or two of good cotton and linen, for a full supply of lingerie — which sounds better than the nondescript word underwear. Let her take a season or a year to the work, which will be a pride and satisfaction to her. The dainty tucks, and buttonhole scallops, and whipped ruffles instead of machine work, will give her belongings a value in every feminine eye which falls on them, and then I who scribble from week to week without stop must pay thirty dollars the dozen for things that don't begin to compare with yours which never cost you ten dollars. And I never take any comfort in these shop-made things either. You may choose for this work either the fine Lonsdale cambric at twelve and a half cents — not shirting by that name — or the heavy India cottons at forty cents a yard if you want fabric that will last for nice embroidery, or the white French percale at twenty-five cents. Or as the thrifty French seamstresses and waiting maids do, you may buy the finest unbleached cotton with roundest even thread, at ten cents, bleach and embroider it for something almost as nice as the higher priced imported cottons. The hand-embroidered gowns you see marked as French and that sell from three to ten dollars each are made of soft Willimantic cotton at seven and eight cents a yard, wrought by fishermen's girls on the Maine shores, or French Canadians in forest homes in the long winters of Prince Edward's or the Saguenay. As for linen, you will be lucky to find the Union linens, for personal or household use, which were common a few years ago, and which being half cotton were pleasanter, healthier and cheaper than the pure flax. Pure

linen is desirable for handkerchiefs, towels, table-linen and shirtmaking, rarely for other purposes. But in these goods there is much to know of the difference between the weight of single and "double damasks," "half-bleached," and "blue Barnesley," and true ecru, between Irish, Scotch and Saxony or Russian linen, which last is stronger and more lustrous than any other from the fine varity of flax grown for it. Pure linen has flat thread, and pulls into ragged fibre, while cotton breaks short.

For dresses you want changes of pretty house gowns, in washing materials, which Americans will soon learn to use as much as the French do. But for this purpose do not choose the pretty satines and painted percales, which are meant to be made up with frippery of linen lace and satin ribbons, worn a season without washing and thrown aside. They will not wash and wear a month to satisfaction. Buy the stout and fine American and English prints in small figures, and check ginghams, to be made in their own style, not with puffed and draped overskirts, in imitation of the latest fashion plates, but in simple gowns or frocks, of Kate Greenaway figure if you like, such as the Lady Beatrice and Lady Gwendoline abroad wear at their lessons, and walks and painting till they are "out" in society and wear full toilets. For walking dress a fine flannel suiting is better style than brocaded wools or imitation stamped velvets as you know. Learn one safe rule, never to buy cheap trimming, such as fringes, velvet ribbons or beadwork. Self trimming, of stitching, folds and pleating of the dress material is always good, while cheap lace and finery stamp the wearer as vulgar at once. Linen-back velvet and satin answer as well or better than all silk materials for trimming because they are firmer and do not fray readily. Lift the velvet to the level of your eye against the light to see if the shade is blue black or rusty, or if the pile is thick and even as it should be. As a rule, trimming materials just above the medium price wear longest and give satisfaction. The cheap stuff is of poor quality, the high-priced owes its cost not so much to quality as to some freak of fashion.

For better dress it is safe to buy standard materials and quiet colors, trusting the accompaniments to give it stylish air. Unless one goes out a good deal, a brocaded velvet dress or cloak for instance will be out of date long before it is ready to throw aside when you can wear a plain silk or cloth with trimming of fur one year, front of figured velvet the next, and embroidered bands or bright colored linings another. Do not buy fancy fabrics in cheap quality. They must be very good to wear at all.

In light weight silks, choose the smooth dull tafetta or the twilled, instead of thin, shiny gros grain. For trimming, buy thick, soft silks. But choosing a silk dress is another matter. As deceitful as silk ought to be a proverb. Probably not one silk dress out of a dozen gives satisfaction to its owner, by wearing as it should. I'm not speaking for girls who have half a dozen new gowns a year, but when you buy a silk dress, Anna Maria, you want something for the investment that will look ladylike among the best, and will not deface or give out under three years' frequent wear. Then don't spend time looking over Bonnet's or Guinet's silk, but patronize your own country's manufacture. Don't you know that American silks are the standard for good qualities? Ask for the first quality of Cheney's American silk and be sure you get it, for the firm sends out two grades, and you want the best, pure silk, weighty but soft, with subdued lustre, that does not rustle overmuch, a silk for a lady's wear, and which is largely bought by English ladies for its excellence. There you have a dress to last from six to ten years according to the wear you give it, without cutting on the seams or wearing shiny. Silk is cheaper this year than for many a long one before it, but the American holds its own, here and abroad. You may not find the best quality outside the large cities — I never have been able to — but when you do, you will know what good silk ought to be.

And that reminds me, to tell you and all girls of the advantage in buying all you can in the large cities. I often think while passing the pretty things in the shops that I, an old lady, have no longer use for, how delightful it would be to send excursions of country girls here twice a year to do their shopping. Why, it would be like dropping a little fortune into their laps, or doubling their spending money. The pretty percales and satines down to a shilling that were fifty cents the last I remember, nice *foulé* cashmeres at half a dollar, Jerseys at two dollars, neat walking jackets that a ladylike girl need not despise as low as five dollars, and handsome long cloaks for fifteen and eighteen dollars — things of really good style, not rubbish. And the pretty laces, aprons, ribbons and kerchiefs for so little I wonder that city people with nieces in the country are not always sending presents for the pleasure of it. Of course you can send for catalogues and buy by mail, but catalogues have to be paid for by the makers and their prices are never anything near as low as you can buy yourself, being as a rule half as much again as the same goods would be sold to you over the counter of the same store. And the women who make a business of "shopping with taste and discretion" make higher charges still. If you want the benefit of shopping by mail, have a correspondent in the city who doesn't make her living by that sort of thing; some girl who knows the shops and where to buy blonde hairpins for five cents a paper, and crimp nets for ten, and

lovely ruffled white muslin aprons for twenty-five, and capital long spring gloves for a quarter, and Swede musquetaires for seventy-five that won't give out while you are pulling them on. You might make the service mutual without either paying too dear for it, by giving her a percentage or by returning the favor to her family in buying their quinces, grapes, honey, and pounds of winter butter at country prices, as city people like to do. In this way city and country can keep up cordial acquaintance and help. Or you could send her yards of that pretty linen lace you knit at your leisure, or work a toilet set, or do some dainty sewing that town life has no time for. Such friendly little arrangements can put fresh grace and help into many quiet lives, and lengthen strait incomes just as well as if the fabled uncle from California had stepped in with the gift of the equally fabulous check — of which uncles are strangely forgetful nowadays.

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE TROPICS.

By Felix L. Oswald.

CHAPTER IX. (*Continued.*)

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

OUR road now led steadily uphill till we reached a plateau where the ground was covered with volcanic rocks and a sparse growth of currant bushes, and here we saw for the first time a troop of the singular creatures which the natives call guanacos, or mountain-llamas. They were browsing quietly on the slope of a little knoll, and I had just stopped my mule when a snort of their leader caused them to look up, and there they stood, gazing at us in evident surprise, and now and then looking at each other with a curious toss of their heads, as if they were getting impatient to solve the mystery. In mid-summer guanaco meat is as tough as leather, but, meaning to scare them, I reached cautiously for my pistol, and at the report of the shot the guanacos sprang back with a simultaneous snort, and wheeling around the knoll, started uphill at a gallop that kicked down a shower of sand and flying stones. We lost sight of them on a still higher plateau, where we were surprised to find a luxuriant growth of wild flowers. The berries of the currant bushes were as ripe as in the foothills, and we found some sweet plums, while those in the lower valley were still green and hard.

"This must be a new kind of plums," I remarked. "I have never seen them bear fruit on such high mountains."

"No; I will tell you what it is," said the Captain. "We are only half a mile from the great barranca, and the volcanic fire forces the vegetation like a hotbed."

We followed the banks of a little creek that became deeper and deeper, till we came to a rope-bridge at a place where the creek-bed suddenly opened into an abyssmal gorge — the great barranca of Belcarras, that connects with the western crater of Mount Cotopaxi. Near the bridge the cleft was hardly twelve feet wide, but as far as our eyes could reach the walls were absolutely perpendicular and as slippery as a river-bank after an inundation. Here and there these walls were seamed with fissures that appeared to form the safety-valves of the subterranean furnace, for every now and then they exploded little clouds of white vapor that curled up and dissolved in the upper air like the smoke of a locomotive. At longer intervals larger clouds shot up with a puffing noise that resembled the snort of an angry horse. These heavy shots, as we called them, came all from the lower depths of the barranca and were sometimes accompanied by a volley of stones that made us spring back in wild alarm, till we found that the hidden battery shot its missiles so straight up that they did not even touch the walls of the gorge, but nearly all fell back into the night of the abyss.

"How deep do you suppose that barranca is?"

"Wait," said he, "I'll show you. Look here, boys," he called out, "can't you find some kind of a big stone? — no, no, a larger one," he laughed, when Benny dug up a handful of pebbles from the creek. "Stop," said he, "this will do," pointing to a large basalt bowlder in one of the side ravines; "let's see if we cannot move this fellow."

By dint of hard pushing and pulling, we managed to roll the rock to the edge of the barranca, and then went back and cut down a young plum-tree in order to use it as a lever, for the banks of the gorge were so slippery that we did not like to go too near. Twice our lever broke, but when we applied the stump for the third time, the rock slid down till its lower end tipped over, and amidst the exultant whoops of the boys the ponderous mass toppled overboard.

"Keep still there!" the Captain called out; "now listen."

We squatted down and listened with bated breath, and I had slowly counted till twelve, when we heard a low thud, as if the rock had struck against the edge of a cliff, then a fainter and fainter echo, till the last rumbling seemed to die away in the depths of the nether world.

We camped that night at the bank of the little creek, though all the water we could find was as warm as soup. But after exposing it for a while to the cool night wind it soon became fit to drink, and we had then a splendid picnic of plums and roasted acorns, besides the cakes and dried meat we had brought up from Las Vegas.

I had slept about four hours when I was awakened by a draught of cold wind, as if somebody had opened the tent.

"What's up, Monito?" said I, seeing Benny's little head at the entrance.

"Oh, come here, señor," he whispered. "The sun is rising in such a funny way — the sky in the south is as red as fire."

"In the east, you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, he must be crazy," grumbled the Captain. "I have not slept a wink yet, and I know it cannot be more than midnight."

"No; but come here, gentlemen," called the guide from the outside; "I do not know what to make of this; it's worth seeing."

We crawled out of the tent and felt disposed to forgive Benny's importunity. Many people would have travelled a hundred miles to see a sight of that sort. Far on the southern horizon hung a streak of black smoke, capped with darting flashes, as if a thundercloud were shooting up a continuous volley of lightnings, accompanied by a rushing noise that could not be mistaken for thunder, and still less for the faint rustling that sometimes attends the first outbreak of a northern light. Now and then a fiercer flame shot up like a rocket and illuminated the cliffs of the highlands with a flickering shine.

"What in the name of wonder do you call that?" asked the Captain. "It can't be the Gran Cerro (the 'great mountain,' as the Peruvians call the Cotopaxi), can it?"

"No; that's just what puzzles me," said the guide. "The Cerro is straight northeast from here, and this seems to be southeast or south. It must be the Volcano of Antisana. If it were not so miserably cold up here," he added, "I should say it's a pity that we did not camp on the upper Sierra; not more than eight miles from here there is a ridge where you can see the Cerro plainly, and all the volcanoes from Peru to New Granada."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

EVA S. L. is very anxious to learn to skate, but her ankles are so weak that they turn when she attempts to strike out, a defect of which others have complained to the department. Bathe the ankles and the lower part of the spine in very warm water till redness appears, then sponge with cold and rub briskly. Rubbing with deer's fat, bathing with strong salt water, and stroking the calf of the leg and the ankles are recommended to make them strong. It takes a good walker to make a good skater, and there is nothing like due exercise to give sound, steely muscles, fit for any sort of work.

A SUBSCRIBER. Purple ink is made by dissolving a few grains of aniline violet in boiling water till the right depth of color is secured. For the blue ink which turns to black, dissolve the iron salt mentioned in the sulphate of indigo, grain by grain, with the purest soft water, filtered or distilled if you can get it, till the ink is right for use. Let it stand three days before you decide on its quality. It goes hard to say no to the requests of correspondents, but I cannot send receipts and answers by mail.

JESSIE JESSEL has read and taken the advice to prevent colds by exposing the body to the air, and not making the skin tender by dressing in warm clothing. Of course it gave her a worse cold than ever. If she learns not to believe everything she reads, the wisdom may be well earned at the price of a heavy cold. However, this trying experiments on one's health is too dangerous for young people, who easily do themselves a mischief from which their systems never recover. What are our feelings given us for, if not for guides as to what is safe and desirable, or not? The effect of cold is to depress vitality and, though the reaction may leave one warmer and stronger than before, yet it is at the cost of vital force which many constitutions cannot afford to lose. The exposure which may be pleasant to a strong man or warm-blooded youth will ruin the health of a girl or a slender boy. The best way to cure and avoid colds is to keep warm, and never to suffer a chill on the sur-

face of the body. It is not the warmth of the air we live in which causes colds, but its impurity and lack of moisture.

JOHNNIE and others demand as usual a skate-bag model, and I am happy to give the directions for an excellent one, made for a Boston boy's holiday present. It is of bronze-green flannel, fourteen inches by thirty-two, lined two thirds of its length with chamois leather, and strongly stitched and bound to form a pocket twelve inches deep, with flap ten inches, lined with gray twilled linen, buttoning squarely over the front with five round gilt buttons, below which on the edge are five gilt miniature sleigh bells jingling as the owner hies along. A leather strap like that of a courier's bag goes over one shoulder, and a large spray of golden rod embroidered on the flap completes what you will allow is a dashing style of skate-bag.

GOOSEY wants a few questions for a girl's debating club. Will these meet your views? I'm afraid not.

1. In case where politeness or sincerity must suffer, which is best secured?

2. Is Helen, the heroine of "A Woman's Reason," a model for imitation? If not, why not?

3. What occupations are desirable for girls?

4. Find the women in fiction whom it would be really desirable to know personally, and give the reasons for liking them.

6. What would you do toward caring for yourself, if suddenly left an orphan and without money?

7. How far can girls carry gardening, fowl-raising, bee-keeping and other out-door pursuits? Give all the examples of enterprise in such pursuits as you know.

L. U. C. 1. "Who invented the multiplication table?" We cannot say any one invented the fixed facts of numbers, any more than he invented the length of the days. The Arabs, however, who were the first among learned nations of the world, and who taught the first treatises on numbers, probably arranged the tables of arithmetic as we use them.

2. Say "Everybody went but me;" but in this sentence being a preposition.

S. M. A. "I saw some elephants bathing the other day, and when they finished, they threw sand all over themselves. Will you tell me why they did so?" This is left an open question for the readers of WIDE AWAKE. How many different reasons can be suggested why the elephants threw sand in such an undignified manner. This question will serve as well as any to exercise the thinking powers of our readers — reminding them that to think clearly and to some purpose, on any given subject, it is necessary to know all that can be gained on the topic by reading or conversation. Let each reader who feels curious on the point, ask at least six persons the question above seriously, and write the answers.

A. R. and B. B. "Please tell two girls how to put up simple gymnastic apparatus in a barn?"

The best gymnastic aid known is the pair of handles fixed to a stout rubber rope fastened to the wall, by which one can swing, twist from head to heel, hand over hand, and gain the most perfect suppleness of every limb without danger of strains or falls. But the price of this gymnastic pull is five dollars, and something at less cost will be acceptable to most persons. A new inch rope fastened to a high cross-beam with handle of turned hard wood attached by the middle to the lower end of the rope, swinging the height of one's head, will afford scope for a variety of exercises. A stout new clothes line ten feet long, fastened by the middle to a hook in the wall, with skipping-rope handles at each end, allows of many twisting exercises which tend to suppleness of joints. A rope thrown over a beam with a weight at one end and handles at the other to pull by, gives many a good tug to strengthen the muscles. A strong oak bar fixed across a door-frame, one foot higher than you can reach standing, will answer for the feat young gymnasts are anxious to perform, of hanging their whole weight by their hands. Slots for bars may be fixed at different distances opposite each other in the sides of the door-frame, or holes may be bored for bars which answer for ladder feats, or swinging at arm's length. All ropes must be sound and strong, all handles of hard wood, round and smooth to the grasp, and not too large for the hands which are to use it, to prevent dangerous accidents.

HAN. "What will remove scars caused by small boils? I have tried internal and external remedies without effect." Try (1) a square of flesh-colored court-plaster an inch larger than the scar, worn for weeks, applying a new one as fast as the first piece comes off; (2) a paste of bean-flower and white of egg, left to dry on over night, continued indefinitely; (3) is an old recipe which melts one tablespoonful of the finest turpentine (not spirits of turpentine), the same of spermaceti, and twice as much olive oil together in a cup over a slow fire till it begins to boil. Let it stand three days and rub gently on the face. Its use will cause marks of eruptions to disappear if not very deep. 4, consult a good physician.

EDITH AND MAUD. The secret of permanently removing superfluous hair has never been found, and no more questions on the subject will be received in this department. Charlotte Brontë is the greatest female novelist of our day, the most finished artist, with matchless power in depicting and moving the feelings, which is the test of the poet or novelist. George Eliot was a great writer, and deep thinker, but tried by this last and finest test, she must rank below the Yorkshire clergyman's lonely daughter.

THE WISE BLACKBIRD.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

By Arthur Gilman.

VII.

A NEW FRANCE.

ON the strait connecting Lake Superior with the lower waters of the great American system of inland seas, there is a small town lying in the territory of the present State of Michigan that possesses considerable interest, not because it has great buildings, grand scenery, or remarkable institutions, but on account of certain transactions that marked its history nearly two centuries and a half ago. On an autumn day, in the year 1641, a birch-bark canoe containing two Frenchmen and several Indians began a voyage to the westward through Lake Nipissing and the French River into the northern part of Georgian Bay. Thence it took a course among the beautiful islands in the upper part of Lake Huron and entered the long and devious strait that connects that body of water with Lake Superior. It stopped at a place where the broad stream passes over a fall, and when it touched the shore the passengers were cordially greeted by a company of two thousand Indians.

The Frenchmen were Jesuits, and they were inspired with religious zeal in thus travelling day after day in the frail boat; in thus venturing to distant regions among men whose very names sounded savage and whose ferocity was so great as to spread terror among all who made them their enemies. The Jesuits preached to their new friends the religion of the One God, which the Indians had never before heard; and as they were told of the still more terrible Sioux, living eighteen days' journey to the westward, beyond the Great Lake, they longed to go thither also to preach. Doubtless, they dimly saw in their imagination the future of our great West, like the poet heard

> * * the tread of pioneers
> Of nations yet to be;
> The first low wash of waves, where soon
> Shall roll a human sea.

No such good fortune as they hoped awaited the two missionaries, however. One of them soon wasted away with disease, and the other, taken captive twice by other Indians, was finally killed by them. Years passed on, and, at last, after thirty revolutions of the earth in its orbit, other minds were so far filled with the same sentiments of ambition for France and of longings to see vast accessions gathered into the Church, that they made another effort to extend the sway of the great Louis the Fourteenth over the Northwest.

The Jesuit missionaries had been all this time patiently going from place to place among the different tribes. Some of them had lost their lives, and all had suffered untold hardships, for the woods furnished few of the comforts to which they had been accustomed. One of these men had actually passed up through the strait that we have mentioned before, into Lake Superior; had sailed in his frail boat by the Pictured Rocks; had searched for the copper that he had been told could be found on the shore of the sacred lake (copper that he did not find, but which has since been discovered and now furnishes a foundation to many American fortunes); he had crossed its waters to the site of distant Duluth, and had actually seen the savage Sioux of which others had only heard. He had heard too, of a great river that he understood to be the "Messipi." For two lonely years he had continued his explorations, living for most of the time on the southern shores of the Lake, and when he returned to Quebec it was with the determination to make real the visions of a permanent mission that his forerunners had seen only as a beautiful possibility. It was in the year 1668, that in company with another priest, he actually established the mission of St. Mary, the oldest settlement within the limits of the present State of Michigan.

Meantime, interest in the Great West had wonderfully extended, and in far-away France the King and his Cabinet were discussing the oppor-

tunity presented to them for national aggrandizement. In 1661, Colbert became the Minister who directed the policy of that country, and he re-organized the colonial affairs, giving to Canada a feudal system, and inspiring the Intendant (the chief officer of the Crown at Quebec), with a determination to extend the boundaries of New France until they should stretch from the Atlantic to the South Sea, as the Pacific Ocean was then called, and from the lakes, through all the windings of the great rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico. The scheme was a vast one, but Colbert and the King on the other side of the sea, accustomed to measure king-

THE BLESSING OF THE CROSS.

doms and realms according to European standards of size, comprehended little of its magnificence. The Intendant, who represented the royal power in Canada, Jean Talon by name, knew more fully what it meant; but it was the Jesuit missionaries who had actually travelled through portions of the region, who best realized its grandeur, as well as the dangers and difficulties it involved.

Let us now see how Talon went to work to carry out the plans made in Paris by Louis the Fourteenth and his minister, Colbert. His chief work seems to have been to select the proper person to lead the expedition that he proposed to send out, and this he did with more promptness than one would suppose possible at the time. Almost as soon as he arrived at Quebec, he ordered one Daumont de St. Lusson to search for copper mines on the shores of Lake Superior and to call together representatives of as many tribes as possible at Sault St. Mary, the falls of which we have spoken before. Monsieur Talon was of an economical turn, notwithstanding the great wealth of France and of its master Louis, and perhaps in this he shows the influence of Colbert, whose time was then pretty busily occupied in economizing the income of the government, which, under his predecessor, Fouquet, had been lavished upon numerous subordinate officers. He showed his skill in this direction, when he wrote to the King the next year that this expedition would cost nothing to the government, because St. Lusson had received enough furs from the Indians to pay all expenses.

St. Lusson showed his fitness for the direction of the important affair by selecting as his executive officer Nicholas Perrot, one of the most conspicuous of all the early Canadian voyageurs, who could act as interpreter, for he spoke Algonquin fluently and had enjoyed a long and intimate acquaintance with the different tribes of Indians. He was a young man of twenty-six years, and had gained a strong influence over the dusky denizens of the woods. He entered upon his work with zeal, and sent messages to the tribes at the north and to those at the west to meet the representative of the Intendant at the appointed place in the spring of 1671. Everywhere welcome, Perrot succeeded in prevailing upon some fourteen tribes to appear by their representatives. Among these were the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagoes, the Menomonies and Miamis, the Crows and Nipissings, and I know not what other outlandish tribes. As I write their names, I am reminded of Mr. Longfellow's list of those who came to smoke the peace pipe in a prairie of Dacotah. You will find it in *Hiawatha*.

> Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
> Came the warriors of the nations,
> Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
> Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
> Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
> Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
> Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
> Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
> All the warriors drawn together
> By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
> To the Mountains of the Prairie.

Thus are we to imagine the tribes coming together at the Sault St. Mary from their winter hunting-grounds; some, probably, to fish in the rapids, and others to see the great man of whom Perrot had told them. From hundreds of miles distant they came; overland with their squaws and their pappooses, or down the streams in their light

and graceful canoes of birch-bark. It was after the spring sun had loosed the icy bands of the waters and the green grass gave promise of the genial summer that was to come. They were met by St. Lusson and fifteen companions, among whom was a young man from Quebec, son of a wagon-maker, but educated in the learning of the Jesuits, of whom history will tell us more, Louis Joliet, and there were other Europeans, too, most of whom were Jesuits.

For several weeks the tribes continued to gather, and probably those who arrived engaged in the usual sports and in fishing. One fine day in June, however, all these gave way to a ceremony that impressed the Indians, and had historic importance.

In the morning, St. Lusson led his followers, fully armed and equipped, to the top of a hill near the fort of the Jesuits and overlooking the village of the Sauteurs. They were accompanied by the priests in all the splendor of their finest official vestments. As they looked about, they saw the wondering Indians standing, crouching or stretched upon the ground in the attitude of expectancy.

In silence, Dablon, the Superior of the Missions of the Lakes, stepped forward and pronounced a blessing upon a cross that had been prepared and at the moment lay prone in the midst of the scene. Then it was reared and planted in the ground, while the followers of St. Lusson uncovered their heads and burst out in song, saying in Latin,

Vexilla Regis prodeunt;
Fulget crucis mysterium,

singing an old hymn that has been translated:

The royal banners forward go:
The cross shines forth with mystic glow:
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nation's King should be,
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of glory, tree most fair!
Ordained those holy limbs to bear;
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The ransom he alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou;
Decked with fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphal lays.

Hail, altar! hail, O Victim! thee
Decks now thy passions' victory:
Where life for sinners death endured
And life, by death, for man procured.

To thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

When the hymn had been sung, a cedar post was planted beside the cross, on which there was a plate of metal engraven with the arms of France, while the Frenchmen sang, still in Latin, "*Exaudiat te Dominus in die tribulationis: protegit te nomen Dei Jacob!*" If you will turn to the twentieth Psalm, you can read in English what they sang, and you will see that it was a prayer to God for help and care, very appropriate for good people who trust in him. Listen to a few words of it:

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee . . . We will rejoice in thy salvation, and triumph in the name of the Lord our God. . . . Save Lord; and hear us, O King of Heaven, when we call upon thee!

This done, one of the priests stepped forth and uttered a prayer for the King. Then St. Lusson himself drew his sword, turned up a sod, and said in a loud voice (not in English, of course):

In the name of the most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre, I take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Saut, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manatoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto: both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and of the West, and on the other by the South Sea: declaring to the nations thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs; promising them on his part all succor and protection against the incursions and invasions of their enemies: declaring to all other potentates, princes, sovereigns, states and republics — to them and to their subjects — that they cannot and are not to seize or settle upon any parts of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of His Most Christian Majesty, and of him who will govern in his behalf; and this on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. *Vive le Roi!*

As soon as the last words passed from the speaker's mouth, there arose such a din as had seldom been heard at the Sault. The followers of St. Lusson fired their guns shouting at the top of their lungs, "*Vive le Roi!*" which meant the same as "God save the King!" and the untutored savages uttered those strange sounds so familiar to all who have seen specimens of the Indian tribes, which can be only described as a combination of grunts, snorts and yelps. This wild din closed the ceremonies of taking possession of the vast country; but it was thought that one more effort

should be made to impress the Indians with the power and greatness of the nation that had come to take their land. This was made by that Jesuit missionary who had, as I have said, journeyed through the great Lake and heard of the river "Messipi."

I suppose that he took a commanding position on the hill where the cross and the French arms were raised and began a sermon to the motley audience. He pointed to the cross and explained what it meant — told them the story of Christ. Then he called their attention to the cedar post bearing the Bourbon lilies, and launched out into a long eulogy of France and its great king. He said that Louis the Fourteenth was the greatest chief on the face of the earth, that the most powerful chiefs in their regions were like the little herbs that one tramples under foot, compared with the spreading oak above them. Then he spoke of the governor of Canada, and expatiated upon his power, and declared that across the sea there were ten thousand like him, who were all warriors for the King of France, and marched forth at his bidding. He dilated upon the terror of his cannons, the vast number of his troops, the great ships that they sail over seas in, the prisoners he takes in war and the streams of blood that follow his triumphant progress. He added, "But what shall I say of his riches? You think yourselves rich when you have ten or twelve sacks of corn, a few hatchets, beads, kettles and other things of that sort. He has cities of his own more than there are of men in all this country for five hundred leagues around. In each city there are storehouses where there are hatchets enough to cut down all your forests, kettles enough to cook all your moose, and beads enough to fill all your lodges. His house is longer than from here to the top of the Sault [that was more than half a mile] and higher than your tallest trees; and it holds more families. than the largest of your towns." Thus the good Father ran on in his well-meant effort to impress the Indians with the greatness of the French, the futility of resisting them, and the desirability of falling into their habits and especially into their ways of worship.

Thus was the Northwest taken possession of by France. The gathered whites and Indians dispersed — the former meditating vaster plans of ambition, and the latter impressed with the power of the new-comers. The Indians took the precaution, however, to tear down the Bourbon lilies from the cedar post, lest the royal arms might prove a dangerous charm against them.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

By Dr. D. A. Sargent.

VII.

THE STOMACH.

IN order to sustain life, and to make good the losses of the body resulting from the various kinds of vital activity, food is necessary. This is first introduced into the mouth where it is masticated, and thence conducted through a long muscular tube, called the alimentary canal, into the stomach.

The stomach is a large muscular sac surrounded with blood vessels, nerves, etc., and is closely connected with all the other important organs of the body.

The walls of the stomach secrete an acid fluid, called gastric juice, which exerts a chemical action upon the food and prepares it for assimilation. The stomach is so sensitive that as soon as any substance is introduced into it, its walls contract, and roll this substance about until it is thoroughly mixed with the stomach-juices, after which it *pushes it on into the* intestines. Here the nutritive element is taken up by the lymphatics and through them is conveyed to the blood. Anything that interferes with the action of the stomach, either by restricting its movements, checking its secretions or injuring its walls will interfere with digestion; and if the disturbance is very great, will even imperil life. For this reason, too much care cannot be given to the choice of foods. Diseased meat, stale fish, decayed vegetables, etc., often give rise to much distress. Sometimes, too, active poisons are taken into the stomach by mistake. Unless these are quickly removed, the walls of the stomach and alimentary canal are irreparably injured, and death may be caused either by the absorption of the poison into the blood, or by the effect of this poison through the nervous system upon the vital organs.

POISONS.

As many substances now in common use are of a poisonous nature, and as accidents resulting there-

from are of frequent occurrence, a few hints with regard to the treatment of such cases may be of service.

Poisons may be divided into three classes: Animal, Vegetable and Mineral.

When considering their effect upon the body, poisons may be divided into *Irritants*, *Corrosives*, and *Narcotics*.

The effect of *Irritants* (such as *cantharides*, *chlorine gas*, *carbolic acid*, etc.) upon the tissues is implied in the name. The irritating action takes place in the mouth, the alimentary canal and the stomach.

The *Corrosives* (such as the *caustic alkalies*, and the *mineral* and *vegetable acids*) tend to break down and destroy all parts of the body with which they come in contact.

The *Narcotics* (such as *chloral*, *belladonna*, *alcohol*, etc.), may pass through the throat into the stomach, and thence into the intestines and blood, without doing immediate harm to these parts. The real injury does not begin until the poison introduced into the blood reaches the brain and nervous system.

This knowledge as to the action of poisons at once suggests the nature of the remedy. Before referring to the treatment of special poisons it will be well to consider briefly the first treatment for

POISONS IN GENERAL.

When poison has been taken into the stomach, ascertain, if possible, its nature; then send for a physician. In the meantime, whatever the nature of the poison may be, efforts should be made to rid the stomach of it.

The old-fashioned way of doing this was by means of the stomach-pump; but as these instruments are difficult to find in time of need, it is not safe to rely upon them.

First, then, try to produce vomiting by running the *finger down the throat*, by frequent draughts of *warm water*, or by a solution of *ground mustard*, or of *common salt*. Mix a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a glass of water. Of this mixture give the person two or three draughts, followed by twice the quantity of warm water. Repeat this dose until vomiting is produced. A tumbler of warm water in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, often serves the same purpose.

If vomiting is not produced by this means, give emetics. Of these, the most commonly used are *sulphate of zinc* (twenty to thirty grains to a teacup full of water), and *ipecacuanha* (fifteen to thirty grains to a teacup full of water). Follow the use of either of these emetics with frequent draughts of warm water. Hardly too much of this simple remedy can be taken. If there is any difficulty in getting the person to swallow, and if the stomach still retains its poisonous contents, efforts should be made to pour the water down the throat. Sometimes this can be done by means of rubber tubing.

After this tubing is introduced into the throat and extended to the stomach — which is, of course, filled with water — the contents may be forced to run out by holding the mouth of the tube below the level of the stomach. By this means the stomach can be repeatedly and thoroughly washed out.

Some of the poison, however, may already have reached the intestines.

To allay its effects in these parts, large quantities of *milk*, and *white of egg*, should be given; and *flour*, *barley* or *gum arabic waters* should follow some poisons as soothing lotions. Large doses of *castor oil* are frequently of service in hastening the passage of the poison through the intestines.

When the nature of the poison is known, the right antidote may often be given without delay.

IRRITANT POISONS.

Iodine. ANTIDOTE: *Starch in water.*

Cantharides. ANTIDOTES: *Emetics*, *opiates* and *demulcents*, but *no oils.*

Phosphorus. ANTIDOTES: *Magnesia*, and *oil of turpentine.*

Chlorine Gas. ANTIDOTES: *Ammonia*, cautiously inhaled, *creosote*, *carbolic acid*, *white of egg* and *albuminous substances.*

Carbonic oxide and other *asphyxiating gases.* ANTIDOTES: *Cold affusions*, *artificial respiration*, and *electro-magnetism.*

Carbolic acid. ANTIDOTE: *Whites of five or six eggs.*

Drastic (active) *carthatics* (such as *jalap*, *croton oil*, *podophyllum*, *elaterium*, etc.). ANTIDOTES: *Opiates*, *demulcents* (such as *gum arabic*, *slippery-elm bark*, *starch*, *arrowroot*, *etc.*,) and *stimulants.*

CORROSIVE POISONS.

Ammonia, *soda*, *lime*, *potash*, etc., are very active poisons and tend to corrode and injure the parts with which they are brought in contact. There is no time for the use of emetics. The poison is an alkali, and an acid is necessary to neutralize it. *Common vinegar*, *lemon-juice*, *citric* or *tartaric acid* in solution, and the fixed oils (as *castor*, *sweet*, *linseed* and *olive*) are the best antidotes to alkaline poisons.

Mineral and vegetable acids, *acetic*, *muriatic* and *sulphuric acids* in full strength, are exceedingly corrosive in their effect upon the tissues, and should be combated at once with an alkali. The *carbonates of soda*, *lime*, *potassa* or *magnesia*, may be used as antidotes. The *carbonates of magnesia* and *lime* are the only safe antidotes for *nitric* and *oxalic acid.*

Milk, *oils*, *white of egg*, and *flour and water*, are useful agents to protect the throat and stomach from the action of the corrosive poisons.

Some of the other *Corrosives* with their antidotes are as follows:

Corrosive sublimate, soluble mercurial salts, soluble cupric salts. ANTIDOTES: *White of egg, milk, flour and ferrocyanide of potassium.*

Arsenic, contained in Paris Green and many fly and bug poisons. ANTIDOTES: *Hydrated oxide of iron, hydrated magnesia.*

Lead. ANTIDOTES: *Sulphate of magnesia* or *soda* and other *alkaline* substances.

Nitrate of Silver. ANTIDOTE: *Common salt.*

Zinc. ANTIDOTES: *Albumen, magnesia* and *sodium carbonates.*

NARCOTIC POISONS.

Opium, chloral, alcohol and *calabar bean.* ANTIDOTES: *Emetics, cold affusions, counter-irritation, muscular exercise, strong coffee, hypodermic injections of atropia, artificial respiration.*

Belladonna, hyoscyamus and *stramonium.* ANTIDOTES: *Emetics, cold affusions, cathartics, hypodermic injections of morphia, electro-magnetism.*

Tobacco, aconite, lobelia digitalis, conium and *veratrum viride.* ANTIDOTES: *Emetics to empty the stomach, Cannabis Indica, alcohol* and the *diffusive stimulants.*

Strychnia, veratria. ANTIDOTES: *Opium, conium, tannic acid, camphor, chloral, bromide of potassium, atropia, ether*, or *chloroform.*

It will be observed that many of the antidotes are poisons themselves, and if taken in too large quantities their effects would be injurious.

Powerful remedies, therefore, should be given with caution, and always with the advice of a physician, if one can be had in time to meet the emergency.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

By Annie Moore.

XXI.

HOW TO MAKE BLACKBERRIES.

WHEN my sister and I were little girls, a kind friend once delighted our hearts by teaching us how to make artificial blackberries.

We made a bunch for our mother as a Christmas gift — all the more acceptable, no doubt, that ripe blackberries are rare at that season.

They were so wonderfully natural, that we felt called upon to warn her not to try to eat them, for that would have spoiled our handiwork, besides being an unpleasant thing to do, as they were made of wax and rosin.

It is a simple process. I have just been experimenting a little, in order to be able to tell you exactly how to do it.

The materials needed are beeswax, rosin, black powder ("lampblack," I believe), small wire for stems, green tissue paper, a two-pronged, steel table-fork, or a piece of large wire, a tin dish, and one or two common plates — not a very expensive or troublesome outfit.

Buy four or five cents' worth of common rosin, and a little lampblack, at a shop where house-painters' materials are sold. Borrow an old tin dish of the cook. Put about half the rosin, more or less, into the tin dish, with a piece of beeswax as big as a nutmeg, and a little of the black powder — I feel sure that this was common lampblack.

The powder is to color the rosin, and only enough is needed to make it look black.

The wax is to prevent the rosin from being brittle. Too much wax would make it too soft.

Put the tin dish on the fire or stove, and let the wax and rosin melt, being careful that it does not take fire.

When it is melted, dip the fork (or wire) into it, and drop it from the fork on the plates.

It will run off the prongs of the fork in small drops like the little divisions of the blackberry.

When you have made enough of these drops — it takes forty or fifty of them for one blackberry — lay a piece of wax near the fire till it is so soft that you can shape it with your fingers into a foundation for a berry. Then take the drops of rosin from the plate — one by one, as you wish to use them — and arrange them round and round on the wax foundation, until it is covered, pressing the drops on the softened wax so that they will stay.

Make as many berries as you choose for a bunch — five or six, or more — then cut the small wire into pieces for the stems, wind them with the green paper, and stick one into each berry. Then twist the stems together and make them look like a bunch of real blackberries. A few blackberry leaves, natural or artificial, can be added if you wish. Or you can lay the blackberries into a saucer without any stems.

If you have done it nicely they will look very tempting, and quite like ripe blackberries.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

VII.

WILLIAM M. HUNT.

THERE is no royal road to art. The ascent of the glittering ladder is no whit easier than the exploration of the wilds of Africa, by a Stanley, or the accumulation of seven millions by a Johns Hopkins. The essentials of a success, persistent work and indomitable will, have never been other since the days of Adam. Certain, too, is it that the story of most artists is the old story of long poverty and long struggle, before victory.

Giotto, the "regenerator of Italian art," was the son of a herdsman, and he tended sheep near Florence, using his spare time in drawing pictures of his flock on flat pieces of slate with a pointed stone. One day the great painter, Cimabue, saw the unlettered boy of fourteen intently at work, and he asked him if he would like to go home to learn his art with him. Giotto's father consented, and by and by the shepherd-boy surpassed his master. Pope Boniface VIII. summoned him to Rome, and kings were eager to purchase his paintings. He created a new school of art, built the famous Cathedral Tower at Florence, which Longfellow calls "The builder's perfect and centennial flower," and of which Ruskin says, "Power and beauty in the highest degree exist, as far as I know, only in *one* building in the world — the campanile of Giotto. It is the model and mirror of perfect architecture."

Dannecker, the great German sculptor, was the son of an ignorant stable-keeper, but he had a refined and aspiring mother who fostered her boy's artistic tastes. He worked in the stable till he was thirteen, but whenever he could, he stole off to the yard of a stone-cutter and there he staid and covered the marble slabs with his designs, although he well knew he should be beaten by his rough father for what would be considered idleness. At last, he set forth into the world and walked to Paris, and there, always hungry and always meanly clad, he worked for two years in the Louvre. Thence he walked on to Rome; and though often discouraged and heartsick, he devoted himself untiringly to his art. At fifty years of age, he made his celebrated Ariadne, a beautiful woman reclining on the back of a panther, a masterpiece of sculpture, which draws thousands every year to Frankfort. Fortunes have been offered for it, but money cannot buy it from Germany. For eight long years too, Dannecker worked upon his famous statue of the Christ, which was purchased by the Empress of Russia for her son Alexander I. Goethe and Canova were proud to become the intimate friends of the man who was once a stable-boy.

Thorwaldsen, the great Dane, was the son of a poor wood-carver and a peasant mother, and he had the same bitter struggle with poverty. It is the old story: shy and melancholy, teaching drawing and working with his father; going to Rome on an academy pension of ten dollars a month; sending his work back to Copenhagen for sale, which nobody wanted because he was not famous; carving his Jason with the Golden Fleece, and breaking the cast because people only admired and did not buy; at last, after nine weary years at Rome, selling his humble furniture to go back to obscure wood-carving in Denmark — when, lo! the tide turns — a rich man from England sees his work, orders a Jason in marble, and Thorwaldsen is thenceforth famous. Now the academy at Copenhagen sends him five hundred dollars as an expression of pleasure in his work. How much more he had needed it when he lived, half-starved in his comfortless studio! But the world has few smiles for the struggling, but ah, how many smiles when the struggles are over. Many a poor fellow fails just at the border-land of success, when a little more self-reliance and faith in self, and persistent effort, would have won!

Hiram Powers, in our own country, is another remarkable instance of hard-earned success. His story, too, runs the old way: He was born on a bleak Vermont farm, the eighth among nine children, his family removing to Ohio where, by the death of the father, all the children were obliged to work for their own support; he himself was first a clerk in a hotel reading-room, then in a produce store; then he collected debts for a clock maker; afterward, for seven years, he took charge of wax figures in a Cincinnati museum; then he learned to model in plaster from a German — working, trusting, hoping, in this fashion till he was thirty. Then the long path of toil turned, but it turned as it usually does, only by his own determined effort to tread a new way. He resolved to go to Washington, and try his hand at modelling busts of distinguished men. But for such bold venture, he might have spent his life among the wax figures. Two years later, with a little money laid by, and some aid from Mr. Nicholas

Longworth of Cincinnati, he started for Florence. In one year his statue of Eve was finished, which Thorwaldsen said was a work any sculptor might be proud to claim as his masterpiece. Not long after, his Greek Slave made him famous. The first copy is in the gallery of the Duke of Cleveland; the second is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington; the third belongs to Earl Dudley, and a fourth was purchased by A. T. Stewart of New York for eleven hundred dollars. His bronze statue of Webster in the State House grounds, is familiar to all Boston boys. I went to his beautiful home in Florence, as to a shrine, but alas, the great artist had gone out from its doors forever.

Without the struggle of poverty, to be sure, but

WILLIAM M. HUNT.

amid the struggle of absorbing, tireless, enthusiastic work, another artist came to occupy the foremost position in American art, William M. Hunt. Boston knew he was a great artist while he lived; she will be constantly confirmed in this belief as the years go on, and the great world will finally acknowledge a master. We are so busy a people, making great fortunes and building elegant homes, we are so eager to discover a new oil well or a new coal or silver mine, that we have little time to discover a genius, even though he live next door.

Fortunately, the boy, Hunt, had a mother of great — yes, remarkable talent — perhaps it would be difficult to find a great man whose mother was not a superior woman. Mrs. Hunt, it is believed, would have been a famous painter also, had not her father, like others in those days, thought it unwomanly for a girl to be an artist, and forbade her, absolutely forbade her, to touch the brush. She married early, and after four sons and a daughter were born, her husband died, leaving to her the education of the children. An Italian artist coming to the town, she took him into her home, and mother and children began to study art together and in earnest.

William, at twelve, carved small heads in marble, and later, in shell cameos. Fond of music, at fifteen he played on the piano and violin. His brown eyes were full of fun, and his sensitive, joyous nature, with his deep sympathy, won hosts of friends. At sixteen he entered Harvard College, but failing in health, yet not discouraged, at nineteen left the University and went to Italy. Here he made the determination to become a sculptor, and for two years, part of the time in Dusseldorf, he studied drawing and the anatomy of the human body. Later, in Paris, he became the pupil of Thomas Couture. There he worked long and patiently with the brush. He doubtless thought with Turner: "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work."

Years after, he said to his class in Boston: "You don't know what persistent effort is! Think of the violin student in the Paris Conservatoire, who was more than a year trying to bend his thumb as he had not been taught to do in the provinces!

"When I was a little boy I wanted to learn the violin, but a certain man discouraged me. 'Don't learn the violin! It's so hard!' I could kick that man now." So annoyed was he that anybody should shrink from hard work — it seemed to him the most fatal of all weaknesses.

At another time, he said: "Be earnest, and don't worry, and you will learn twice as fast. If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself, and feel dreadfully! The people who do things easily, their things you look at easily, and *give away* easily!

"What if Michael Angelo had done his work in the Sistine Chapel easily! An artist one day called upon Grisi, found her upon a sofa, weary and forlorn. He expressed his surprise at her appearance, declaring that she was the one mortal whom he had envied, such was her strength, buoyancy and joyousness. He had not thought she could find life a burden. 'Ah,' said she, 'I save myself all day for that one bound upon the stage. Not for worlds would I leave this sofa, which I must keep all day that I may be ready for my work at night.'

"Inspiration is nothing without work. What we do best is done against difficulties. Work while your brain is full of the picture before you.

Work is a stimulus to work, and loafing a stimulus to laziness."

While in Paris, he became enthusiastically fond of Jean Francois Millet who was then struggling with poverty.

"For years," said Mr. Hunt, "Millet painted beautiful things and nobody looked at them. They fascinated me, and I would go to Barbison, his home, and spend all the money I could get in buying his pictures. I brought them to Boston. 'What is that horrid thing?' 'Oh, it is a sketch by a friend of mine.' Now, he is the greatest painter in Europe."

When Mr. Hunt was thirty-one, he came back to America to live. He had then painted his great painting of the Prodigal Son, leaning on the breast of his father, his exquisite Marguerite plucking leaves from a daisy, and several other works now well known. There was less art culture among our people then than now, but he had courage and hope. He opened a studio in Newport, and for seven years painted portraits mostly. His standard was high. He lived in his art; was wedded to it. He said, "You want a picture to seize you as forcibly as if a man had seized you by the shoulder! Strive for simplicity; not complexity! Don't talk of what you are going to do! Do IT." There is a man for you who was building his fame upon the foundation of thorough work.

Once, when asked by a lady how long it had taken to draw a charcoal picture, he replied, "I think it took me an hour or two; but I suppose I ought to say that it took me forty years, as I've been drawing about that length of time."

Witty and brilliant in conversation, kind to everybody, especially to young artists, he became the centre of a circle of charming and earnest people. He hated shams and affectations. Once when asked what he thought of a young painter of foppish appearance, he replied, "I don't know him. I know his clothes. I can have nothing to do with such a man when I meet him, I look right through, and beyond, and around him." But he criticised all work tenderly as all great masters do, saying, "Don't look too hard except for something agreeable. We can find all the disagreeable things in the world between our own hats and boots."

He was as genuinely simple, too, as he was genuinely great. One morning as he came out of his studio on Tremont street, he met an old woman on the stairs carrying down a big box of ashes. He at once assisted, and together they placed it on the sidewalk, quite to the surprise of some of his kid-gloved admirers.

When our artist was forty-three, and fame and wealth had both been won, and time was precious, he gladly opened his best studio to teach a large class of women. How it broadened and beautified the lives of those learners! How small seemed the round of shopping and making calls, after studying with such a master! His presence was magnetic, raying out inspiration. One of his ablest pupils (Miss Helen M. Knowlton) now a well-known artist, used to jot down on bits of paper in the class-room some of his brilliant words and suggestions; and so important were they that in book form they have been heartily welcomed both in Europe and America. Indeed the volume is used as an art text-book in some of the normal schools.

Five years after this, the great Boston fire swept away much of the tangible labor of his lifetime, but he met his loss bravely, and began work afresh, toiling harder than ever. He said, "Painting, for me, is the only work worth doing, and there is no other play." "Draw whatever fascinates you. Love something and paint it," was often his advice. Sometimes envious people spoke of him as the one-man-power in art in Boston." But in his modesty he has been heard to say, "I've been at painting all my life, and I don't feel to-day that I know anything. I'm not sure that I can go on with a single one of these portraits that I have begun."

He studied incessantly. Veronese, Michael Angelo, Titian and Velasquez were his teachers among the old masters, and Millet, Delacroix, Corot and Turner among the modern. Of the latter he said, "One hundred years from now, Turner will be counted the greatest painter who ever lived. His color is wonderful! His color is iridescent. The Venetians could get such color only by painting transparently, but Turner is solid, clear, throughout."

In 1878 he was asked to paint two large pictures upon the walls of the grand State House at Albany, N. Y. He accepted, though shrinking from it, and for five months, before beginning the work, wrought at his plans. One of these great mural paintings represents the Goddess of Night in her cloud chariot; before her three restive horses, and behind her a sleeping mother and child. In the other, is depicted Columbus, standing in a boat in mid-ocean, with Hope at the prow and Fortune at the helm. So careful was he in the execution of these paintings that thirty charcoal drawings were made, also twenty oil paintings, and the colors were tested on stone sent from Albany. Then for fifty-five days, Mr. Hunt and his assistants painted on the walls from early morning till late at night standing on scaffolding.

When completed, in coloring and finish, the pictures were a triumph of art, but the artist had broken down in health. He sought the Isles of Shoals, hoping to find renewal of strength from the bracing and restful ocean breezes, but it was too late. One September morning the country was shocked to hear that the great artist was found lying peacefully in a little pool back of the cottages, dead. It

is supposed that he missed his footing, and no hand was near to help.

He died in the prime of life, at fifty-five; but his work lives on after him and is to live. Whether he painted Niagara or Gloucester Harbor, the Street Musician or the Drummer Boy, the Bugle Call or the Bathers, each of the paintings was like himself, strong, refined, instinct with life and feeling. Over four hundred of his pictures, those owned by friends and therefore not burned, were exhibited after his death, yet these probably did not constitute one third of his work. Among his best known portraits are those of Chief Justice Shaw, Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner and James Freeman Clarke.

It is to be noted that Mr. Hunt always honored, never debased, his art. Being shown a picture, very fine in technique, by a Munich artist, of a drunken man holding a half-filled glass of wine, he said, "It's skilfully done, *but what is the use of doing it?* The subject isn't worthy of the painter."

It is to be remembered, too, that he never wearied in his unselfish efforts to encourage and develop art. "An *inclination* to draw evinces talent," he often declared. "I saw a beautiful sunset last night, and I would have given worlds for the power to put it upon canvas, even in the modest manner. That desire indicates talent. Will you use your talent or smother it? . . . Children should be encouraged; not flattered. With no help and encouragement, the child gradually loses its desire to draw." He persistently taught artists to be individual in their thought, not copyists, not followers after the manner of any school.

More than other American teachers, more than any other American artist, he has left his impress upon the working art talent of the time. His name is spoken reverently by earnest young artists. His paintings are sought and studied by art students who never saw him. Pictures often are characterized as belonging "to the Hunt school of art," and his influence is most surely to survive in art.

Surely, his successful life emphasizes what Sidney Smith said of greatness: "There is but one method, and that is hard labor."

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By the Next Neighbor.

XIX.

SICKNESS IN THE HOUSE.

YOUR mother sick, and Willie down with scarlet-fever? Well, old practical nursts took their first lessons sometime, in just such anxious trembling.

Willie should be upstairs, as all infections rise; the spores and scales which carry the disease, and the air of the sick-room naturally floating upward with the currents of air. If scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, or any such disease, is in a lower room, the upper part of the house is almost certain to be infected, and persons sleeping there are in danger. The best place for such a case is the large chamber in the wing, cut off from the rest of the house by the side entry, where the patient is away from the sights and sounds of the living rooms, and it is easy to keep them free from infection. I know a house where such a room with windows on three sides is called the hospital chamber, and every one taken sick in the family at once goes into it. The room is specially furnished for sickness, with nothing in it that can be spared, to absorb or give off bad air. The walls are not papered, for paper absorbs infection and bad smells, but they are painted so as to be washed readily. There is no carpet for the same reason — the carpet of a room where has been diphtheria or scarlet fever holding the germs of disease ready to give it to another, long after the first patient is well. The floor is covered with matting to deaden sound, for matting can be washed with carbolic acid as well as boards, and so disinfected. The bed is a thin one of hair over a woven wire mattress, which makes the most luxurious soft couch, as provided in hospitals for weary, aching invalids. Over the hair bed is a rubber sheet to prevent the tick from being stained with medicine or dressings, over this an old blanket to keep the patient from chill of the rubber, and then the sheet. A set of thin, old blankets, and a light coverlet, easily washed, are kept for sickness, and are thoroughly washed with carbolic acid in the water, and boiled, after each case of sickness. You don't want to spoil good blankets by washing them and scalding as often as hospital bedding requires. I learned this care the year we had diphtheria, scarlet fever, and chicken-pox, rheumatism with its poulticings, and a bad case of tumor with lancings and dressings, all in seven months. That is the sort of training life puts us through sometimes.

By such costly lessons I learned the safety of putting a patient as soon as he sickens in a separate room, for you never know at first just what an ailment may turn out. The chill with slightly sore throat which brings a child to the lounge in the sitting-room for a day or two, at the end of that time proves to be scarlatina, or the gray diphtheria patches appear, and then to the care of the sick one is added the anxiety of knowing that its hot breath has been sowing the seeds of the disorder among the rest of the household. In sickness, if nowhere else, a care in time saves nine. It often saves life.

Have the room airy, with two opposite windows down at the top, and the bed out of the draft. It is better to have a fire in any weather when it is endurable, and keep windows open, for the draft carries away and consumes the bad air while drying and improving the fresh that it draws in. Keep the bed well out from the walls, so that air can circulate around it, and have, if possible, a lounge or small bed, in the same room so that the nurse need not lie down on the sick bed, which is not good for her or the patient either. An excellent old practice in infectious sickness is to burn sulphur in the room once or twice a day, sprinkling a teaspoonful on a hot shovel and carrying it around slowly that the fumes may fill all parts of it. It does the patient no harm, but rather much good to breathe it, if not strong enough to make him sneeze or choke, and inhaling sulphur fumes of moderate strength with open mouth kills the poison of diphtheria and ulcerated throats, while it greatly lessens the chance of other persons taking the disease.

A nurse should be very careful of her personal habits, bathe often, for her own refreshment and to keep her strength up, and wear fresh washable dresses, that neither rustle nor crackle with starch. I have been so annoyed with well-meaning women who would take away my breath as they bent over me with odors of perspiration, and hair not kept with nicety, that seemed to smother the feeble strength left in me. And the chattering nurse who persists in talking a weak patient light-headed — is there any visitation to be compared with her in horror! Above all things learn to shun the art some people have of talking endlessly and saying nothing, mincing their subjects fine we may say. As I have heard a weakish personage of that sort go on, when she knew one was waiting hopelessly for rest and silence with a tired head, "I won't disturb you, but I just thought I'd ask you so as not to have it to say again — very many people don't like it so but I can't know of course without asking you, and opinions vary so much you never can tell — now don't say one word and exert yourself as you ought not to indeed — but *will* you have the window-shade down?" Don't let your ideas flow through your tongue till it must tremble like the magnetic needle, and the senseless words utter themselves till the nervous patient nearly takes leave of sense and sanity together. Learn how to talk in a sick-room. Don't talk loud or fast, in the chatter which young women imagine is conversation, say little at a time, three or four sentences, not more, and then rest, and don't expect answers. It diverts a sick person and soothes him to hear two other people talking fresh gossip when he is not expected to join, rather than be talked to himself, only the chat should not be long. O, it is with a long apprenticeship in sickness one's self one comes to know how light and sound and exertion affect an invalid, to learn what nervousness and weakness are, and how little things sometimes send the forces ebbing back to faintness and failure which had set hopefully toward health and safety.

As much depends on the food of your patient as on medicine. If one ever learns the right value of food and drink it is over a sick person, when the processes of strength and growth alter with a few spoonfuls more or less of the right kind of nourishment, and you feel the pulse sink under your finger for want of the draught of beef tea, or sip of wine and milk, which keeps the fluttering strength alive. Many a patient in a fair way of recovery has been lost for want of good food to restore the lost vitality. You need to learn much to cater for the sick: to give fever patients lemons, acid jellies — not fruit jellies made with sugar — but gelatine flavored with wine and a breath of spice, little piquant soups, a few spoonfuls of which revive one so much, and which the system absorbs as a sponge drinks water, almost, apple pulp scraped with a silver knife, or the juice from the ripest of strawberries, given drop by drop, together with barley water made in the good old way with lemon-juice and sugar candy, and calves-foot jelly, blandest and most blissful of foods. Nervous and weakly patients who need building up require strong broths without a drop of fat in them, savory roast chicken, game and such essence of meat as we get by putting five or six pounds of the neck or shoulder of beef in a stone jar, covering tight without one drop of water and baking in a moderate oven two hours. The jar will be found half-full of the richest gravy which is the very thing to build up nerves and brain. A cupful of this gravy heated scalding hot, with a fresh egg dropped in, and toasted oatmeal crackers, is a very hearty meal for an invalid. But remember, all food for a sick person must be the freshest best quality, for anything stale or injured which a healthy system might get over will hopelessly derange a feeble one. Remember, also, that if half the care were given to the health of well people that we take to cure invalids, there would be very few sick. Humor the fancies of your patient all the doctor will allow. If there is a craving for any one thing in particular, whether it

is roast chicken at midsummer when chickens are scarce, or oranges out of season. guava jelly or velvet cream or white grapes, get that very thing if you can, and say nothing about the trouble of getting it. That will worry all the pleasure out of a weak patient, when to gratify his taste may be the turning point to health. It is wholesome for people in this world to have their own way about their personal habits anyhow, sick or well, always provided it does not interfere too much with the comfort of others, and to the sick everything should give way. Lay this rule to heart.

It may seem hard to give up talking or singing in the near rooms because it worries Willie or your mother; and I have heard well people pettishly protest against "giving in too far to the whims of sick people," and talking pretty loudly about the rights of healthy ones. I'm ashamed to say I have when younger said something of the sort myself. It was treated as very ridiculous by a party of summer visitors that a well-known authoress left her seaside house every night to get sleep at a lonely cottage away from all sounds. Bitter complaints were made of her sensitiveness when the fall of a hairbrush in a room overhead broke her uneven slumbers, and there was a good deal of spiteful criticism about "sheer nervousness," and "that sort of thing being a good deal cultivated." If those who are sound enough to go to bed and sleep every night, and pass unmoved by the sights and sounds of every day life, could once know the ordeal life becomes when night after night the brain is racked with waking till dawn, and the least stir spoils the chance of restoring sleep, and under such fatigue the nerves grow more and more acute till light, sound and conversation are misery — we would never hear any grumbling about sick people's fancies. I remember lying ill of brain fever when only twelve years old, and too young to have fancies, when the creaking of a door, or any sharp sound, sent shoots of pain through my head that I could hardly bear. And the old rooster would persist in crowing shrilly just under my window, torturing me when too sick to make my pain understood, till the loving little brother of three years old guessed the trouble and put the Saracen to flight. Take all pictures out of the room where a sick person lies speechless or light-headed, for they torment the helpless brain with unheard-of images. A lady once told me of the suffering caused her by the family portraits in her room when she was lying, as her friends thought, unable to notice anything. The faces seemed to become distorted and leave their frames in shapes of horror to attack her, day after day, and she could make no one understand what ailed her. For this reason, avoid strange, bold-figured curtains and wall papers in a sick-room — better avoid all figured things, for the very blankness of walls and space rests a fevered brain, however dull to a well one.

Don't fuss around a sick person whom even well-meant attentions worry. Even a bunch of flowers will sometimes "aggravate" one — in fact I think, from my own experience, a great deal too much is made of flowers and fancy attentions to sick people. I want a well-browned tender mutton chop, *sans* fat, gristle or bone, on a clean hot plate, without cracks or specks in the ware, a fresh napkin on the tray, and a thick, white towel to spread over the bedclothes to keep them from soil, some *good* bread, the best on earth is none too good for the sick, but no foolishness of flowers on the tray. Sick people don't want flowers and food together; the scent of the two doesn't combine well, and there may be insects on the leaves to get into the dishes. Bring the flowers in after the meal is all over, put them in sight in a vase, and say nothing about them till the patient's eye lights on them for himself. *Don't* put your hand on a sick person, even in the way of kindness, unless you are very intimate — the too familiar, frequent stroking of one's head is very annoying. In case of headache, ask if it would be agreeable to soothe it with your hands, and see that they are both cool and clean before you touch any one. A warm, moist hand never ought to touch another person, sick or well. If your hands are apt to be moist, rub them with the fine soapstone powder used for gloves.

Study all the arts of comfort for the sick. Better is good nursing without medicine than medicine without good nursing. Cool a fevered patient by bathing him in very hot water, and then fanning him, which will relieve much more than using cold water at first. Or lay wet cloths on the wrists and back of the neck, and fan them, which will soon cool the whole body. Wet a hot head on the top and sides and fan it to reduce fever or rush of blood to the head. This last, together with nervous headache, is often better relieved by the use of very hot water than by cold. When one suffers from chill, put on a flannel nightgown and woollen stockings and drawers, then put hot soapstones to the spine and feet, give the patient something warm to hold in the hands, and cover with blankets next to the person, which will warm him sooner than you can possibly do in a cotton gown and sheets. Hospitals have hot water cushions of rubber for sick persons to hold between their hands, but as water is sure to leak by nature, there is nothing so good for home heating as the old-fashioned soapstone slabs, of which every house ought to have a supply. Hot bricks are next best, because they hold a tempered heat a long time. Cover all compresses and poultices with warm dry flannel to keep the heat in, and be particular not to let the bedding remain wet when such things are in use, for the patient is easily chilled by damp clothing. Change sheets and blankets as often as the strength of the sick person will allow. It is not necessary to wash them, but they, as well as

as the nightgowns, can be hung in the sun, or thoroughly dried and heated by the fire, when they will be almost as sweet and fresh to put on as if newly washed. Hardly anything gives a patient more refreshment than the change from body clothes and bedding, charged with perspiration, smelling of poultices and lotions, to dry, sun-sweetened sheets and gowns. Night clothes and underclothes for the sick should never be made to slip over the head, but open all the way down for ease in changing; and where applications are to be made in the back, have everything button both back and front, or turn the garment round. Much inconvenience to nurses and fatigue to the sick is saved by these simple devices.

The doctor will prescribe for Willie, but I will tell you a common thing to relieve the smarting and itching, not only of scarlet fever, but measles, erysipelas, and all kinds of poxes and rashes from those made by mosquito bites down. It is carbolated oil: fifteen drops of *strong* carbolic acid to six tablespoonfuls of sweet oil or almond oil. Any pure sweet fat will answer if you cannot get the oil, but the acid must be of strength sufficient to heal the smarting, and if too strong will make it worse. You must test it on your own skin in some tender spot, or on a patch of the eruption. It ought to relieve in a moment. If too strong, add more oil, drop by drop. This is a hospital remedy, and you need not be afraid of it. When too strong, relieve the smarting by a little fresh oil without acid. Rub this oil over the entire body wherever the eruption is seen, as often as the itching is felt. It not only heals, but lessens the chance of infection from the scales which it brings away at each bathing instead of leaving them to fall off in the bedclothes the carpet, or to float in the air, dealing disease wherever they chance to light. Burn oil bottle and the cloths you rub it on with, when the child has no farther use for them, and never let an article of any sort he has used or worn be carried into another room. Put all soiled clothing, sheets and towels into a bag hung outside the window. No matter if it doesn't look very nice, it is better than giving the entire house a chance at the fever. When things are to be washed, lower the bag to the ground and if possible do the washing out of doors, boiling all linen and cotton things an hour in clean water to which strong disinfectants have been added. The room with all bedding and furniture is disinfected, when the physician pronounces it safe for the patient to go about, by closing doors and windows tight, spreading blankets, mats and clothing wide over chairs and railings in it, and fumigating. Have a shovel of hot coals placed where it will not set anything on fire in the room, sprinkle on two large handfuls of powdered sulphur, and leave the room shut up over night. You will want to leave all windows open wide all the next day and the day after, if not for a week to get the sulphur smell out, but you will not have to dread that any one who enters risks taking the disease, for a year after. The fumigation is the same for all infectious diseases.

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE TROPICS.

By Felix L. Oswald.

CHAPTER X.

MONITO IN A SCRAPE.

We reached that ridge at ten o'clock the following morning. After breasting a steep slope strewn with icy rocks and volcanic ashes, we came to a level snow field, and stood on the roof of our continent; we had reached the Plateau of San Lucas. In the west a whole world of hills and plains seemed to be spread out under our feet; wild rocks, the deep green woods of the foothills, then the light blue plains, and between land and sky the glittering expanse of the Pacific Ocean with its cliffs and rocky islands. In the south rose the volcanoes that formed the chimneys of the fire-world under our feet. The guide had been right; the Peak of Antisana was veiled in the haze that follows a violent eruption, but the Sangay, the Pinchincha and the Canyadas stood up bold and clear against the blue sky, and in the east our plateau rose in terraces towards the great snowpeak of the Cotopaxi.

These terraces were, on the whole, the most interesting part of the whole panorama. Every puff of wind stirred up a whirl of snow-clouds that chased each other along the brink of the precipice, or flew through the air like a swarm of white-winged birds. Where the wind had piled the snow into drifts the alternate action of the noontide suns and night frosts had formed enormous icicles that hung from the rocks like inverted steeples, till they could not support their growing weight, and fell from cliff to cliff with a ringing clatter, as

if the roof of the crystal palace were coming down at a fell swoop.

And high above this playground of the mountain-spirits rose the majestic peak of the Gran Cerro with its crest of everlasting snow and its equally eternal smoke-column, now reduced to a thin wreath, for it is a curious fact that the volcanoes have their fits by turns, as if the furnace could use only one chimney at a time.

We tethered our mules at a warm spring, and as the morning was rather too windy for an ascent of the peak, I placed my pocket-album on one of the *mesitas*, or flat-topped rocks of the plateau, to make a sketch of the western crater which has more than once scattered the ashes of its fire-storm as far as Callao on the seacoast of Peru. During the great eruption of 1803, it treated the lowlands to a shower-bath of hot mud, mingled with millions of the curious fish-like lizards that seem to inhabit the waters of its subterranean lakes; and only twelve years ago a stream of molten lava set the foothills afire, and caused a disastrous inundation by obstructing the valley of the Rio Corso. The village of San Lucas is protected by the cliffs of the northern slope, and as the great eruptions announce themselves by the increased volume of the smoke-column, the inhabitants have generally time to seek the shelter of their rock-built cabins, and the chief dread of the miners is the explosion of the *padrazas*, or stone-showers, which often break out without a moment's warning and rake the plateau as if a masked battery were scattering its messengers of death. My guide described a case where a party of gold-washers were obliged to throw themselves flat upon their faces while the volleys of the Gran Cerro came down like a hail-storm, together with larger rocks that rebounded from the cliffs as if the Titans of old were indulging in a game of nine-pins.

A ROCK AVALANCHE.

I had not yet finished my drawing when I saw the Captain snatch up his gun and run towards the spring where we had left our mules and travelling bags. Thinking that somebody had come to grief, I thrust the sketches into my coat pocket and followed the Captain as fast as I could.

"What is it," I called out, "a puma?"

"No; Mr. Mischief here," laughed the Captain. "Monito in a scrape, as usual. He's found a condor's nest, and is going to have his ears jerked off if the old ones get after him."

While I was busy with my sketch of the Cerro, Benny had clambered around the western cliffs, and seeing a condor fly up from a ledge of rocks further down, he had crawled out to the edge of the precipice and discovered two *pollos*, or chicks, as the natives call the young condors. The mule-boy was not far off, and fearing that somebody or other would be beforehand with him, Benny at once fetched the saddle-rope and tried to capture the chicks by means of a dangling lariat. The pollos, however, defeated his attempts by ducking their heads, and before another minute the old ones would have taken a hand in the game, when luckily the screaming of the chicks attracted the attention of the Captain.

In the meantime I too had fetched my shot-gun, and as the hen-condor was circling around the upper cliffs of the Cerro, we all crouched down behind a rock, awaiting the advent of the giant bird.

"It's none of my business, caballeros," said the guide, "but I am afraid you are going to waste your powder. You cannot kill a condor with buck-

shot; the lead glances off or gets stuck in the feathers. Something may depend on the distance, but I have seen it tried at short and long range, and it's no use; the feathers are too thick for anything but the heaviest kind of rifle-balls."

"Never mind," said the Captain; "I reckon it also depends on the way you shoot. Look out! Here she comes!"

We heard the rush of the mighty wings and then a grunting sound, resembling the croak of a raven at sight of a hawk. The condor had seen us, or at least Benny's dangling rope, for she wheeled to the left about; but in passing the rock she came in sight for a second, and in that moment our two shots went off together.

"*Que he dicho* — I told you so," said the guide; "there she goes; the shots glanced."

With three or four flaps of her enormous wings the condor had raised herself to a height of some two hundred feet, and darted off to the left, but still rising and rising, till her form would have faded in the distance, if the sky had not been so perfectly clear.

"Glanced off? — I don't know about that," said the Captain; "she has catched it somehow or other, just look at her."

The condor had again begun to wheel in a circle, but in a strange, unsteady way, till she suddenly turned her wings and shot off in a slanting line, and then came down, like a meteor from the sky, and as near as we could judge, dropped somewhere in the distant mountain forests of Rio Blamba.

After that it would have been shameful to leave the poor chicks to their fate, for the male condor rarely feeds its young. So we weighted our rope with a stone, and after pushing the pollos from their rock, sent down the mule-boy to fetch them up by a roundabout way. They were frightfully ugly, pot-bellied and studded with bristles, instead of feathers, but one of the menagerie commissioners was an English naturalist and a great admirer of birds, and we wanted to make him a present of the delightful pets.

We reached San Lucas a little before noon, and after getting all the information I wanted, we engaged an extra guide who was going to show us a trail to Elmonte from where we could reach the coast-plains in less than a day. Our new pioneer was a mere *mozo*, a lad of fifteen or sixteen years, but had already weathered many a storm on the Sierra, and gave us a lively description of the risks and adventures of a miner's life.

"How much a day do you make at that business?" I asked him.

"Oh, that depends on luck," said he: "some of us have made as much as fifteen dollars in half an hour, and others work all day and don't find the weight of a cherry-stone. But living is cheap here; one *real* (about fourteen cents) a day will keep a man from starving. And who knows? Some of these days I might come across a *bonanza del sol* — the treasure-nugget that can only be found

THE CONDOR'S NEST.

at sunrise — and that would pay one for all hardships and all dangers."

"Are you not tired of that sort of business?" asked the Captain when we reached the settlements and our guide was about to bid us good-by; "it's all the same to me, but I think you should try your luck in a place like New Orleans, where these gentlemen come from, a country where they have no Sierras at all, and no earthquakes or stone-showers."

"Are there any gold-diggings in that place?" asked the Mozo.

"No gold-diggings," said the Captain, "but you can make money in-doors, and in a much easier way — we could get you a place in a shoemaker's shop or in a cotton factory."

"No, thank you, Señor," laughed the boy; "if it is all the same to you I would rather go back to San Lucas."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

FRED BREWSTER. Magic lantern pictures can be sent by mail in a tin or pasteboard box, securely protected, but it is cheaper to get them by express in general. You can order them of dealers in photograph supplies, and the nearest photographer will give you their addresses.

WALPOLE. The Appian Way was the most celebrated of the ancient Roman roads. It was a roadbed, or rather pavement of huge blocks of hard stone fitted together like mosaic, and laid in cement. This pavement, built about 313 B. C., at first reached from Rome to Capua, one hundred and twenty-five miles, but was lengthened to Brundusium, the port from which the Romans sailed for Greece. Where this road has been reopened, it is found better than the best modern roads of to-day.

CLIO DE CIRE. 1. It would be much better for you to wear corsets, since your mother wishes you to do so, than to set up your will and wisdom against her. There is something to be said on both sides of the question, for and against corsets, but it is certainly neither wise nor becoming for a girl to criticise her own mother's views and ridicule them in the tone of this letter. Corded corsets can be worn with entire ease without the trouble of breaking whalebones and clasps.

CARRIE F. L. Try pyroligneous acid for warts and corns, protecting each by a bit of kid with a hole in it, which allows the acid to be rubbed on, without touching the surrounding skin.

Questions on cosmetics, skin disorders, the hair, nails, etc., are no longer in place on this page.

RENA. 1. Please tell me how to take salt from the salt cellar and sprinkle it on meat? Lay the salt spoonful on the rim of the plate, then scatter the salt from the tip of your knife over the food, without striking it on your fork, or making any noise. Avoid all stirring or mixing food as far as possible at the table. Don't lay the salt on the tablecloth, though some persons still follow this habit who are very well bred in other respects; don't strike your knife across your finger to scatter the salt, but use a bit of bread if you can't drop salt from the blade alone.

2. Cake is not taken with either knite or fork, but lifted nicely with the fingers, and should be served in pieces lying lightly apart to be easily reached, not in the form of the loaf. Break cake on your plate, with the back of your knife if you like, but do not cut it up.

C. C. O. "I am secretary of a history club of twenty members, and would like to know strictly what are the duties of president and of secretary." The president in a little society of this kind, should merely act the part of host or hostess at any evening party, to see that things go off well. He or she mentions the recitations or readings, gets people's attention, and secures quiet when the real business of the evening is to begin. The less formality and the more friendliness with which this can be done, the more grace and credit to the occasion. The whole duty of these society officers is summed up in these words, to see that things go off well. There must be some record kept of things for future reference, and this duty falls to the secretary, who keeps count of the members to see whether any failure of interest is visible. The secretary also reads the papers presented by persons who do not care to read their own, writes and answers all letters on business of the society. The president also studies how to keep up the interest of the meetings by quiet suggestions to individual members outside the regular evenings, by inviting new people, hunting up new topics, in consultation with the secretary. Nothing is better worth the interest of such societies than local history of their own towns and neighborhoods taken systematically. Lists of the first settlers should be correctly made, and their property identified, and the traditions, which cluster in the dullest village, should be gathered and verified. Then every town has its special happenings which deserve to be remembered for the sake of science and general history — like that anniversary ball in winter, at Kenniston, N. H., within ten years, when windows being opened to ventilate the ballroom during supper, the cold precipitated the vapor in flakes, and the dancers returning opened the doors on a white snow storm whirling in the room, while the sky was clear as steel and the air serenely, profoundly cold without, many degrees below zero. Such a happening of a most curious and beautiful fact of scientific interest should be treasured in every detail. Other towns have such wonderful deliverances to tell of as that of the young lady who fell over a cliff thirty feet high, near Ithaca, N. Y., and was buoyed up by her skirts so that she reached the ground in safety. Such things deserve record, and not to be trusted to failing memories and hearsay. How many societies deep in Chaucer or Elizabethan history have yet failed to notice or make any exact observations and account of the wonderful sunsets and sunrises of the winter past! How many have even read the still more wonderful record of the year 1883, memorable for its overwhelming convulsions of nature. Study facts as well as books.

THE WISE BLACKBIRD.

TALES OF THE PATHFINDERS.

By Arthur Gilman.

VIII.

A TYRANT IN THE DARK.

An interesting company might have been seen starting out from the town of Boston, one day towards the end of October, in the year 1687. A good opportunity to observe them was afforded as they passed over the "Neck," which at the time was but a narrow strip of land not more than a few yards in width — on their way westward.

The company is partly military and partly composed of civilians. The centre of attraction, as well as of authority, seems to be a man dressed with more elegance than the rest, who appears somewhat haughty in his bearing. There are evidences that he represents, in some way, royal authority. His escort numbers upwards of sixty persons, partly mounted on horseback, a portion of whom are grenadiers, who march proudly along the not very well-made roadway.

Where are these men going? If we follow them, we shall find that after travelling several days they reach the Connecticut river at a point near Wethersfield, and that there, after crossing the ferry, they are met by a troup of cavalry that escorts them to the town of Hartford. The journey that we can take any morning in a few hours, took these travellers, notwithstanding their appearance of importance and authority, several tedious days. It must have been a mission of no little moment upon which so many persons were bent. We shall have to look over the history of New England a little to learn what it was.

We know already that some of the Pathfinders who began the settlement of America were ruled by France and Spain. The kings of those countries sent out persons to govern the new colonies. This was not the case, however, at Plymouth, to which the "Pilgrim Fathers," as they were called, came in 1620. They organized a government of their own, and it was the first true democracy that we know of on the continent. The case was different still in Massachusetts, to which John Winthrop came in 1630, bringing a charter from the king (who was Charles the First, you know), giving the people the right to form a government and to make laws. No one seems to understand why Charles the First made so liberal a grant — as it was given at the time that he was determined to rule at home more arbitrarily than usual — unless it was because he thought that if he could lead those who were likely to interfere with his plans to go across the ocean, there would be fewer obstacles to his despotism. Certain it is that a few years later, he repented of what he had done, when he saw that some of his best citizens were sailing for New England and the colony had become strong and promised to be rich.

We have to read the history of England, and sometimes of other parts of Europe, in connection with that of our own country, if we would understand either, and this is an instance of the necessity of understanding the movement of affairs in England. We must know how the king had succeeded in getting all England under his feet: How there was a Star Chamber court to register his arbitrary decrees; how Laud, whom history has execrated, had become the cruel head of the Church, and the efficient supporter of Charles in all his despotism. The story is interesting, if it is distressing. It is the story of the coming on of the strife that resulted in the execution of the king, and the setting of Oliver Cromwell at the head of the government, in whom the Puritans, whom the settlers in New England represented, came to power, and it is not difficult to understand why King Charles wished to stretch his strong arm over New England, when we see how affairs were going at home.

The king and archbishop Laud found themselves too much occupied, however, to carry on a controversy in America, and the charter was not taken away from the people of Massachusetts, though it was in danger for several years. What called off the attention of the king and his helpers from Massachusetts? do you ask? Go with me to the venerable city of Edinburgh, the stronghold of the Presbyterians, and you can see. It is a July afternoon. The people are called to church. They are accustomed to go and sit still, listening to a sound sermon, only moving when there is a hymn to be sung or a prayer to be offered. The service to which they are accustomed was the same that we see in our Congregational and Baptist churches here now, with but little difference.

King Charles the First did not like the simplicity of such a service, and long and strenuously he labored to get the Scotchmen to allow a liturgy to be used — that is to have a service similar to that which you can now see in the Episcopal churches. You know that the people of Scotland are said to be "set in their ways." They like to go on in the good ways of their fathers, and cannot be turned from them easily. This was one of the traits in their character that King Charles discovered.

As the visitor in Edinburgh walks down the street called High, he is attracted by the figure of a cross formed by the stones of the pavement, and is told that it marks the spot on which stood the "Heart of Midlothian," as the ancient Tolbooth was called, and just by it rises the massive tower of St. Giles' cathedral in which the exercises we are to speak of occurred. The hour has arrived for the beginning of the service in which the new liturgy devised by Laud is to be used. The great church is filled with a crowd of angry men and women. The occasion is rendered notable by the attendance of two archbishops, by the chancellor, the magistrates of the city and other officials clad in their robes of authority. The dean begins the detested service, and as his mouth opens to pronounce the words intended to lead the minds of those present to think on holy things, there arise loud cries of "Antichrist!" "Down with the Pope!" "We will none of the mass!" and a woman with daring throws the stool on which she had been sitting at the head of the dean or the bishop. The signal thus given is followed by showers of cudgels and stones. The persistent ministers do not retreat, but the bishop who tries to preach, is not heard for the clamor, and the magistrates are unable to restore quiet. The crowd outside shout too, and break in the windows, and when the prelates leave the building, it is at the risk of their lives. Such was the spirit of some of the people at home against whom King Charles had to struggle. Was it strange that he did not find it convenient to add to his burdens an active campaign against the colonists of Massachusetts?

Time passed on, and at last Charles the Second came to the throne. He was not slow in beginning an inquiry into the condition of affairs in Massachusetts, nor in determining to restrict the independent spirit of the colonists. He confirmed the charter it is true in 1662, two years after his accession, but he did it in a way that made him very offensive to the people. He demanded, among other things, that those who wished, might worship after the manner of the English Church, with the liturgy, which was not very different from that which had so much stirred up the people of Edinburgh. This was very distasteful, and a struggle began that lasted a quarter of a century. It is not my purpose to follow it in all its intricacies. The people of Massachusetts were firm. At the beginning of the struggle, they said, "Let our government live; our patent live; our religious enjoyments live; so shall we all yet have farther cause to say from our hearts, Let the King live forever!" At the end of 1683, their deputies said "Better suffer than sin!" and determined still to hold out.

Finally, the king triumphed and a governor was sent out to take up the work of crushing the proud spirit of the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut. In the meantime, however, King Charles the Second had succumbed to King Death, and it was his brother, James the Second, who took up the unpleasant task. The new king was proclaimed in Boston in May, 1685, with great pomp. The governor, and other officials marched through the streets on horseback accompanied by cavalry and infantry, and thousands of citizens, with drums and trumpets added to the loud huzzas of the populace, and there was firing of the guns of all the soldiery as well as of ordnance. A temporary government was established, and one Sunday just before Christmas, 1686, Sir Edmund Andros arrived with a commission as governor of all New England, the boundaries of which were afterwards so enlarged as to include the present limits of the State of New York. By this movement the struggle that had lasted a quarter of a century resulted in the defeat of the people. Sir Edmund Andros was the tyrant who got into the dark, and I shall show you that he got into a worse trouble before he was able to return to England.

You will read in history that the king issued a "*quo warranto*," before he took away the charter of Massachusetts; that is, he asked by what warrant the charter was held. When he was told that it was granted by the king his father, he was able to reply, "What the king has granted he has power to take away." The king claimed that he was sole authority over the portions of America settled by the English, because it was an English-

man, the navigator Cabot, who discovered the region. After the charter was given up, Andros claimed that all title to the land had returned to the king, so that no man had a right to any homestead or other property of the kind without getting it anew of the king, or of him, as the king's representative. This gave him an opportunity to draw large sums of money from the citizens for estates that they had already paid for, and it was this and other like oppression that caused them to call Andros a tyrant, and to feel hatred for him.

After he had fairly inaugurated his government in Boston, Andros determined to go to Connecticut and force the people there to give up their charter, for he had failed to induce them to do it by sending messengers and letters to them. It was after coming to this determination that he sat out on the journey referred to at the beginning of this paper. The governor and assistants of Connecticut "greeted and caressed" him at Hartford, and in the evening met to have some discussion regarding the object of the expedition.

It is often difficult to learn the real truth about a transaction that involved its perpetrators in danger, and it is not easy to find out exactly what occurred at this meeting, but tradition tells us that there were many present at the conference, and that the charter was laid upon the table while the discussion went on. The room may have been brilliantly lighted, but it was by means of candles, and of a sudden they all went out! Then the tyrant was in the dark! It was no easy matter to light a candle in those days. There were no matches, and one was obliged to go to a fire for a coal, or to strike a light with a flint, which might miss fire time and again. Probably a light was found without much delay at this important juncture, but when the company was able to look about the room again, lo, the charter was missing! No one seemed to know where it had gone, but it was said afterwards that one of the company had taken it and hidden it in a hollow oak hard by. Certain it is that this man was rewarded long afterwards for having done a deed of faithful service at a time when the "constitution was struck at," and the tree was ever after called the Charter Oak.

It seems to have made but little difference to Sir Edmund that the charter was gone. He took possession of Connecticut, and it was duly written in the records that by direction of James the Second, His Excellency Sir Edmund Andros took the government into his hands, which was annexed to Massachusetts and other colonies, and the word "Finis" was written after the entry, to indicate that Connecticut had come to an end as a separate State. The historian of New England says that then it was all "consolidated under one despotism."

I imagine the governor returning to Boston with a face beaming with satisfaction as he thought that he had successfully accomplished the dirty work that his mean master had set him to do; but if he felt satisfaction, it was not to remain with him long, for as I have told you, his getting into the dark was not the worst of his troubles. He went on in his high-handed proceedings, and the feelings of the people grew more and more intense against him as he did so. In the meantime, Englishmen at home were growing discontented with the king himself, and finally he thought it best to run away. On the eleventh of December, 1688, he stole out of his palace secretly, crossed the Thames in a small boat, threw the great seal of the kingdom into the muddy river and hurried off. King James did this because his people, aggravated beyond endurance, had called William, Prince of Orange, and his wife, Mary, daughter of James, to come and rule over them, and the Prince had actually arrived in November.

It was the fourth of April of the next year before the people of Boston had any news of what was going on at home. Then a ship came into their harbor bringing a young man who had a copy of the proclamation issued by the Prince of Orange. Andros heard of it, and did not wish the people to know it. He sent a messenger to bring the young man to his house. He refused to go, and was for his boldness marched off to prison. This excited the people, and Andros found it safer to get himself to the fort, where he thought he could escape to the British ship *Rose* that was lying in the harbor. Two weeks later, came election day, and State street (then called King street), was crowded with excited men. By coming together and talking over their troubles they became more excited, until at last they planted troops before the Fort, called upon Andros to surrender, and forced him to give up. He tried to escape in the clothes of a woman, but he was caught and marched back to prison. Then he had time to meditate on the things he had done for his master. Two weeks more passed, and a vessel brought the glad news that William of Orange was actually king of England instead of James. Then the good people of Boston sat down to a fine dinner in the Town House, and did not rise from the table until the watchman had tolled the hour of nine, when all honest Bostonians were expected to be at their homes. Thus the tyrant Andros went from oppression into the dark, and from dark to prison, and the people of New England fluctuated from one degree of exasperation to another and then experienced a rebound as they forgot their pains in the festal gathering.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

By Dr. D. A. Sargent.

VIII.

THE HEART.

THE heart is a hollow muscular organ about the size of the closed fist. It is situated on the left side of the chest, just above the stomach, and is immediately connected with the lungs. The heart is divided into halves, and each half into an upper and lower chamber. The right and left sides of the heart are separated by a partition through which there is no opening; but the two chambers on either side are connected by passage-ways, which are opened and closed by valves.

Leading from each side of the heart are two or more tubes which gradually increase in number, and diminish in size, until they form a complete meshwork: this meshwork extends to every part of the body.

The object of these tubes is to conduct the blood throughout the system. The blood is sent from the *left* side of the heart through these tubes to the body, and is returned to the *right* side of the heart, whence it is sent to the lungs, and then to the left side of the heart, etc.

This process is termed the *circulation*.

The force which propels the blood on its way around the body lies largely in the contractile power of the muscles of the heart. The heart in this respect acts very much like a pump. Every contraction of its muscular walls sends the blood onward and conveys to every tissue the elements of life. The impulse which the blood receives from the heart's contraction may be felt at the wrist, arm, and neck, and other parts of the body. Anything that tends to impair the action of the heart, tends to retard the circulation of the blood, while on the other hand anything that invigorates the beating of the heart tends to increase the circulation.

The presence of a full supply of blood to a part is so intimately connected with its health and life that any disturbance of the circulation should be promptly met and remedied. A checking of the usual flow of blood to the hands, or feet, may not occasion any alarming symptom, aside from a feeling of numbness.

But if the flow of blood to the brain and nerve centres is diminished — which often happens — then faintness and loss of consciousness is likely to follow.

FAINTING.

Many accidents not otherwise serious in their nature often give rise to fainting-fits, which unless properly treated may occasion death.

A habit of fainting may be formed, even when there is no aggravating cause for it. But persons who have a tendency to faint at the slightest provocation, are usually troubled with nervous debility, weakness of the heart, or else their system is impoverished for want of a sufficient supply of blood.

The causes which are most likely to occasion fainting in any person whether susceptible or not, are loss of blood from wounds, or internal injuries, blows over the stomach or chest, a sudden shock to the nervous system from severe fright, or startling news, violent emotional disturbance, drinking iced water or bathing in cold water after being much heated and fatigued, want of food, and fresh air, general weakness etc. Sometimes a feeling of faintness may be occasioned by taking several deep inspirations while in a standing posture. By so doing an unusual amount of blood is suddenly drawn from the brain to the heart and lungs, thus leaving the seat of consciousness poorly supplied with the vital fluid.

The first symptom of fainting depends a good deal upon the immediate cause. A feeling of sickness at the stomach, coldness of the body and extremities, accompanied by dizziness, are perhaps the most common. If a faint is anticipated, it can often be prevented by bending forward and dropping the head between the legs, or if the opportunity presents itself, by lying at full length in the horizontal position. If a fainting person is left to himself he generally falls to the ground or floor, and soon recovers unless the cause is a serious one.

TREATMENT OF FAINTING.

This suggests the remedy in most cases: *Put the person in a horizontal position* as quickly and gently as possible.

Do not attempt to support the body in an upright position and hold up the head, by so doing you make it harder for the heart to send the blood to the brain, and thus aggravate the immediate cause of faintness. If a person is seated in a chair at the time, tip it backward, if you are strong enough to support the weight, and let the back of the chair and head of the person gently down to the floor. The elevated position of the feet and

legs under such circumstances might favor the recovery.

If the horizontal position does not bring relief, open the windows, or take the person into the fresh air, loosen the clothes about the neck and chest, and sprinkle the face with cold water.

A bottle of smelling salts held under the nose for a few seconds at a time, will sometimes stimulate the respiratory function. This remedy, however, should be applied cautiously. Care should be taken to keep persons from crowding around one who has fainted. Fresh air under such conditions greatly favors recovery.

If the attack is much prolonged, and the person does not return to consciousness under the treatment advised, a physician should be sent for.

Be careful to put the person in a reclining position and to use salts only when the face of the patient is pale. If the face is red, or flushed, avoid ammonia and keep the head in an upright position.

Instead of an ordinary fainting fit, it is very likely that you have a case of shock to deal with.

SHOCK.

A mild shock resembles fainting very much, but is a more serious affair. A shock is generally occasioned by some sudden and severe injury such as might be received in a railroad accident, steam boiler explosion, or by a stroke of lightning.

Death is not infrequently caused by shock, where there is no evidence of any injury.

In case of fainting the state of unconsciousness is generally due to depression of the heart's action, whereas in shock this effect may be compounded with interruption of brain and nerve functions.

Sometimes in shock the heart is most affected, sometimes the brain. If the function of the heart is interfered with, the pulse, and respiration will be imperceptible. If the brain and nervous system is chiefly disturbed, the person will remain insensible, even though the heart is performing its function all right.

The appearance of a person suffering from shock is quite characteristic. Utter prostration, face and lips pale and bloodless, the skin cold and moist, the eyes half closed with no lustre, the pulse feeble, if perceptible, and the respiration sighing and imperfect.

The mind is bewildered, the speech is incoherent, and sometimes complete unconsciousness and insensibility occur.

TREATMENT OF SHOCK.

The first thing necessary is to excite the heart and brain to healthy activity. Place the patient in the recumbent position, so as to facilitate the heart's action, then loosen the clothes around the neck and body.

Stimulants are the remedies next required. Hot brandy and water, mixed half and half, and given in teaspoonful doses every minute, until five to ten have been taken, is the most efficacious stimulant. The aromatic spirit of ammonia is sometimes given for the same purpose. The dose is from ten to twenty drops in a teaspoonful of water.

The external application of heat is very desirable. This may be applied to the feet, pit of the stomach, under the arms, and between the legs. The best way is by means of flannels wrung out in hot water, by heated bricks or stones wrapped in flannel, by jugs or rubber bags filled with hot water, and by heated sand bags. As soon as warmth to the body, and the circulation has been restored, nourishment in the form of beef-tea may be given in small quantities with benefit. If there is a tendency to nausea, this may be allayed by giving the patient a piece of ice in the mouth, or by a two-grain dose of opium. The injuries which occasioned the shock, and the treatment after the emergency is over, better be left to a physician.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.—HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

VIII.

ELIAS HOWE, JR.

THE inventors of the world have been, with rare exceptions, very poor men. The stories of Palissy, the Potter, of Stephenson, the Father of Railways, of Goodyear, and of Elias Howe, are as pitiful as they are inspiring. History scarcely furnishes a more pathetic picture than that of Bernard Palissy of France, working sixteen years to discover how to enamel pottery; his furnaces for burning his earthen ware were built with brick carried upon his back, because he was too poor to hire a horse to draw them; the floors of his house were torn up for fuel; the doors even taken off their hinges, and used to shut out the driving storm from his workshop; his six children

died primarily from starvation it is believed; his wife, in rags, was in despair over her husband's folly; Palissy himself was worn to a skeleton by privation, and he gave his clothes to his assistant because he was unable to pay him in money; he was despised by his neighbors for what they considered his suicidal obstinacy; he was always hoping, but always failing. At last success came. He did discover the secret of one of the great industries of the world. Then he was made "Bernard of the Tuileries," he received the patronage of kings and emperors, he wrote books, he opened a school of philosophy, and he was honored by the disciples of art and science everywhere. Had he

ELIAS HOWE, JR.

been living in ease and luxury, he would perhaps have never made those long, weary efforts; but in his poverty, he was ever saying to himself: "If I find out the secrets of pottery, my wife and children will live in plenty. Now it is starvation — by and by, it shall be wealth and fame."

George Stephenson, unable to read the alphabet till he was eighteen, working in the coal pits for six pence a day, and mending the boots and patching the clothes of his fellow workmen in the evenings to earn a few extra pennies that he might attend a night school, is another good illustration of what a poor and ignorant boy may become. *Never idle, never above* doing the commonest work, never an ale drinker, as was the custom among miners, he showed the fine quality of his nature by giving the first money which he ever earned, one hundred and fifty dollars, to his blind father, that he might pay his debts.

When he became an engineer, and projected a railroad between Manchester and Liverpool, the people said, "He is a madman! His 'roaring steam engine' will set the houses on fire with its sparks, the smoke will pollute the air, and carriage-makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." The excitement following his public proposals was intense. For three days he was questioned by a large committee of the House of Commons. This was one of the questions: "If a cow gets on the track in the way of an engine travelling ten miles an hour, will it not be an awkward situation?"

Very soberly answered George Stephenson, but with a twinkle in his eye: "Yes, varry awkward indeed for the coo!"

One Government Inspector said that if a locomotive ever went ten miles an hour, he "would undertake to eat a stewed engine wheel for his breakfast." Stephenson's "Rocket," a clumsy engine, but a wonder at the time, and now to be seen at the Kensington museum, made the trial trip at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, and so the Inspector had the opportunity of keeping his promise. During the next ten years, being employed to open up railroads in every direction, Stephenson became wealthy and renowned, the friend of Sir Robert Peel, the owner of a large country seat, and the pride of England. He declined the honor of knighthood. His famous son Robert said of him, "His example and his character made me the man I am."

Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, Conn., for eleven years struggling to make India rubber of practical use, imprisoned for debt, pawning his clothes and his wife's trinkets, his children gathering sticks in the fields when he was no longer able to buy wood for fires to melt his rubber, often with neither food nor fire in the house, once with a child dead and no means to bury it, and five others nearly starving — this great inventor furnishes another instance of heroic struggle. He was derided by his friends; one would say to another: "If you see a man with an India rubber cap, an India rubber coat, India rubber shoes, and an India rubber purse in his pocket, with not a cent in it — that is Charles Goodyear!" But these same friends lived to see his vulcanized rubber applied to five hundred uses, to see sixty thousand persons annually producing eight million dollars worth of merchandise from it. It surely shall be counted no mean part of a great success that the daily welfare of thousands of people is involved and provided for — that daily work and daily wages are secured for multitudes.

Elias Howe's life, like the others, is the old fairy

story of poverty and toil, ending with the grandest success. In the town of Spencer, Mass., in 1825, a boy six years old, somewhat lame, might have been seen any day working with several little brothers and sisters at sticking wire teeth into leather, to make cards for combing cotton. The father was a miller by trade, but from sawing boards, or grinding corn, there came scarcely enough to support a wife and eight children. It followed presently that somebody must go out from the big family and earn food for himself; therefore at the age of eleven, the cheerful, good-tempered Elias was sent to a farmer's to "live out" till he was twenty-one.

For a year he worked steadily; but naturally weak in body, the hard labor proved too severe, and he went back to his father's mill. At twelve years old, most boys are in school, with little knowledge or thought of how some other little fellows work from morning till night, with no opportunity for either study or play.

Elias was, as you see, one of these unfortunate "other little fellows," but he was ambitious, and having heard of Lowell and its mills, at sixteen he obtained the consent of his parents to go there. It was a risk; he might make a permanent and profitable place for himself, or he might be wrecked by the bad habits of many about him. However, the boy who could not at sixteen say "no," when asked to drink, or go into other sins, probably would not have the backbone to say "no" at twenty-one. For two years he labored faithfully; then the mill closed, and he was obliged to go elsewhere. Under the shadow of Harvard University, he found another situation in the machine shop where was employed his cousin, afterward Major-General N. P. Banks, and they both boarded in the same house. At twenty-one we find young Howe with an inventor in Cornhill, Boston, earning the munificent sum of nine dollars a week. This would have provided a fair support for one person, but as he had married, and soon had three little children to feed and clothe, life of course became again a struggle for bread. In poor health, he was now so often very weary, that he said "he longed to lie in bed forever and ever."

Liking machinery and curious about inventions, he was always asking himself if he could not "think out something" which would give more money to his family. At last, as his wife sewed, he fell to wondering why some machine could not be made to take fifty stitches while she was taking one. This idea presently took possession of him. For months he pondered over it. He experimented in a simple way, with a needle pointed at both ends and eye in the middle, and finally, by a rough model of wood and wires, he convinced himself that a sewing machine was a possibility.

But how was the money needed for the construction of a machine, to be obtained? Nine dollars a week left no surplus for such a purpose. Possibly he might earn more if working in a shop of his own, he thought; so he moved his lathe and a few tools into his father's garret in Cambridge. Day after day he thought over his invention, but nothing came of it. But it is a long road which never turns, and by and by the way seemed open to succeed. He found an old schoolmate George Fisher, who believed in him and his invention, and who took him and his family to his own home, gave him a small garret for a workshop, and five hundred dollars with which to experiment. This was a foothold indeed for the young mechanic. Satisfied that his family would have enough to eat for a time at least, he threw off care and set himself diligently at work on his machine, and in six months had completed one; it was only about one foot and a half long, and equally high; but to his great delight it would actually sew seams.

Now he had visions of luxury for his wife and babies. For of course, the world would eagerly purchase a thing so valuable in saving labor and time. He took it at once to Boston, and the tailors all looked at it; but nobody would buy. Indeed they probably felt like breaking it in pieces, as the miners did Watt's engine. They saw the curious wizard thing that would take their sewing out of their hands, and therefore they resolutely opposed it. Besides the machine would cost five hundred dollars, and few were able to pay that sum if they so desired. By the help of Mr. Fisher the machine was patented in Washington; but the months went slowly by, and there was no purchaser.

Want stared Elias Howe in the face, and he felt that he must go back again, for the sake of his family, to daily work. Through a relative he became engineer on one of the roads leading out of Boston, but his ill health forced him to abandon it. Out of work, owing George Fisher nearly two thousand dollars, with little prospect of ever paying it, he moved his family back into his father's house in Cambridge.

He did not however lose his hope, for he believed that if America did not care for his invention, England would see the value of it. His brother Amasa therefore took passage in the steerage of a sailing vessel, carrying the precious, but apparently profitless machine to London. There William Thomas, of Cheapside, with possibly some previous knowledge of Yankee shrewdness, caught the idea of the inventor, and was much sharper than a Yankee in making a bargain. He bought the machine for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, with the right to make and use as many others as he chose; and he offered the inventor fifteen dollars a week if he would come across the ocean to operate it.

After four months Amasa returned. The money he brought was soon used in paying debts, and as nothing else opened in the way of work, the brothers started again in the steerage, cooking their

own provisions. It was a cheerless journey, but it is, as we have seen repeatedly, grim necessity that forces men to heroic effort. For eight months Elias worked for Mr. Thomas, and he sent for his family; but after the machine was in good working order, the inventor evidently was not wanted longer. And now what should he do in a strange country? He borrowed a few tools and tried to make another machine, but this did not secure daily bread. He pawned his clothes, raised a little money, and again sent his family back to his father's house in Cambridge.

Now alone, and penniless, he borrowed money to pay for his scanty food — often beans — which he cooked in his shop — and toiled on. A man less brave than Elias Howe would probably have drowned himself in the Thames, or attempted to drown his sorrows in drink, but he still believed in the great utility, in the great public benefit of his invention, though the world, as ever, thought him an idiot, a crazed dreamer, for his pains. With no work, no friend to lend him any more money, he sold the machine which he had spent four months in making for twenty-five dollars, pawned another, drew his baggage in a hand-cart to an out-going vessel, found a place as cook in the steerage, and set his face toward America.

His hopes had not been realized abroad. He had come back in utter penury, but he was thankful that he should see the dear ones whom he loved. What was his amazement, his grief, when he landed in New York, to hear that his wife, worn with the privations incident to being the companion of an inventor, was dying of consumption. He had but sixty-two cents in the world, and could not possibly go to Cambridge. At once he sought employment in a machine shop, hoping in a few days to earn enough to take him to her bedside, but fortunately he received ten dollars from his father, hastened to her, and received her dying words of love and encouragement.

Borrowing a suit of clothes to attend the funeral, for his own were too shabby, for the first time the hapless inventor looked and felt discouraged and desolate. With his wife's companionship and cheer, fragile though she was, he had ever been strong, and he had always believed that he should earn enough to make her comfortable, nay, to surround her with luxury and beauty! To render his circumstances still worse, the ship in which were stored all his household goods, had gone to the bottom off Cape Cod. Perhaps now his visions of success vanished; certain it is that he at once went back into a shop at weekly wages — his friends thought him a "sadder, yet a wiser man."

Meantime other men in America had been reading about Howe's invention, and they were thinking out and working out similar projects. One man in New York State exhibited a "Yankee Sewing Machine" as a curiosity, at twelve and a half cents admission. Ladies came eagerly and carried home pieces of the work, as a marvel. Elias Howe read of this. He knew that all this success belonged to him; but how could he begin a suit for his rights, with his only machine in pawn across the seas? Again and again he begged men to take up the matter, striving to convince them that they would make money for themselves, eventually; but those who believed in him, were without funds, and those who had funds were unwilling to risk their money in so novel an uncertainty. At last one person was found who promised to coöperate provided that Howe's father would mortgage his farm to him for security. This Elias himself felt was a great risk in behalf of an invention which had thus far brought only disappointment to its originator. But the father consented, and for four years the weary lawsuits dragged along.

The most important was with Isaac Singer, an actor, who having seen Howe's machine, determined to make one, and in eleven days, working twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, had succeeded. At once, with great energy, he had advertised, and had begun to send out agents. The real inventor now notified him that he was infringing, and by and by, too, the courts decided in Howe's favor.

It was now nine years since the first machine was made; nine years of exceeding bitterness and of hope deferred. He was thirty-five when the long looked-for day of success dawned. Many machines were made, and sold both here and abroad, and Elias Howe's income soon increased, and swelled to the large sum of two hundred thousand dollars yearly! The mechanic was no longer cook in the steerage, no longer subsisting upon a few beans, cooked and eaten in his dingy workshop. In thirteen years he had received two million dollars from this, the thought of his own brain. He was recognized as a benefactor to labor, to commerce, and to women in every station in life.

When the civil war began, Mr. Howe was ready to leave his prosperous business and help save the Union. Did he enter the war as an officer? No; the millionnaire considered himself no better than any other true-hearted private. The following incident shows well his character:

At the moment when Mr. Howe avowed his determination to enlist, his coachman had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, past the age of military service as determined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and clambering upon the platform, he cried out: "Put my name down too. I can't bear to have the old man go alone." So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers mingled in about equal proportions. For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field, the Government was so pressed for money, that no payments to the troops could be made. One day a private soldier came quietly to the paymaster's office in Washington, and as there were several officers there to be attended to, he took a seat in the corner to await his turn. When the officers had been disposed

of, Colonel Walker turned to him and said: "Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated, told him bluntly "that a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the Government could furnish some it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about the pay of their regiments."

"I know," said the soldier, "the Government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay, and if you will tell me, I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer started with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Colonel Walker found that the sum required was thirty-one thousand dollars. Upon receiving the information, the private wrote a draft for the sum and received in return a memorandum, certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the Government could furnish the money. A few days after, at Fairfax Court House, the regiment was paid. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, receiving twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe Jr." After rendering all the services a man in his physical condition could render, he reluctantly asked a discharge and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:

"I have got to leave you, boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind; when your time is out come to me at Bridgeport; I'm building a large sewing machine factory there, and I shall have plenty of work for those that want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word, and until his death were at work under him in various capacities.

Three years after the war closed, in 1867, Mr. Howe received a gold medal for his sewing machine at the Paris Exposition, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor; a personal distinction to a great inventor. What was there left for him to ask? He had wealth, he had honors. He had overcome ill health, poverty, and the schemes of men to rob him of his inventions. He had held steadily to one purpose in life, and through all he had been uniformly just, kind, and never had he been in an ill temper at the indifference of the world. That man only has learned to live rightly, who takes with a smile the world's praise or blame, and with steady head and hand goes straight on with the work he has in hand.

In one sense, his was a completed life; and that same autumn in which he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, he took cold, and was soon quite ill. Still in early middle life, only forty-eight, his friends felt that he must recover; but one Thursday afternoon, October 3, as the sun was setting he sank peacefully away.

The sewing machine companies of the country passed resolutions of sorrow and respect for "an inventor of genius and ability, a business man of industry and integrity, a benevolent and kind-hearted friend, and a citizen of liberality and patriotism."

Such a life as that of Elias Howe is surely full of encouragement to those who, lacking money and education, are yet determined to make the most of themselves, who are determined to be true to the ideas they believe in; it is by these plucky men the race is helped forward to its great achievements.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

By F. T. Vance.

XXII.

SOME COMICAL KITES.

UNCLE GEORGE, I wish you could come out in the shop and show Willie and me how to make that kite you were telling about last winter."

It was a very kindly and venerable old gentleman that was thus addressed by his nephew, a lad about fifteen years of age. "Well," said uncle George, "I am busy now but Saturday morning I will try to be on hand, and I would like you to have all ready for me at least a dozen nice, clean barrel hoops, as straight grained as possible; and ask your mother to make a pan of flour paste, and give you a bundle of old rags, for there is little better to make a really fine-looking kite-tail than rags of any kind." With this uncle George went off to his office where he seemed to be always writing learned books.

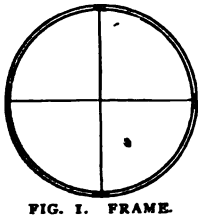


FIG. 1. FRAME.

Saturday morning, when uncle George appeared in the shop, he found awaiting him not only his two nephews, but a great pan of smoking hot flour paste, also a large bundle of all kinds of rags, a pair of shears, a sash brush, a ball of twine and a package of old newspapers; but what most attracted his attention was the enormous pile of barrel hoops.

FIG. 2. LAUGHING BOY.

"I am glad to see so many good hoops," said he, "but we will have no use for those made of split saplings, because the bark on them would be difficult to cut, and they are heavier than those made of clear wood, while they don't materially increase the hoop in strength." Hereupon he took

from under his arm a large roll of something, as well as a package from his coat pocket, and laid both on the table.

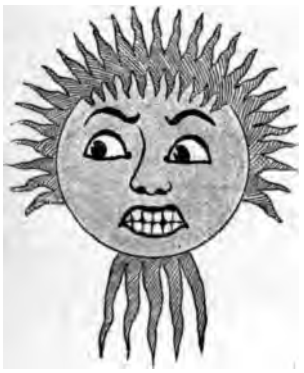


FIG. 3. WILD MAN KITE, *a*.

He took first a straight grained hoop and said to his nephews, "If hoops were scarce I should very carefully try to split this into two, but as they are plenty, I will use a good sharp plane upon it to reduce it to the proper size, which will be generally not more than half the width of the original hoop. That done, you see I take two or three tacks and drive them directly through the hoop; then I give each one a tap on the point to rivet it.'

Next he opened the package he had taken from his pocket and took from it some copper wire, which he wound around the hoop on one side two or three times, and then stretched it directly across the hoop and cut it off, being careful to leave it long enough to twist around and fasten. Then he ran another piece in the same way across the hoop at right angles with the first wire. "This," said he, "will strengthen the hoop and support the paper against any strain it may encounter in the wind." (*Fig.* 1.)

Next he opened the long roll. "I think a sheet of this pink tissue paper is appropriate for this kite, which I call 'Laughing Boy.' I will first mark out the size of the hoop upon it and then cut the paper about an inch larger all around; this will give me plenty of room to fold and paste over the hoop; and now that it is done, you can see the barrel hoop already resembles a kite. Now I might use some black ink, with a camel's hair pencil to make the different markings that I mean to put on this blank rosy face, but we would find that both ink and water-colors are too transparent to be of any value in the distance — so I will cut out of this dark, opaque brown paper eyes, nose, and mouth; and I also cut out of white tissue paper the eye-balls and a good set of teeth for the laughing mouth (*fig.* 2). Of course it is necessary to cut away the pink immediately under where the white will come. If you would like to have your kite look like a wild man (*fig.* 3), you can do it in this manner: take three or four of your newspapers and cut them into zigzag strips, without being careful as to regularity, only leaving as a heading to your fringe a strip that is about the width of the hoop for the purpose of pasting on the kite. This furnishes him hair and whiskers, and you can give him a funny goatee by cutting the zigzags longer. You see that he now looks quite wild." (*Fig* 4).

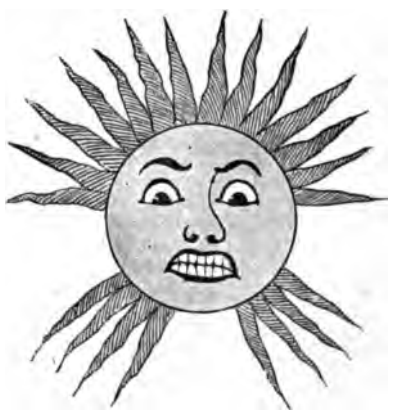


FIG. 4. WILD MAN KITE, *b*.

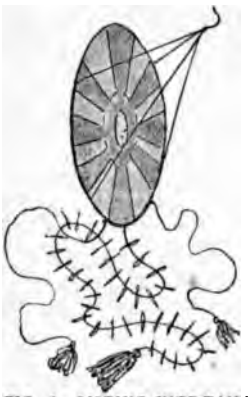


FIG. 5. LISTING KITE-TAILS.

"And what do you think is the best way to make kite tails?" asked Willie.

"Well," answered uncle George, "if you can get some good strips of woollen listing, from a tailor's shop, you can make one out of that, and you can tie on the end a tassel formed of extra pieces, and if you find it too heavy, it is easy to take out listing enough to leave the kite perfectly balanced. But as I have only two short pieces of listing I will put them both on the same kite adding thereto a longer tail in the middle for oddity (*fig.* 5). Now I will leave you to practice in making up three or four plain kites out of these hoops and this pink and yellow tissue paper.

After dinner uncle George found that the boys had made no less than eight or ten kites, very neat ones too. They were so very good indeed that he at once set about giving them instructions as to "hanging the kite" — a very important point.

"The best way," said he, "to hang these hoop-kites is to turn the kite face down; then with a lead pencil make four plain marks on the hoop, each about midway between where the wires are tied. I then carefully stick my lead pencil through the tissue paper at these points, and turn the kite face up. Now I measure across the kite for the upper hanging string; and I add to that almost one half more for the lower hanging string; and then fasten the two strings together exactly in the middle; afterwards I tie the two shorter ends, one in each of the upper holes and the longer

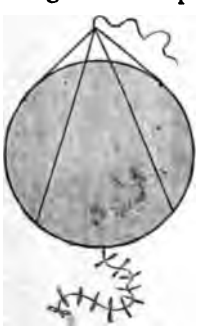


FIG. 6. HOOP KITE, PROPERLY HUNG

ends at the lower holes. Now you see when I hold the kite up by the knot in the hangings, the hoop does not hang horizontally, but the tail end of the kite is some distance lower than the other end; this is exactly what is wanted (*fig.* 6). You need not follow these measurements strictly in practice, since if you want the kite to pull hard and catch a slight breeze, make the hangings of nearly equal length; and if the wind seems too strong shorten the upper strings."

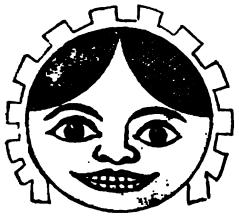


FIG. 7. WASHERWOMAN.

"Now," continued he, "I will show you how I should manage with these other kites if I were a boy. I will begin with this bright yellow one. Let us transform it into a Washerwoman by putting upon her head a frilled cap; you see that I make her hair out of opaque paper, and the frills of her cap out of white tissue paper which will flutter in the wind as a real cap would, and as the hair did on the wild man this morning (*fig.* 7). Here is an owl which I cut out of opaque blue paper—you will perhaps say you have never yet seen a blue owl: I believe you—and I don't suppose that you ever saw a flat owl, like this either; but we won't mind trifles like these. You cannot tell the difference when the kite comes against the sky. Paste over the eyes some white tissue paper, and cut out a piece of the colored tissue paper at the same place on the kite. Then cover the whole back of the owl with paste and stick it fast to the tissue paper (*fig.* 8). In like manner I make this eagle (*fig.* 9), and this duck (*fig.* 10). So can you make whole flocks of bird-kites. You can also make others consisting of regular forms (*fig.* 11), cut out of tissue paper and pasted together; you can put papers of different color upon the various shapes; only if you wish to produce the most brilliant effect you will paste together the different shades of blue and orange, purple and yellow or red and green; these mingled with white or gray. You see that I try these three schemes of color in these three kites, although two of them I will put together as you see by bringing them beside one another and fastening them in two places by means of our flexible wire. I call these Twin Kites (*fig.* 12); but that does not prevent your putting on them the most diverse subjects; for instance, upon one you can make a dog eagerly chasing a cat, who will be running for life across the other. It is a good plan, for those of you who find a difficulty in choosing good forms to draw upon these 'mathematical kites,' (as I will call them for the sake of distinction), to look at and copy the figures that are printed upon almost all oilcloth. For I notice that they are generally simple and can be easily made with no other drawing tools than ruler and a pair of compasses.

FIG. 8. OWL KITE.

To hang these Twin Kites: In the first place take two strings measuring each one of them one half longer than the distance between *a* and *b*; tie the first string in *a* and *b*; the second string tie in *c* and *d*. Then measure down each string one third of its distance from the top; bring the two strings together accurately; then tie the flying string around firmly at this point (no slipped knot). You will now find your kite well hung if every point has been observed. Be sure and ascertain the fact that the hangings of the kite pull the same on each hanging.

FIG. 9. EAGLE KITE.

"I will now show you how I make another variety of this kite which I call the 'Jumbo Kite.' I still use the familiar hoop as a foundation, but I no longer paste paper over the whole kite-frame.

"I merely cover the surface of the animal or bird represented with appropriate color and quality of paper. I copied this elephant from one of the pictorials using a familiar method of enlarging a drawing. With care either of you could do quite as creditable a piece of work. You first divide the engraving into any number of perfect squares; then, marking out on paper the size of the barrel hoop, divide that into the same number of squares—of course they are much larger. Now whereas it might prove difficult for you to enlarge the drawing without this help, yet by making the squares on the engraving sufficiently small, you can readily make a good copy. It is simply necessary for you to draw into each large square of the kite the corresponding portion of the outline that appears in the smaller squares on the engraving. It will do no harm to number the squares in both the engraving and your drawing of the hoop. You notice that the squares on your hoop drawing are not all of them perfectly *square*, for where they come to the circumference they are all bounded by curved lines. Never mind that, only be sure that all of the rest are perfectly square. After a few trials I will warrant you to

FIG. 10. DUCK KITE.

succeed to your own satisfaction, whether you have any natural talent for drawing or not. But to go on with my Jumbo Kite (*fig.* 13). You take a piece of flexible wire, either copper, brass, or annealed iron wire, and going around the outline closely, and using a pair of bending pliers, you follow accurately every bend and curve and angle —and you have *a wire elephant* in outline. Now, with some gray paper I cover my wire elephant, putting on him a red blanket with a blue belt, and marking in with black ink the ears, and tusk, and putting the line in between the legs. Then I fasten him firmly to the hoop with extra wires running to the animal from every side of the hoop, taking advantage of course of those points where he comes in contact with the hoop to twist a wire firmly around there; and after hanging and fastening a tail to it, the elephant will fly as well as any bird, and," continued uncle George, "if boys are constituted as they were once, the more singular the object that can be placed on a kite, the greater will be the fun. So if you choose you can imitate me in making a rabbit (*fig.* 14), a camel, a lion, a whale or any other beast, flying bird or swimming fish. But there is one specialty that I want to tell you about —and that is how you can make Fourth of July Kites — kites that will explode a bunch of fire crackers while they are up in the air, or set off a pin wheel or a Roman candle. In the first place it is well to have a special kite — that is, one covered with sheeting instead of paper, because it is less inflammable, and it is a good plan to make the sheeting almost thoroughly fireproof by soaking it in strong alum water, and it is good to put up the kite with hempen twine, for generally the wind is stronger in the night, and should the twine break the kite would be lost in the dark. You can choose any shape for your kite that you like — a common four-cornered kite is as good as any. Fix on its front some flexible wire, to which you will fasten your fireworks; but you must have at the same time another wire fastened to the sticks of the kite in such a way that it will support a stick of punk that crosses the fuse of the fireworks at some point; or you may have a piece of safety fuse timed so that it will touch the fireworks off at a given time. It is a fine sight to see half a dozen of these Fourth of July Kites in the air at the same time shooting off their different kinds of pyrotechnics in the dark so mysteriously. You can also do what has often before been done; that is to fasten a conductor's lantern upon the tail of your kite — for it is great fun for boys and their grown-up friends, too, to see the light constantly moving back and forth across the sky without ceasing."

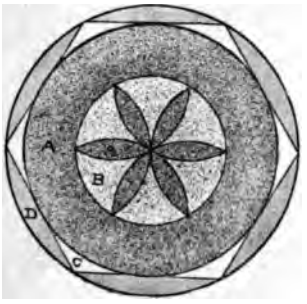


FIG. 11. COLOR KITE.

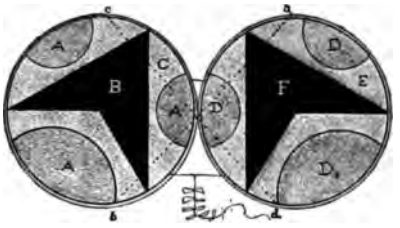


FIG. 12. TWIN KITES.

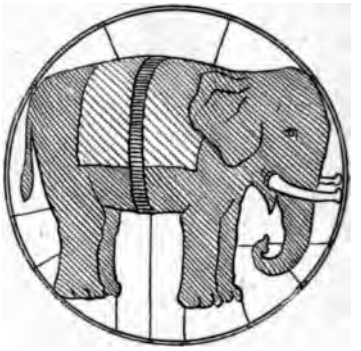
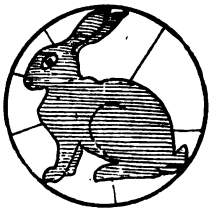


FIG. 13. THE JUMBO KITE.


G. 14. RABBIT KITE.

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By the Next Neighbor.

XX.

IN THE STOREROOM.

IT is very well to buy your marketing day by day, the potatoes and carrots with the roast for the dinner, and the pears for dessert with the ice cream — if you like to see the money spent right and left as long as you don't pay the bills. But if your half dollar must go as far as your neighbor's three, or in other words if you have only one dollar to spend where you want five dollars' worth, you must study the keeping and

buying of food. It will not make one particle of difference to your health and well-being at the end of the year whether your good beef, wheaten grits and plum pudding have cost forty dollars a week or ten or half that, but it will make all the difference between being delighted or discontented with your lot in life whether you have a little more or less money to gratify your tastes, and have a good picture or pretty room, or a pleasant visit to show for your thinkings and savings. You need not fancy it beneath you to study the quality and price of food and to count every dollar of expenses three times over. Mr. Hope, the English connoisseur whose conservatories, gardens, picture-galleries and collections of gems were the admiration of all England, who entertained princes and dukes with an elegance which they could hardly return was found by no means to have the enormous fortune supposed necessary for such style. He had attained all these luxuries and refinements by wisely spending moderate wealth, and he was so good a calculator that at his great dinners he knew the cost of every dish to a shilling, and kept his household expenses without the waste of sixpence. Lord Bulwer the novelist, an aristocrat and model of elegance living in what he considered a narrow way on $15,000 a year, kept all his house accounts and knew to a pound how much coal, candle and provision his establishment used. The slightest waste was insufferable to him and he knew so well how to turn every guinea to its worth that he was never under money obligations to any one, and could send back the allowance his own mother made him for the sake of sweet independence. It is only half-rate people who ignore cost and shrink from calculation. An intelligent woman carries her intelligence into everything, the corners of her pantry and the depths of her flour-barrels. You have no more right to cheat yourself out of the quality and quantity of good your income should yield than to cheat your neighbor.

Look to the weights and measures of what you buy. A pair of good scales is a great security, and a yard measure which you can buy for ten cents is another. I value scales and yardstick because they give good assurance that one is fairly dealt with. One who never measures carries an uneasy feeling that she is often taken advantage of, but when every doubtful parcel is weighed, one finds that the pound of Alderney butter looked small because it was more solid than common qualities are, and the suspicious steak being of closer grain weighed more than one of flabby texture and larger size. The comfort of knowing one is fairly dealt with is worth occasional trouble. All good dealers respect a customer who sees for herself to such matters. If anything is wrong don't make a fuss about it; treat it as a mistake, and be as polite as you are firm in having it corrected. Too many shops will take advantage of a careless buyer while they deal correctly with one who demands her dues.

Bread is the first staple to be thought of, and your family of six persons ought to find one barrel of white flour, half a barrel of graham flour with fifty pounds of buckwheat and corn meal a liberal supply for one year. The time to buy bread stuffs is just before cold weather, laying in the barrel of flour at once, but the wheat meal and other things in smaller quantities because they spoil if kept too long. Perhaps you will prefer to change the proportions, and use twice as much wheat meal as flour. Mine comes from private hands where the wheat and milling are unsurpassed, and is put up in barrels lined throughout with paper, which keeps it better. Your grocer will line your barrels or half barrels with clean manilla wrapping paper if you ask him.

It is a mistake to think it needful to buy the highest brands of produce. Learn to judge by quality alone, and you will find that "new process" and patent methods do not by any means imply the best article. Indeed experienced housekeepers are shy of buying things that are largely puffed and pressed upon them. In flour especially I have always doubted whether the highest-priced brands were worth more than some of the old sorts, and one of the best Boston dealers, belonging to the largest firm in the city supplying the best class of customers gave his opinion lately that the best St. Louis flour was equal in good bread-making properties to any of the higher-priced kinds. Always feel doubtful of the abilities of a housekeeper who professes that she never can make bread with anything less than "Haxall" and "cold blast" flour. "St. Louis for pastry? No indeed — only the one brand for everything and that the best for me," said one lofty matron, who provoked a smile on the face of knowing ones, aware that the best bread flour makes a pastry almost impossible to roll out for toughness. Price is very little criterion of quality and fitness in provisions. You must learn to know what you buy from infallible signs of excellence, the creamy yellow tinge of good flour that takes the print of the skin when squeezed in the palm, the fresh wholesome smell, the waxy firmness and unapproachable clear color of fine butter, without the suspicious pinky or deep yellow of artificial coloring, the clean bright look of fresh meats, whose quality a practiced buyer knows by a glance. Learn these things by sight and smell alone. Leave all prodding and handling to a lower grade of buyers. A delicate sense of smell is to be cultivated, and is a surer test than tasting.

For healthy living, that will ensure good complexions, freedom from headaches in general and support the strength you may use the brown bread

which is common on the best English tables, and is served with strawberries and ice cream at Belgravian lunches. The fairness of the Jersey Lily is due to such a diet through girlhood. See that the brown flour is free from black specks of cockle and buckwheat, and has not too much bran. What is sold for graham flour sometimes is only "canaille," or "middling" with common bran stirred in. In Boston we have the Arlington wheat meal, ground from wheat that is washed and very clean from other substances, and is about as coarse as corn meal. The Franklin flour is whole wheat ground fine as white flour, and nice for cake or pastry. When you have eaten these well made from whole meal, the white flour tastes poor by comparison. But the mistake of modern dealers is in sending out everything ground too fine, by which the fine flavor is soon lost. The fine corn flour does not make as nice muffins and bread as the old-fashioned meal of distinct grain, the buckwheat cakes are not good as they used to be, because the kernel is ground too fine and mixed with white flour beside, and so with rye flour which makes delicious drop cakes when eggs are plenty. If you want varied fare at small expense, you must provide largely of different grains in shape of meal, flour, grits and hominy, from fine to coarse. Oat meal makes puddings as savory as rice of the same recipes, and so does pearl hominy. They are delicate also as fritters and breakfast cakes. Just wait till I rummage out aunt Jane's private stock of recipes that have been tried for a generation, if you want to know what good American living really is like, in flavor and variety.

Butter with our bread is the next necessary, and you may congratulate yourself on living in a country where both are plenty. The English breakfast and tea where thin slips of toast figure with the scared looking pat of butter would make one of our households blush for shame. "Butter, like religion," my old dairy woman used to say, "is a matter every person must decide for himself." Not one person out of five hundred butter-makers knows how it ought to be made. The cream never should sour before churning, it should be kept in a cool airy place, away from other food, never shut in tight jars or cans, where it changes in a short time so as to be wholly unfit for use, it should be quickly churned, the butter worked free from every particle of milk without washing it or touching with the hands, and put down with the whitest salt, sugar and saltpetre, in small five-pound boxes for summer and fifty-pound firkins for winter use. Your care after buying your large tub of butter is to keep it in a clean, cool airy place, away from dust and all strong smelling things, like fish or cheese, and keep it closely covered. Once a week take out enough for use in a small jar, for it ruins butter to open a firkin daily.

Five pounds each of rice, sago, and tapioca will be found ample for a month's supply if not more. Keep them in glass jars with screw tops, if you want your storeroom to look neat and things in the best condition. Cornstarch, arrowroot, sea moss farina and all such fine food should be kept in glass and not left to stand in papers till used up. How much food is impaired by standing open, or by insects dropping in, or other things spilling in, nobody guesses. But one sees on one shelf the cornstarch package, the paper of raisins, the open sugar pail, and on the upper one the box of paris green, the insect powder and silver polish ready to be spilt by marauding mouse or hasty hand, and a feeling of security is not the result. Keep all injurious articles out of your storeroom and food closets. Don't take any chances with them.

Canned food is so largely used that it seems treason to the convenience of the housekeeper to hint that there are better ways of keeping fruits and vegetables. Keep all tin cans in a cold place, all glass ones in a cold and dark one, for light injures things put up in glass as every woman knows. As soon as a tin can is opened pour the contents into a dish, for more harm is done by leaving tomatoes or acid fruit in metal after opening than by long keeping when sealed. If the inside of the can is corroded with crystallized films, it is safe not to use what is in it. All canned goods in glass or tin should be used as soon as possible after opening, for exposure to the air works rapid change in them. At least cook or scald them right away.

If more care were given to keeping ripe fruit in its natural state, half the labor of canning might be saved, and we could have not only barreled apples but pears and grapes till March or later. It is a great deal less work to buy nice sound fruit, wrap it in paper and pack in bran, moss or soft paper in tight boxes — to stand in some cold place where they only will not freeze. Aunt Jane regularly put away the choice bunches from her Isabella grapevine in this way for twenty years, and never failed of having them for dessert till the first rhubarb came round in spring. If you can engage some farmer to gather fruit on the twig for you, leaving the stem attached without bruising, it will be very sure to keep. Paper barrels are safe things for storing fruit, expensive at first, but lasting and worth all they cost for their keeping properties.

Dried fruit is worth more attention than it receives since canned goods have crowded it out of use. But the shrewd housekeeper will advise you not to choose the nice, white thinly cut evaporated apples and peaches, which being cut so thin have lost all richness of flavor and likeness to fruit. Rather take the old-fashioned kind quartered and dried in the sun, for the large pieces not only keep flesh and flavor but the sun sweetens them, turning their

juice to grape sugar in process of drying which is a kind of after-ripening. Dried cherries with stones in are richer than pitted ones — and so with plums. Don't, whatever folly you may commit, be persuaded to keep fruit with preserving powder. It may keep, but its being fit to eat is another thing. Twelve jars of the finest Jocunda strawberries which I was induced to put up with fruit powder have just been put down on the compost heap, after giving every one who tasted them an unhappy evening, with furred teeth, drawn tongue, and sundry aches. And aunt Jane sits by and *never* says, "I told you so," in the most aggravating Christian fashion! She believes in old-fashioned dried fruit, jams and pound for pound preserves, and after this so do I.

I do not think that the adulteration of food in the better qualities is so common as it used to be, perhaps, and shrewd buyers can depend on getting good material if they know how to use it afterward. Object to very blue-white cut sugar, which has indigo in it if nothing worse, and powdered sugar which will not dissolve wholly in hot water and leave it clear, for that is mixed with white earth. Syrup with fine bubbles in it is fermenting and not good; if very thick and not too clear suspect glucose, which is not dangerous but still is not cane syrup which we have a right to expect. Beware of dark or yellowish condensed milk, or such as leaves any sediment. No one used to good food can fail to detect the unnatural cast and flavor of mixed food.

Perhaps nothing is more deteriorated than ground coffee. So do not waste your money on gayly put up cans of Imperial Breakfast Coffee or any other fancy name, but buy a ten-cent coffee mill, order the roasted berry and grind it as you make the coffee. If you want a mixed coffee very pleasant to drink, buy a pound of dandelion coffee, and put a tablespoonful in the coffee-pot mornings. It is safe, healthy, and many persons like the sweet rich flavor it gives better than pure coffee.

If possible buy cider vinegar by the barrel for it grows better by keeping. Kerosene is enough cheaper by the barrel to make it good economy to order it in quantity. *Heat* a spoonful and see if it takes fire readily when a match is held to it. Pratt's Astral oil is the standard, and so refined that it burns without smoke or smell, gives more brilliant light and burns longer in kerosene stoves, beside being the safest oil known, and well worth the higher cost. The inferior oils are poor economy. Keep your lamps and oilcans or barrel in the coldest place possible, never in the sun or in a hot room, for heat raises an inflammable vapor from the best of oils which may take fire by accident. Of course you will not keep oils where food of any sort is stored.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

ETHEL B. "What will restore moist color paints after being packed a long time and becoming dry?" Grind them like dry colors with fine turpentine varnish.

R. D. B. "How did the Scotch Highlanders come to wear their plaids?" Some kind of a short mantle, easily arranged and not cumbersome in fighting, came into use naturally by all nations of hardy, active habits. In this respect the Scotch plaid is a variation of the short Roman mantle, which could be quickly thrown aside for combat. Similar drapery of different colors formed part of the antique Irish and Scandinavian costume. In early methods of dyeing and weaving, only the patterns made by crossing threads of various colors in the loom were attainable, like the Algerian stripes, clan tartans, and the checkered linens and linseys woven by our own ancestors in primitive times of the present era. An old MS. dated A. M. 3664 relates that the colors of the plaid were regulated by law according to the rank of the wearer. The peasants were allowed to wear a dress of but one sombre color, the soldiery two colors, the commoners and noble youth three, four for a franklin or lesser landowner, five for chiefs, and seven for the king. The clans adopted their peculiar tartans as a uniform by which they might be known in battle.

R. M. W. "The school-children come to me and ask so many questions I cannot answer, that I want to get an Encyclopædia. I would like an Encyclopædia and dictionary combined. Can you tell me what is the best book of the kind published and how much such a work costs?" The *Little Cyclopædia of Common Things*, though not a dictionary, is a very interesting book of reference for families and schools. Both London and American editions are issued, the former from Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1882, which any large bookseller will order for about five dollars. Messrs. Bliss & Sons, the publishers of the *American Garden*, send out a convenient volume in the *New American Dictionary*, of six hundred pages, illustrated, including three hundred pages of general information for the very low price of $1.10.

W. H. V. A. 1. "What will prevent hangnails?" Trimming the skin at the base of the

nails and rubbing the fingers with vaseline at night, also using warm water always for washing the hands. 2. "How can one whiten the skin?" By washing it several times a day in as hot water as the skin can bear, sponging it with weak solution of chloride of lime, taking care that it does not reach the eyes, lips or nostrils, and applying cold cream; by taking vapor baths, doses of powdered charcoal the first thing in the morning, followed by occasional medicines for biliousness. All these recommendations faithfully followed will not fail to whiten and refine the skin. 3. "What will remove freckles?" Saturated solution of citric acid left to dry on the spots and washed off with weak soda water. 4. "Will you recommend a good work on etymology?" Isaac Taylor's Etymology published by MacMillan of London, A. Findlater's work on Language, Talbot's English Etymologies, and Skeat's Dictionaries will prove fascinating aids, though you will hardly find them outside of large public or college libraries. The best popular work on etymology is an unabridged dictionary. But no one work will prove satisfying on this subject.

LINA S. C. E-o-lande, the first letter soft and the syllables barely divided, with a lingering on the last one, is the best pronunciation of Yolande. Pronounce every new name very distinctly and rapidly twenty, thirty times over if you wish to accustom yourself to a correct accent.

Correspondents inquiring for light on particular passages in books, will please give the title of the work, page and publisher when possible. Often the meaning of some word or phrase is asked, without giving the context, and it would entail the labor perhaps of reading all the works of a voluminous author to find the sentence. The Seven Wise Men are not omniscient nor all-seeing, and what they have gained of wisdom is by hard work, which can be put to better use than going over whole cantos to find two lines which a careless reader forgets to specify. Beside, it is a good habit to observe titles, editions and parts of books. It is surprising to find how many people will read a book without being able to give its title correctly, the names of the characters, or the subjects of which it treats. Ask them for any of these and they must get the book and show it by way of answer.

ALICE L. S. The rose is the national flower of England, from the time of the York and Lancaster factions. The blue cornflower which we know as bachelor buttons (*centaurea cyanus*) is the favorite in Germany because the good old Emperor William loves it for the sake of his beautiful mother by whose side he used to gather it in the meadows when a child. The Germans call it Kaiser Blume, or, King's flower, and nosegays of it are sold in the markets of Berlin as daisy sheaves are sold in our cities. The leek is the national emblem of *Wales as the thistle* is of Scotland. The field or Paris daisy, the Marguerite, is now the royal flower of Italy in compliment to the Queen Margharita who has adopted her name-flower as her own device, having her pearls set in its starry shapes, and her belongings impressed with it in every manner. The marguerite, by the way, is own cousin to our ox-eye daisy, and very much like it, only slenderer of stem and of thinner petals, and both are species of chrysanthemums, the true daisies being the little pink and white buttons of flowers which Burns' poetry and old Scottish songs are full of. The Edelweiss is the Swiss flower, a dwarf plant of the same family as our white "everlasting" of the fields but having a larger flower. The Bourbon lily, the Napoleonic violet, the Castilian rose will suggest themselves to you as historic flowers made the emblems of reigning houses. The lemon blossom is a favorite flower in Portugal.

BIRD K. who wants a nice amusement at an evening party for young people who do not dance nor play cards is referred to *Every Girl's Book of Amusement;* or *Evening Amusements* and *Drawing-Room Plays*, price $1.00 each, which the publishers of this magazine will send her.

N. H. The cards made of birch bark can be had of Albert W. Bee, stationer, Tremont street, Boston.

MAYLIE. 1. "Are the planets inhabited?" No sign of life has ever been discovered in them.

2. "How much of the present time is equal to one year of the time of the Old Testament?" The year of 365 1-4 days was so measured from a very early period of the world. The ancient Egyptians marked time by the sun-dial, and its least shadow falling on the day of the summer solstice it was natural for the year to fall in the periods between the two longest days of the twelvemonth. The years of the lives of the patriarchs were probably as long as our own. Josephus says that men being much beloved by God and newly made by him, with strong constitution and excellent temper of body, using better diet, the vigor of the earth at first producing better fruits, joined with their constant temperance and labor, a sweet temper of air, their knowledge of herbs and plants might well attain unto as long a life as the Scriptures mention. The tradition of Chaldean, Phenician, Egyptian, Greek and Brahmin history agrees that men anciently lived a thousand years. Many attribute the shortness of life since the flood to a change in the quantity of oxygen in the air, and its corruption by the continual decay of animal and vegetable matter ever since.

MRS. E. L. S., who inquires for a school for girls in Boston is referred to the circular of Chauncy Hall School which numbers daughters from the best families as well as sons among its pupils. Teachers of private schools in the Eastern States are invited to send their circulars to

THE WISE BLACKBIRD.

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